RICHARDSONIANA:

OR,

OCCASIONAL REFLECTIONS

ON THE

MORAL NATURE of MAN;

Suggested by various Authors, ancient and modern, and exemplified from those Authors.

WITH

SEVERAL ANECDOTES INTERSPERSED.

By the late JONATHAN RICHARDSON, jun. Esq;

~~VOL. I.~~

A Second Vol: never published.

Longum iter est per præcepta, breve et efficax per exempla.
SENECA, *Ep.* vi.

——— *Hominem pagina nostra sapit.*
MARTIAL. x. 4.

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" How many ſtories have I ſcattered up and down in this book, that I only touch upon, which, ſhould any one more curiouſly ſearch into, they would find matter enough to produce infinite eſſays: neither thoſe ſtories, nor my allegations, do always ſerve, ſimply, for example, authority, or ornament. I do not only regard them for the uſe I make of them; they carry ſometimes, beſides what I apply them to, the ſeed of a more rich and bolder matter; and ſometimes, collaterally, a more delicate ſound, both to me myſelf, who will expreſs no more in this place, and to others who ſhall happen to be of my ear. Like *Longinus*'s ſublime, a great deal more is left the reader to ſupply (by the path of thought it leads him into) than is expreſſed."

Montaigne, Eſſay I. 39. p. 354.

The *Arabians* have a collection of this ſort, which is entitled *Rabi Alabrar*, or *Printemps des juſtes*, as *d'Herbelot* tranſlates it, whoſe words are theſe: " *Cet ouvrage n'eſt rempli que des ſentences, d'exemples, et d' hiſtoires agreables, qui rejoüiſſent le lecteur; et, en un mot, c'eſt un anthologie la plus ample et la plus recherchée qu'il ſe trouve dans la litterature Arabique.*

N. B. *The following are taken from a much larger number, which are intended for publication.*

PRE-

PREFACE.

Erat illi ingenium ad eliciendos ex rebus ſermones.
Diog. Laert. de Socrate.

Adnotabat, excerpebatque; nihil enim legit quod non excerperet.
Plin, Ep. III. 5.

CATO the Cenſor ſaid, that "he thought himſelf as accountable for his private leiſure, as for his public employments." *Cic. pro Planc.* 27.

As reading is the univerſal exerciſe and amuſement of people of elegant leiſure, and ingenuous minds, nothing can be of more importance, than to give this noble occupation a right bias, and direct it to more than mere amuſement, which is only idling time away, or keeping us out of miſchief; and ſo apply it, as to become uſeful at the ſame time, and make both theſe advantages of polite ſtudy mutually aſſiſt and advance

one another. Reading will thus be made much more delightful, by perpetually kindling, as it were, new lights in the imagination, for the judgment to work upon, and, at the ſame time, all its diſcoveries will be fixed and rooted in the memory, and turned to advantage, and ever ready as uſe ſhall call them forth. Juſt as my dear father uſed to do by his travelling; every now and then, in his yearly progreſs on horſeback, for about a fortnight, to recruit himſelf from his continual application for all the reſt of the year, as occaſions preſented themſelves to his fine imagination, and nice diſtinguiſhing choice, taking elegant ſketches and remembrances of the moſt beautiful proſpects; whereas I, who, by his indulgence, ſaw and traverſed a far greater extent and variety of country, and much finer than ever he had the opportunity of ſeeing, for want of his art and delicate application, like common readers, made no collections in this way, to ſerve for future pleaſure and profit, and retain only a general and confuſed, though pleaſing, image of ſo many delightful views. Even ſo, reading a vaſt deal, of the moſt excellent matter, however it may amuſe and charm

for

for the preſent, and, withal, perhaps, increaſe a ſlight and almoſt uſeleſs knowledge, yet will very little improve the underſtanding, which alone deſerves the attention of a mind worth cultivating, whoſe capacity, however large, will be ſtill poor and indigent in the midſt of riches, and ſtarve in plenty, if it does not appropriate to itſelf, and take poſſeſſion of the more ſolid and nouriſhing ſubſtance of its ſtudies, and ſtill turn this, by a wholeſome and temperate digeſtion, into its own proper ſtrength and vigour. The mind demands this, juſt as much as the body; and will alike ſuffer, either from want of its natural diet, or from ſwallowing more than it gives itſelf time to digeſt: now, this will be the caſe even of the moſt learned, and thoſe who have read with the moſt retired diligence, and anxious ſtudy, in their own ſeveral languages, *Herodotus*, *Thucydides*, *Polybius*, *Plutarch*, *Livy*, *Tacitus*, *Philip de Comines*, *Guicciardin*, and all thoſe other noble writers who perpetually preſent, to a curious obſerver, ſuch rich and ſplendid views, as it would be great loſs to paſs curſorily by; if they do not fix thoſe precious materials, and turn them to their own pleaſure and

advantage; treaſuring them up, as they riſe, by proper reflections and applications.

For, as to the hiſtories themſelves, as hiſtories only of facts, ſuppoſing them to be ever ſo certain and genuine, they are, abſolutely, no more to us than romances, and have been of no more ſervice in the reading, than if we had been diverting ourſelves any other innocent and ingenious way; and a game at cheſs, finely played and imagined, would have been as uſeful an amuſement; nay, of leſs uſe, if the other, as it generally does to them who thus read, puffed us up with wind, inſtead of nouriſhment, and with empty vanity and preſumption, inſtead of ſober ſenſe and active worth and virtue.

The true and only uſe of the ſtudy of hiſtory, and of all other ſtudies, after providing for the neceſſaries and conveniences of life, is to eſtabliſh a ſet of principles for the prudent and virtuous conduct of that life; which can no way be accompliſhed with ſo much ſafety and pleaſure, as by obſervation of what others have done (ſtill mixed with the polite and generous commerce of the great world) and applying this

this to like caſes and occurrences, and learning, by experience and obſervation, how to change as circumſtances change in the compariſon; thus ſtill uniting former events with preſent, ſpeculation with practice, and ſo profiting from the right or wrong conduct of others. This is obtaining experience at a reaſonable price, and ever accompanied with delight in the acquiſition, without danger; withal, accuſtoming the mind more and more to reflection, and employing its faculties properly, ſo as to nouriſh and ſtrengthen it to a ſolid and laſting health.

If fables have always been eſteemed a fine and uſeful mode of inſtruction, from the pleaſingneſs of the ſubject, and their ſuggeſting matter for reflections, for the conduct of life, there cannot, ſurely, be leſs, either of pleaſantneſs or materials for thought, in real occurrences. And why ſhould we not make the ſame uſe, at leaſt, of theſe, as of fiction? with the important advantage of our opinion of them as real facts; which will certainly add more weight to them, and conſequently carry a greater energy in perſuading, where they are them-

ſelves to be applied to, and compared with what is alſo paſſing before us in actual life, in which we are only treading over again the very ſame paths which they, from whoſe examples we are making our inferences, trod before us, with the very ſame paſſions, powers, and qualities, and liable to the very ſame accidents and events.

But, if theſe obſervations and reflections are of unſpeakable uſe to conduct us in particular occurrences, they will of courſe greatly conduce to the obtaining this ſyſtem of moral principles, thus gradually built on the true foundation of our own experience, and our obſervations on that of others; on which to reſt, and to which direct all our actions, and all we have to deſire, or to avoid; in ſhort, a right concerted purpoſe of life, on which always to keep our eyes in all our particular views, as occurrences flow in with the great tide of things.

I ſuppoſe the one fixed univerſal bias of undiſciplined mankind to be unconditional *ſelf-love*, regarding nothing elſe, nor any other perſon whatſoever, but as theſe contribute, or are ſubſervient to this one object,

ject, that this is the one ever-acting motive (even when we do not attend to it, or would even ourſelves believe it often) of all in all things, which ſets out from the very dawnings of choice, nay, and before, by inſtinct, and ends only with life: and that immediate pleaſure, or apparent happineſs, are the ſole end and conſtant ſcope of *ſelf-love*; but which *ſelf-love*, like all other things, with ſuch fallible creatures, is liable to endleſs miſtakes and errors in its judgment of this pleaſure or happineſs, which is, indeed, its only true good; but which, rightly underſtood and directed, ſtill becomes ſocial from the very courſe itſelf of things, and the unalterable diſpoſitions of all-impartial providence; and equally ſerves the individual and the ſociety. Becauſe, every one of this whole, ſingly purſuing its own particular views of happineſs, they do all of courſe direct, and, as it were, hitch one another into ſocial happineſs, and a general convenience, by the various ſchemes and intereſts of all, alike drawing ſingly to themſelves, making each, neceſſarily, find his ſeveral account, in giving up ſomething, to obtain or preſerve the reſt;

thus

thus reducing them into a certain mean, which is the true place of continued happineſs, and which equally ſerves individuals and the whole; thus compelling *ſelf-love* and *ſocial* to unite in one. Thus it brings the total amount of human happineſs to that ſtandard, which providence (whoſe decrees, by the apt union of the end and means, are ſure to execute themſelves) hath allotted it, *here* and *now*; and which is ſo poiſed and ſhared, that a leſs degree would make life irkſome, and a greater, ſo ſweet as to be intolerable to part with.

Self-love ſeems to be the very ſame in the moral oeconomy of providence, that attraction is in the natural, and is kept in its due bounds by the very ſame counter-attraction all around it; every particular body, in both alike, drawing ſingly to itſelf; by which means the whole is reduced into that due and perfect order which the Creator deſigned, and which created things can poſſeſs but in various degrees; abſolute perfection being the incommunicable attribute of Himſelf alone.

Self-

Self-love then all our own experience, and all our obſervation and reading of that of others, will prove to be then only well-directed, for our own ſakes, when it is alſo *ſocial*. This is ſo true, that it will be found to be the very ſum of the goſpel ſyſtem of morals; for we are commanded nothing, either to do or to forbear, but as it conduces to our own good; and all the charities towards our neighbour, into which this noble and divine plan is branched and varied, are recommended to us, only as they tend to, and ultimately terminate in, our own real advantage; and which is ſo connected with that of others, that we cannot break into one, without making, in conſequence, a proportionable breach into the other.

And it will be found a no leſs pleaſing ſpeculation, than it will prove an infinitely uſeful one, to inveſtigate the goſpel ſyſtem with this clue; for "the ways of *Wiſdom* (which is virtue) are ways of pleaſantneſs, and all her paths are peace." And the not ſeeing this, and acting accordingly, is only one of thoſe perpetual and innumerable inſtances

ſtances of miſtaken *ſelf-love*, that are continually bewildering us. Virtue is no other than *ſelf-love* and *ſocial* united, which is the goſpel and word of God; and vice is no other than ignorance and miſtaken *ſelf-love*, which not ſeeing its neceſſary connection with *ſocial*, runs riot into all intemperance, and ſo ſinks and loſes itſelf.

This teſt, occaſionally applied to by the facts which hiſtory furniſhes, (which is "philoſophy teaching, by example," how to conduct ourſelves in all the ſituations of public and private life; and, therefore, ſhould be attended to, and inveſtigated with a philoſophical ſpirit) beſides the ever-engaging perpetual variety, they will mutually aſſiſt one another; one ſtill ſupplying materials, and the other as conſtantly directing in what manner we are to make uſe of them.

But, indeed, the goſpel does itſelf ſupply, in an emphatical degree, both the examples and their application, by its manner of inculcating its own divine doctrine, by a continued hiſtorical relation of occurrences which it applies, or leaves the reader to apply,

ply, together with certain appoſite and affecting parables, ſprinkled here and there, occaſionally to uſe; which, ſurely, is the moſt ready method imaginable to accommodate divine truths and important leſſons to human conception. Humanly familiar, with divine dignity! The gracious Author uniting both his natures to the great all-merciful purpoſe of our inſtruction; ſo warming and kindling the right ſpirit of reading hiſtory; and making philoſophy more philoſophy. The goſpel being indeed a collection and finiſhed ſyſtem of moral and ſocial duties, which, alone, contains all that the moſt wiſe and renowned law-givers and philoſophers had advanced, (all unknown, as ſeems, to moſt of theſe inſpired writers) and yet far more; and their ſcattered hints united into one complete body, that ſhines with more intenſe glow and ſplendor, as from collected and united beams. All the former philoſophy and moral doctrine of the ancient ſages, being like *Milton*'s new-created light, as it were, "ſphered in a radiant cloud, for yet the ſun was not." This reſplendent and conſummate body of the goſpel, is the ſun, full-formed

formed and completed; into which all former light was tranſplanted from her cloudy ſhrine,

Great palace now of light!

JONATHAN RICHARDSON.

CONTENTS.

CONTENTS.

		Page
I.	ON *cuſtoms and ceremonies* - -	1
II.	*On pride* - - -	37
III.	*Virtues are often only vices diſguiſed* -	45
IV.	*Proſperity and power good friends, but bad counſellors* - - -	48
V.	*We love the treaſon, but hate the traitor* -	51
VI.	*Every man makes his God after his own likeneſs*	57
VII.	*Running abroad after diverſions is often not from receiving any pleaſure in them, but from having none at home* - -	58
VIII.	*Heaven is peopled with good doers, and hell with good ſayers* - - -	59
IX.	*Anger is not to be oppoſed in its firſt fury* -	60
X.	*The perſon obliged is often leſs blameable for his own ingratitude than his benefactor* -	61
XI.	*We do nothing for nothing* - -	63
XII.	*The motive alone is the true meaſure of virtue*	66
XIII.	*Examples of the great and aſtoniſhing power of eloquence* - - - -	75
XIV.	*Several inſtances of the awe with which a great and numerous audience ſtrikes the wiſeſt and beſt-prepared ſpeakers* - -	83
XV.	*On nick-names of princes* - -	90
XVI.	*Every one has his favourite paſſion, and the force of Self in reaſoning* - -	92
XVII.	*Uſe*	

Page

XVII. *Uſe and propriety alone can give real merit to talents and their application* - 96

XVIII. *Propriety is the only teſt of what is right* 101

XIX. *It is dangerous to make free with greatneſs in jeſt* - - - - 103

XX. *The force of cuſtom* - - 108

XXI. *It is abſurd to take a ſatire to one ſelf, or fit the cap to our own head* - - 110

XXII. *We never love God ſo much as when we want him* - - - 111

XXIII. *God does not give courage and underſtanding, but only lends them* - - 116

XXIV. *We are commonly the dupes of other people's views* - - - - 119

XXV. *We can make no very certain judgment of the happineſs of others* - - 125

XXVI. *Nothing impoſes ſo much as a grave and ſolemn demeanour* - - - 135

XXVII. *We can never get rid of ourſelves* - 136

XXVIII. *Few can bear the leiſure that all covet* 138

XXIX. *The neglecting or forgiving of injuries is, indeed, ſecuring the tranquillity, and, withal, aſſerting the dignity of our perſons* - 141

XXX. *Anecdote concerning an intercepted letter of king* Charles I. *to the queen* - *132

XXXI. *People had rather not die at all* - *134

XXXII. *Man differs more from man than man from beaſt* - - - *138

XXXIII. *We often err from ſuppoſing others to act conſiſtently* - - - *142

XXXIV. *Cheats deſerve to be cheated* - 148

XXXV. *A critical enquiry into the ſeveral degrees of merit of various ladies who have ſacrificed themſelves for their chaſtity* 149

XXXVI. *A*

Page

XXXVI. *A repartee of the earl of* Dorſet *to king* Cha. II. *and another in the* Saracen *hiſt.* 158

XXXVII. *The idle buſtle of men. A true ſtory* 160

XXXVIII. *The honours that are paid to thoſe who do not deſerve them are affronts* - 162

XXXIX. *Superſtition is the weak part of mankind* 165

XL. *Three victims to conjugal virtue* - 170

XLI. *We are all the perpetual dupes of preſent convenience* - - - 174

XLII. *Every one has his price* - - 178

XLIII. *Vanity never quits us* - - 180

XLIV. *The ſame continued* - - 181

XLV. *Good-nature wins all* - - 184

XLVI. *Know your company before you ſpeak* - 188

XLVII. *Our enemies are a better looking-glaſs than our friends* - - - 190

XLVIII. *New and uneſtabliſhed merit has the prejudices, the timorouſneſs, and the malignity of the world to encounter* - 194

XLIX. *Vanity is the great ſocial principle that connects mankind with, and makes them dependent on, each other* - - - 201

L. *We are, in general, more obliged to our inſenſibility, than to our philoſophy* - 209

LI. *Lawyers differ* - - - 216

LII. *Wit and prudence ſeldom go together* - 217

LIII. *On poſthumous fame* - - 219

LIV. *Inſtances of avarice* - - 220

LV. *A curious offer from a queen of* Syria *to* Abdalla, *and from an old lady to biſhop* Gibſon - 221

LVI. *Story of a cavalier phyſician's preſcription to his puritan patient* - - 222

Page

LVII. *Interpolations of a bible, printed by authority in* France - - - 223
LVIII. *Hypocriſy is ſometimes a virtue* - 224
LIX. *We often ſuffer more from exceſs than from want* - - - - 227
LX. *Every man has his ſtring if you can find it, and know how to pull it* - - 229
LXI. *All virtue or vice bears the ſeeds of its own reward or puniſhment in the natural conſequences of things* - - 231
LXII. *Puffers always lay themſelves open to ridicule* 234
‡LXIII. *Story of an elephant at* Achin - 235
‡LXIV. *Two anecdotes of lord* Stair - 236
‡LXV. *People are often governed by thoſe whom they deſpiſe* - - 237
LXVI. *Thoſe who hide can find* - - 239
LXVII. *The uſe of ſilence* - - 240
LXVIII. *Put water in the pump* - 244
LXIX. *Nature will always make its way* - 246
LXX. *We ſhould contrive to be always good for ſomething* - . - 248
LXXI. *Doctors differ* - - - 249
LXXII. *A word to the wiſe* - - 251
LXXIII. *On the ſuperſtition and malignity of the ignorant* - - - 252
LXXIV. *We are perpetually deceived by appearances* 254
LXXV. *When we ourſelves are concerned the caſe is altered* - - 259
LXXVI. [*Omitted.*]
LXXVII. *Study the Graces both when you confer and receive favours* - - 261
LXXVIII. *On affected criticiſm* - 262

LXXIX. *De-*

Page

LXXIX. *Decency ſhould attend on all our qualities, to make them amiable and reſpected* - 267
LXXX. *Nature and uſe will diſcover themſelves through all diſguiſes* - - 273
LXXXI. *Heroic gallantry* - - 279
LXXXII. *On the idle fondneſs of life* - 281
LXXXIII. *Secrets are often dangerous both to the teller and hearer* - - - 284
LXXXIV. *Every one for himſelf* - - 286
LXXXV. *We ſhould keep to our own condition* 287
LXXXVI. *Beauty the firſt and laſt concern of a woman* - - - - 288
LXXXVII. *Events come upon us unexpectedly* 290
LXXXVIII. *Mercy is often a falſe virtue. and a diſguiſed vice* - - - 291
LXXXIX. *The ſhoulder is fitted to the burden* 294
XC. *Keep your tongue between your teeth* - 296
XCI. *Men of ſenſe differ leſs than they ſeem to do* 300
XCII. *We can judge only from what we ſee* - 302
XCIII. *All unneceſſary noiſes in public aſſemblies ſavour of barbariſm or impiety* - 303
XCIV. *We ſhould be mild upon errors and faults in favour of eſſential and preponderating good* 307
XCV. *A decent pride is the guarantee of virtue* 310
XCVI. *Thoſe who will give jeſts ought to take them* - - - 311
XCVII. *Ruling paſſion, and lucky application of words* - - 314
XCVIII. *Good rules muſt give way to better* 316
XCIX. *We atone for the vices we indulge by our ſeverity on thoſe for which we have no taſte* - - - 318

C. *Per-*

Page

C. *Perſevere and conquer* - - 320
CI. *We call believing what is not* - 321
CII. *We ſhould imitate merit inſtead of envying it* 323
CIII. *We are often the better for our enemies* 326
CIV. *Privileges are ſometimes affronts* - 327
CV. *Anecdote of* General Guiſe - 328
CVI. *Once a rogue and always a rogue* - 329
CVII. *On the rational idea of God* - 332
Additional notes - - 336

‡ LXIII. LXIV. *and* LXV. *are marked wrong, and* LXXVI. *is omitted.*

ERRATA.

Page 10, l. 5, for 'natur' read 'nature.'
—— 23, l. 13, for 'two' read 'too.'
———— 21, ———— '*imperio*.'
—— 41, l. 15, ———— '*virtù*.'
—— 59, note, ———— '*Guevara*."
—— 85, l. 1, for 'ingenious' read 'ingenuous.'
—— 136, l. 9, for '*virtue*' read '*vertu*.'
—— 225, l. the laſt, for 'remarks it' read 'remark H.'
—— 246, l. 1, for '*expellis*' read '*expelles*.'

RICHARD-

RICHARDSONIANA, &c.

I.

CUSTOMS and CEREMONIES.

Man differs more from man than man from beaſt.

ROCHESTER.

PERHAPS nothing is more proper to give a ſummary idea of mankind, and of their general levity and inconſiſtency, and the prejudices of what they call their reaſon, than a ſhort ſurvey of ſome of their cuſtoms; becauſe theſe are not the caprices of ſingle men, but the ſenſe of a whole people; and that too, not of one particular time, but what have been gradually embraced, approved, and acquieſced in, by whole generations and ages.

By theſe it will appear, that the ſpecies have agreed ſo little in their opinion of right and wrong, that it would almoſt incline us to doubt whether theſe have any fixed point in the nature itſelf of things, and do not almoſt depend on accidental convenience *, and the various circumſtances of time and place; or at leaſt that we have not the proper qualifications to enable us to determine; except peradventure in extreme caſes. For, what criterion can we have? and who ſhall be the judge? if every age and nation comes to plead its own cauſe, and produce its cuſtoms, which ever of the other condemns it, muſt withal prove why its own opinion is preferable to that of the age or nation at the bar. † They muſt all then ſeverally bring their particular cuſtoms and opinions of right and wrong before the tribunal of the whole world. This is, and muſt be, the laſt reſort; except in caſes of immediate revelation; but then the ſame queſtion will again recur, and with equal

* —— *Ipſa utilitas juſti prope mater & æqui.* Hor. Sat. I. 3. 98.

† *Nil agit exemplum, litem quod lite reſolvit.* Id. Sat. II. 3. 103.

force;

force; for they vary as much in their ſeveral revelations as in their cuſtoms. So then we can have no deciſion; but every one muſt go on, as they have done from the beginning, each abounding in his own ſenſe and very ſure that he is right, and all the reſt wrong.

They have been pleaſant in relation to the diſpoſal of their dead. *Teixeira*, in his *Relations of the Kings of Perſia*, ſays, "that the *Parſis*, the remainder of the old *Ignicolæ*, ſtill very numerous in ſome of the provinces, have a certain place in their mountains, near *Yard*, the chief city of their religion, about forty leagues eaſt of *Iſpahan*, where they have preſerved, they pretend, their *perpetual fire*, without having once ſuffered it to go out, for full 3500 years; which place they alſo call, in their language, *the houſe of the fire*. Near this, in holes among the rocks, they bring their ancient people, often from very diſtant parts, and placing them upright in one of theſe, leave them in this poſture, jammed up, without any nouriſhment, till they expire; for they think it a ſhame, or rather a crime, to die

in their beds*. Here, as the air is extremely pure and dry, they remain in the ſame poſture, entire and uncorrupted for ages; and their families and deſcendants come, from time to time, in great devotion, to offer them flowers and ſweet ſmelling herbs; worſhipping thus, as it were, preſent and in perſon, the ſaints and tutelar ſpirits of their houſe." *Pedro Teixeira Relaciones de los Reyes de Perſia & Harmuz*, p. 4.

" Theſe ſame people have a quaint method to find whether a perſon who dies younger in his bed will be ſaved, or not. It is no matter how he lived! They faſten his corps on a horſe, which they drive before them, anointing firſt the head and eyes of their departed friend. The crows do not fail to light upon him preſently, and at once attack his eyes. Now, if they peck his right eye firſt, which their wiſe faces are very intent to obſerve, they conclude him ſafe, and they preſerve him, and honour his memory accordingly; but if they

* This notion was very ancient among them, for *Curtius* ſays (VIII. 9. 32.) " *Nec ullus corporibus quæ* " *ſenectus ſolvit honor redditur.*"

faſten

faſten firſt on the left, there is no chance for him, he is damned eternally, and his carcaſs flung to the dogs." *Superſticion Gracioſa*, p. 7.

So "*Pliny's Hyperboreans*, if they could get drunk, and leap into the ſea from a rock, were ſure of being ſaved *." It is no wonder goodneſs of life has never been conſidered as equal to ſoundneſs of faith; ſince prieſts, who are the only arbiters of theſe matters, were undone by the people's infidelity, but lived very comfortably on their ſins.

The *Perſians* of the magiary ſect, as late as the time of *Juſtinian*, according to his hiſtorian *Agathias*, had an *ordeal* (as one might very well call it) of this kind; and as abſurd. And, to ſee the inconſiſtency of mankind, that is, in one view, a little lower than angels, and in another, hardly a little higher than brutes; after he had given an account of *Merméroez*, a *Per-*

* "*Mors non niſi ſatietate vitæ epulatis delibatoque ſenio luxu, ex quadam rupe in mare ſalientibus. Hoc genus ſepulturæ beatiſſimum.*" *H. N.* (IV.) 12. p. 212.

ſian general, as one of the greateſt men and fineſt geniuſes in the world, which was approved by the almoſt conſtant ſucceſs of his wiſe ſchemes; he goes on to ſay, "that on his death, his neareſt relations carried his body out of the city, and expoſed it, naked, to be devoured by the dogs.—Then is the time to know for certain, *how it fares with him in the other world*; for if the dogs let him alone, or devour him ſlowly and by halves, they take it for granted that he is condemned to ſuffer the moſt horrible tortures; and his family and friends make dreadful moan and weep bitterly for his ſad caſe." *Agathias Juſtinian*, II. 10.

"In another place, near the gulph of *Bengal*, the *Gentoo Indians* take their parents, when they come to an age that their children judge proper for it, to the top of a tree, and bid them hold faſt; and then, coming down, theſe dutiful ſons take the trunk with both their hands, and ſhake it with all their might. If the old people ſtick till they are tired out with rocking it, they ſay they are not yet quite ripe, and help them down; but if they drop, they eat them." *Id. Ib.* The ſame famous author,

who

who was himſelf a long time in the parts he deſcribes, and affirms, "he ſets down nothing but what he was either an eye-witneſs of, or received from perſons who had been ſo; and whom he thought he had as much reaſon to credit as if he had actually ſeen himſelf what they related to him," ſays, that, "as he paſſed through the city and fortreſs of *Diu*, he was preſent at the marriage of a bull and a cow, celebrated by a rich *Banian*, or merchant among the *Gentoo Indians*, which coſt him ten or twelve thouſand ducats." Yet, if he is applied to by the greateſt object of charity, he will tell him coldly, *God hath done you harm and me too.* It is no wonder, if, when a man's zeal is miſapplied, and exhauſted on improper ſubjects, it is proportionably defective on right and worthy ones; and accordingly one commonly ſees that fanatick and ſuperſtitious people are little lurking low dealers in iniquity.

Theſe are *Eaſt Indians*. *Don Pedro Cieça de Leon*, an author who was preſent at the firſt diſcovery and conqueſt of *Peru*, writes thus:

" Before I go any farther, I will here ſet down a ſtrange thing, and that will doubtleſs aſtoniſh the reader. The ſecond time that I paſſed through theſe valleys (in the north and richeſt part of *Peru*) when we built and peopled the city of *Antiocha*, in the mountains that ſurround them, I was informed that the governors, or *caciques*, of thoſe parts were accuſtomed to make incurſions into their enemy's territories, in order to take their women. Theſe they uſed according to their pleaſure, and after having brought up the children they had by them till they were twelve or thirteen years old, they fatted them with great care, and eat them; which piece of horrid luxury was indeed their chief motive to theſe inroads. This, I was aſſured, was a cuſtomary thing among them; and that which makes me not to doubt of it, is, what I myſelf ſaw of one of theſe *caciques*, in company with the *licentiate Juan de Vadillo*, who is now in *Spain*, and will confirm it to be fact to any that ſhall aſk him, and it is this:

" The firſt time we *Spaniards* entered into theſe valleys, which were myſelf and company,

pany, one of the *caciques*, whom they called *Nabonuco*, came to us in peace, and brought three women with him. When night came, two of theſe laid themſelves at their length upon a mat, and the third acroſs, by way of pillow, and then his people brought in a fourth, who was very handſome, and which he took hold of, to draw her to him. The *licentiate Juan de Vadillo* aſked him, what he was going to do with that girl? (which ſeems an odd queſtion; one would think he might have gueſſed, though he would have gueſſed wrong.) The *cacique* looked him in the face, and ſaid very calmly, *To eat her. Vadillo*, hearing this, was amazed, as we all were, and aſked him, *How he could think of eating her, being as ſeemed too, his wife?* The *cacique*, raiſing his voice, anſwered: *I have eat her children, and I will eat her.*" *Cieça de Leon* * c. 12.

* This *Cieça de Leon* is an author of credit. *Bayle* hath given this ſtory, but in part only, in his article; but, as he could never procure any but an *Italian* tranſlation, there is a miſtake in what he hath given. This is entire, and directly from the *Spaniſh*.

But

But ſtill theſe, whoſe cuſtoms we have quoted, are barbarians, *Aſiatics* and *Americans*; regions where ſcience hath never made any great progreſs. It is in *Europe* only that human natur hath exerted itſelf; and here, without doubt, by far the moſt eminently, among the *Greeks* and *Romans*; yet theſe have had cuſtoms ſo univerſal and laſting, as to prove that they were the ſenſe of thoſe nations, even in their higheſt point of glory and knowledge; and yet as repugnant to reaſon; at leaſt to our ſenſe, (which every man, for himſelf, calls reaſon) as any of the other, and infinitely more miſchievous.

The combats of gladiators were a darling diverſion of the *Romans*, for ſix hundred years; but they are ſo horrid and offenſive to our manners, and ſo repugnant, one would think, to human nature, that ſuch a practice, ſo long continued, would be utterly incredible, if all hiſtory did not teſtify the truth of it. But, as it is undeniable that it appeared otherwiſe to a noble and polite people, it is almoſt preſumptuous to pronounce in our own cauſe, and from whence

whence there is now no appeal, that our ſenſe is better than their ſenſe.

Upon a ſuppoſition of a future ſtate, which even the moſt rude and remote ancients believed; and that, with the ſame paſſions, the dead would want the ſame conveniences as when alive, they not only buried or burned, with their bodies, all thoſe utenſils and animals in which they had moſt delighted, but even ſacrificed to their future ſervice or friendſhip the men and women they had moſt loved.

It was a cuſtom in *Spain* *, that thoſe who were the higheſt and neareſt in the ſervice of the prince, devoted themſelves to die with him, whenever his death ſhould happen. The prince found his account in this, eſpecially in war; becauſe it was the immediate intereſt of theſe to ſecure his life, at all events. *Sertorius* had ſome thouſands who had thus devoted themſelves to him; and accordingly, when he was once in a moſt imminent danger, they all crow-

* *Plutarch, Sertorius*, (V.) p. 208.

ded

ded about him, and delivered him over their heads, from one to another, till they had put him in a place of ſecurity, and then every one took care of himſelf, which might otherwiſe have been done probably before.

At firſt, in the univerſal darkneſs of mankind, when they were plunged in ignorance and barbariſm, they ſacrificed theſe without ceremony, by cutting their throats like other victims, on the funeral piles themſelves; and placed them round the dead body; juſt as * *Homer* deſcribes the ſlaughter of the twelve noble *Trojan* youths on that of *Patroclus*, with his favourite horſes and dogs. But afterwards, as the times poliſhed a little, they changed this into the victims fighting and killing one another, at leaſt, and with a chance of ſome of them eſcaping. Yet, in ſome caſes, the firſt barbarity was executed to the rigour, even in the moſt polite and learned times of the heathen world. Even when *Virgil* and *Horace* wrote, "*Auguſtus Cæſar*, after having reduced the poor

* *Il.* xxiii. 175.

city

city of *Perugia*, (ſo near to *Rome* itſelf) which had been declared an enemy to the *Roman* people by the ſenate, (only becauſe theſe wanted their lands to divide among the ſoldiers who had enſlaved them, and who began to be mutinous,) reduced them, with all the blood and miſery that human nature is capable of ſuffering, ſo that *Perugian famine* became a proverb ever after; and thoſe few who had eſcaped in ſuch a populous city, and flung themſelves on the mercy of *Auguſtus* every where, as he paſſed among the ſtarved and rotten bodies through the ſtreets, had only this anſwer from him, *Ye muſt die*; he choſe out three hundred * of the chief and moſt noble youths who had ſurrendered to him, after the moſt brave defence of their own and their wives and children's lives and liberties, and cut all their throats, on an altar raiſed for that purpoſe to *Julius Cæſar*;" (becauſe that *hero* had not had blood enough in his life-time!) Could any thing but the perpetual and daily uſe of ſeeing blood even in their diverſions, bring a man of ſenſe and parts, to ſuch an

* *Sueton, vit.* c. 15. *Dion* ſays 400.

unfeeling

unfeeling ſavageneſs of temper! whom even the being highly inſtructed in the arts that poliſh human nature, could not ſoften from ſuch a ferocity of manners! A nation ſhould above all things watch over its cuſtoms, as a private man over his habits. The general mind of a nation is made and moulded to its cuſtoms, as thoſe of particular people are to the company they happen to keep; therefore ſome one ſaid very well, *Chuſe the thing that is moſt expedient, cuſtom will make it the moſt agreeable.*

The *Tuſcans*, the moſt poliſhed people of the country at that time, were the firſt who introduced this horrid cuſtom into *Italy*; but it muſt be conſidered, that even this was a ſoftening of a more horrid one. There are ſtill innumerable proofs of this in the paintings on their vaſes, and ſculptures on their ſarcophagi, that I have ſeen in the Great Duke's collection*, and are dug up every day about *Arezzo*, and the ruins of their ancient cities; and theſe ſo ancient as to be moſt of them before the building of *Rome*, which did

* See *Dempſter's Hetruria Regia*, publiſhed by Lord *Leiceſter*.

not

not receive it till about five hundred years after; ſo that it was not the effect of rude barbariſm in them, but of the wealth and luxury of the times; and continued through all the moſt flouriſhing and poliſhed empire, till Chriſtianity aboliſhed it, with the other cruel and ſavage rights that would have continued as long as their power, if this religion of reaſon and humanity had not, happily for mankind, intervened.

This, which was at firſt very rare, and only for the funerals of thoſe of extreme rank, grew afterwards to be common for all of any conſideration. The people became ſo fond of theſe cruel ſpectacles, that they would not ſuffer eminent men to be burned without them. Even the funerals of women were polluted with this ſavageneſs. *Julius Cæſar* * was the firſt that did this, for his daughter *Julia*, the wife of *Pompey*. Afterwards this too became frequent. *Hadrian*† for his mother-in-law, &c.

But as the *Romans* grew ſtill more wealthy and wanton with luxury, they were ex-

* *Sueton. vit.* c. 26. *Dion.* 40. † *Spartian, vit.* c. 9.

hibited

hibited on all occaſions, of all kinds, where the people were to be highly entertained, and their favour courted. This was done in the amphitheatre, where not only the emperor, the ſenate, and the equeſtrian order had their proper places, but even the ladies. nay, and the veſtal virgins, were preſent at theſe butcheries *, where decency was no more regarded than humanity; as they fought ſtark naked and pampered up a long time before to the moſt ſleek and muſcular force and elegance that the maſculine form was capable of attaining by art.

Not contented with the public exhibition of theſe cruel ſpectacles, they were introduced into feaſts and grand ſuppers. They fought round the table during the repaſt, and the genial board was ſprinkled with the blood of dying gladiators; nay the gueſts were invited, not ſo much to a luxurious entertainment, for that was trite and vulgar, as to be treated with theſe ſpectacles, and the gay debauchee ſat encouraging them nōt to ſpare one another, or them-

* *Prudentius* gives a lively deſcription of this, with a proper indignation.

ſelves,

ſelves, and clapped as they murdered their adverſaries. *Silius Ital.* XI. 41. *Nic. Damaſcenus.*

Theſe conquerors of the world, theſe maſters of the ſpoils of innumerable nations, that they had been civiliſing with their blood, ſeem to have put the laſt refinement upon luxury, by adding the contraſt of others miſery to their own enjoyment; like "the old *Tuſcans*, who, as *Plutarch* tells us, uſed to have their ſlaves ſcourged and tortured before them at their ſolemn feaſts, while the muſic was playing, to enhance their own jollity by their ſufferings." *De Irâ*, from *Ariſtotle.*

It was the conſtant opinion of the ancients, both *Greeks* and *Romans*, who acted and wrote as we ſee, (what inequalities in human nature!) that the Gods, in the midſt of their own perfect bliſs, were very envious if they ſaw us a little more happy than ordinary, and particularly that ill-natured goddeſs *Nemeſis*, whoſe whole buſineſs was, to daſh our ſincereſt joys; ſo that they had ſet forms on extraordinary occaſions, and particularly triumphs and other

inferior public rejoicings, of appeaſing their jealouſy, and atoning for their preſent happineſs. See *Tit. Livius*, V. 21, and *Plut. Camillus*, p. 96, and not. *Dacier*.

No wonder if they encouraged in themſelves what they conceived as inculcated to them by the example and practice of the Gods. O the moſt fatal ſure of all errors, an unworthy idea of the divine nature!

This might probably have been one original occaſion of theſe butcheries (though afterwards uſed for delight) as it was, for the conſul's exhibiting gladiators before he ſet out againſt the enemy. " It is the general opinion", ſays one of their hiſtorians, " that our ancients practiſed this devotion in going out of *Rome* againſt an enemy; that *Nemeſis* being thus appeaſed by the blood of citizens, in this ſort of mock-battle, might be, in ſome degree, ſatiated, and ſo induced to ſpare it the more, when the true one ſhould happen." *Capito Lin. Maxim. & Balbin.* 8.

" Theſe

" Theſe victims to the public diverſions of thoſe times, were fed with rich meats to make them ſleek and plump as well as nervous, ſo that they might bleed the freer, and die more fiercely. If they fought with any degree of ſhyneſs or timidity, there were officers ready, on the people's clamours, to ſcourge them, or burn them with torches puſhed on their backs, to enrage them with the ſmart of the ſcalding pitch."* *St. Cyprian*, Ep. 2. ad *Donat.*

At laſt after having behaved themſelves gallantly, and when they were covered with wounds and gaſhes, and ſoaked in their own and adverſaries blood, and now juſt fainting, they ſtretched out their hands and ſuppliant faces, to the innumerable aſſembly of all ranks of both ſexes, begging their lives,† and hoping, for a plea, that they had contented them with their behaviour;

* —— *Hominum, inclyte Theſeu,*
Sanguis erant, homines, eademque in ſidera, eoſdem
Sortitus animarum, alimentaque veſtra creati.
Stat. Theb. XII. 555.

† See this painted from the life, as himſelf had often ſeen it, by *Seneca Ep.* VII. and *Cicero Orat.* pro *A. Milone* 34.

if not, they declared themſelves ready to undergo their ſentence. If the people were in good humour with them, they were ſent away for that time; if not, they cried out *receive the ſword*, *recipe ferrum*: on which, without heſitation, they held their ſide for their adverſary to plunge his ſword into, or if they could ſtand no longer, their throat. Yet even here, in this uttermoſt diſtreſs and contempt, there was room for vanity (for where will not vanity find a place, or into what dirty hole will it not wriggle itſelf!) Theſe buts of the public pride, and wanton ſcorn of their cruelty, ſtill exulted in the critical niceneſs of their poſtures for the wound of their opponent; and when all over blood and gaſhes, far from being ſeen to ſuffer, if refuſed their petition, and bade to die, held their ſide or throat in a graceful poſture, to ſatisfy the expectation of the amphitheatre, and gain the poſthumous applauſe of thoſe that conſidered them in no other light, than as they diverted them with their death. Nay, ſometimes the people were ſo eager when they thought they had not behaved with ſufficient animoſity againſt one another, that they would make them be cut to pieces before

fore them,* for fear of foul play, or that their adverſary favoured them, and they might come to life again, theſe wretches who had been diverting them all this while with their blood and miſery! and it was not uncommon for them to come out of their places, and thruſt their hands into the wound and rummage it about, to ſee if it were deep enough and fairly mortal.

"The emperor *Commodus* himſelf did this; but, as it was common, it is not taken notice of by the hiſtorian upon this account, but for his wiping his bloody hand on his hair; nor even for the ſavageneſs of this filthy circumſtance, but becauſe it was conſidered as an omen, (being but a little before he was murdered) and the moving his hand from a dead body to his head was, that he had thus devoted himſelf to death; as if he had uſed the form of imprecation, and ſaid, *let it be on my own head.*" *Lampridius*, vit. c. 16.

What a ſtrict and perpetual alliance between ignorance, ſuperſtition, and cruelty;

* *Lactantius.*

which are a leaſh of hell-hounds that conſtantly hunt together!

They would fight thus for ſixty or ſeventy pairs at one ſhow; when exhibited to gain the people's ſuffrages for the greater magiſtracies. *Julius Cæſar* gave three hundred and twenty pairs in his ædileſhip.

As ſoon as diſpatched, the dead bodies were dragged out of the *Arena* with a hook, and flung one after another into a great hole for that purpoſe; the place new ſanded, and a freſh pair brought in.

At length the religion of humanity and mercy aboliſhed all this, but not till three hundred years after *Chriſt*, in the reign of *Conſtantine the Great*. *Sub cujus humano imperio immanitatem olim exuit orbis Romanus*, * ſays *Petiſcus*, on his reſtraining the ſavageneſs of maſters to their ſlaves. *Chriſtianity* may well be ſaid to have *brought life and immortality to light* †; ſince it hath en-

* *Petiſc. Lex. Antiq.* T. II. p. 776.

† II *Tim.* 1, 10.

lightened

lightened this life, as much as it hath ſecured to us another. Before, *qualibus in tenebris vitæ* ! *

One would think human nature could hardly find out, or fall into a cuſtom more barbarous, irrational, and more abhorrent to itſelf. But I am afraid we make our nature too great a compliment, in ſuppoſing vice and folly ſo abhorrent to it. If we examine the civil and religious conduct of the ſpecies through ages and countries, which is the faireſt teſt, it will ſurely appear, that it ſympathiſes but two much with theſe qualities. An abridgment of the hiſtory of that one, and all paſſions in one, ſelf-love, would abundantly account for all; and at the ſame time give ſentence againſt us. But it would alſo appear perhaps, that this univerſal quality hath not done more harm to others, than it hath done to itſelf. " *Alieno imperior felicior quam ſuo !*" *Tacit. H.* I. 49.

Mankind have actually fallen into a cuſtom more barbarous, far more irrational,

* *Lucret.* II. 15.

and more extenſive. For gladiators were only among the *Romans*; the *Greeks* (a number of ſmall common-wealths) not being able to afford the expence; and beſides, theſe ruffians were the ſcum and offal of human nature, and the ſink and very common ſewer of all vice and brutality; but parents expoſing their own children, their new-born infants, to death, to ſtarve with hunger and cold in a lone place, the bloſſom and beauty of ſimple innocent nature! becauſe they would not be at the expence of nouriſhing them, and this often of people who lived in eaſe and plenty,* was not more horrid and unnatural than it was frequent, and for ages, both with *Greeks* and *Romans*.†

* *Ingenuos ſi exponantur in ſervilem tranſire conditionem. Seneca* V. *Controv.* 33.

† *Expoſitio infantum omnium fere gentium fuit, ſed & Græcorum plerorumque, exceptis Thebanis, apud quos lege vetitum infantes exponere. Lacedæmonii, diſciplinæ cæteris rigidiores, ab hâc exponendi conſuetudine non abhorruerunt. Petiſcus Lex. Antiq.*

——————— *Damnavit parens,*
Et in alta nemora pabulum miſit feris
Avidis, avibuſque quas Cythæron noxius
Alit. *Seneca in OEdipo.*

As

As ſoon as the babe was born, it was brought to the father by the midwife, and laid on the ground before him; and the father either took it up, and put it a moment in his boſom, and then it was to be nouriſhed; or elſe ordered it to be expoſed. They ſeldom murdered it themſelves, though this they did ſometimes; and *Chremes*, in *Terence's Heautontimorumenos**, gravely reproaches his wife for having delivered his infant daughter to another to be expoſed, inſtead of killing her herſelf, as he had ordered before ſhe was brought to bed, in caſe it ſhould prove a girl.

Tot peccata in hâc re oſtendis; nam jamprimum, ſi meum
Imperium exequi voluiſſes, interemptam oportuit;
Non ſimulare mortem verbis, reipſâ ſpem vitæ dare;

and accordingly ſhe owns her fault,

Mi Chreme, peccavi, fateor; vincor. Nor does he at all appear to act any way extra-

* VI. 1. 21. This play of *Terence* is taken from the *Greek* one of *Menander*, who wrote at the very time of the utmoſt flower of the *Greek* politeneſs and grandeur; and every one knows that comedies are the authentic repreſentations of the times, and their manners.

ordinarily

ordinarily in this, but rather perſiſts in abuſing her for not knowing what was good, and right, and juſt,

*Quid cum illis agas qui neque Jus, neque bonum, atque æquom ſciunt**. *Ib.* V. 29.

Different nations have not only different languages, that are not underſtood by one another; and different provinces or countries of the ſame, different dialects and phraſes, that appear abſurd and ridiculous, or harſh and diſſonant to thoſe of another; but vary as much in their ideas and notions of religious and civil truth and juſtice.

When it was determined that the infant ſhould be expoſed, a ſlave, or other perſon employed, carried it, and laid it in a deſert place, to die unſeen and unheard, with hunger and cold; while the parents could go calmly to their own meals; or what was

* The fixed and ſettled cuſtom of expoſing their children, even in families of condition, is proved, beyond all controverſy, by the very laws themſelves, both of the *Greek* and the *Roman* emperors, now extant, that were made to decide upon what is to be done with thoſe that happened to be afterwards known again when grown up. See *Paullus I.* C. L. IV. *De agnoſcendis liberis.*

more

more common, the poor little innocent babe was placed in a road where there was concourſe *; that if any paſſenger ſhould think fit to take care of it, he might; though the uſe theſe children were, for the moſt part, made of in theſe caſes, was thought among them to be a misfortune to them; and that it had been better for them to have periſhed at firſt, as their parents had deſigned. This uſe will be mentioned by and by.

On ſending them to be expoſed, the mother commonly put a ring or piece of money † into the baſket with them, becauſe, forſooth, they had a ſcruple of de-

* The old ſcholiaſt of *Juvenal*, who, ſpeaking of this cuſtom, which, he ſays, was ſo common that he ſhall not expatiate upon it, acquaints us, that they were frequently laid on the ſide of the great common ſewer. *Juvenal*, VI. 602.

Ariſtophanes ſpeaks of a mother who expoſed her child the moment it was born, in an open veſſel of earthen ware, in the midſt of winter. *Ariſtoph.* Βατραχ.

† *Heliodorus*, in his *Æthiopics*,—— "Now ſhew me, ſays a lady, the rich mantle, and the other jewels, which you tell me you found with my poor daughter, which I ordered to be expoſed."

So far were they from being aſhamed of this, that they often engraved the names of the father and mother on a rich buckle that faſtened the child's mantle, that

frauding them of their natural right to a ſhare of their parents goods:

Cum exponendam do illi, de digito annulum
Detraho, & eum dico ut una cum puellâ exponeret,
Si moreretur, ne expers partis eſſet de noſtris bonis.
Ib. V. 37.

This wiſe precaution was of a piece with another cuſtom they had. On burying a criminal alive, they were very careful to leave him a loaf of bread, and a cup of water, that they might not ſeem to be ſo cruel as to deſign to ſtarve him to death. So too with us; ſuch is the corruption of the mildeſt and moſt humane of all diſpenſations! The inquiſitors, when they deliver a heretic into the ſecular hands, adjure them, by the bowels of Jeſus, *not to do him any harm.* It is thus that theſe raſcals avoid having to do with blood. What farce and blaſphemy! to enhance the moſt unfeeling and ſavage inhumanity, with the hypocritical maſk of compaſſion!

that if any took it up, they might find ſome ſort of reward for their trouble; and if it died, there ſhould be wherewithal to bury it. *Heliodorus.*

Theſe

Theſe ſort of tokens, as they happened to turn out, were often the occaſion of parents diſcovering their children again that had been thus expoſed; and were a frequent ſubject of their comedies; as of this of *Terence*, and ſome others that are ſtill left. But would not theſe valuable gifts, often, to children that were to be heard no more of, be liable to be ſtolen away, and the infant left, by the ſervant to whom it was delivered, or by paſſengers, who had no more compaſſion for it than the parents themſelves?

Let us place ourſelves for a moment in *Athens*, in thoſe times that we ſo much admire, and almoſt adore, *La belle Grece!* and ſee theſe innocent and pretty human creatures lying helpleſs in by-places, or on highways, ſtarving by degrees, and periſhing; while innumerable pitileſs men and women paſſed by, and took no notice of them; and the parents themſelves patiently bearing the reflection of what they were ſuffering, or quite forgetting them! And (moſt aſtoniſhing!) the public laws of this great nation allowing it.

Seneca the father, in one of his *Controverſies*, hath reckoned up innumerable miſeries to which theſe unfortunate out-caſts were liable. The ſubject of the *Controverſy* is, " A perſon who made it his buſineſs, whoſe trade it was, to maim expoſed children." In the courſe of which it appears, how frequent it was for them to have their eyes put out, or limbs diſlocated, or broken, in order to fit them the better for objects of compaſſion to beg with. If boys, they were caſtrated, ſold for ſlaves, or exerciſed for gladiators: If girls, brought up by bawds for proſtitutes. *Seneca, Controv.* 33.

Fuſcus Arellius ſaid, " We compaſſionate theſe wretched out-caſts for their being expoſed to wild beaſts, to ſerpents, as well as cold and famine; we forget to dread what is more horrible for them, their being in danger of being preſerved." *Ib.*

Yet theſe were often the children of people in good circumſtances; always of free and generous blood; for ſlaves were not permitted to expoſe theirs, as being a part of their maſter's eſtate.

Quod

Quod genus hoc hominum, quæve hunc tam barbara morem
Permittit patria! *Virg. Æn.* 1.

" The emperor *Claudius*, after having received and nouriſhed his daughter *Claudia*, of which his wife *Urgulanilla* was brought to bed but five months after her divorce, on a ſudden cauſed it to be hung naked at its mother's door." *Suetonius Claud.* 27.

" *Epictetus's* only attendant was a woman, whom he took in his advanced years, to nurſe a child, which otherwiſe one of his friends would have expoſed to periſh. An amiable proof of the poor old man's goodnature and diſapprobation, it is to be hoped, of that ſhocking, yet common inſtance of heathen blindneſs and barbarity." Mrs. *Eliz. Carter's Introduction* to the works of *Epictetus*, p. xxix.

Yet *Ariſtotle* approves this cuſtom, in his *Politics*; and ſome of the greateſt *Greek* and *Roman* writers, in deſcribing the manners of ſome nations, remark on their not expoſing their children, as a piece of ſingularity and a ſort of barbariſm. And " *Chilo*, the *Lacedæmonian* philoſopher, very gravely adviſes

viſes *Hippocrates*, who had met with what they took for a prodigy in ſacrificing, never to marry; or, if he married, to divorce his wife immediately; or at leaſt to deſtroy whatever children he ſhould have of her." *Ariſt. Polit.* VII. c. 16.—*Strabo* XVII. of the *Egyptians*.—*Tacitus*, of the *Jews*, *H.* V. *Dion. Hal.* of the *Aborigines* I. init. *Diog. Laert.*

Does it not ſeem as if mankind differed even in the firſt principles of reaſoning; and that what is a ſelf-evident truth in one nation, and one age, is the very reverſe, diametrically contrary in another!

Perhaps, if more ſtrictly examined than hath yet been done, (taking always experience and hiſtorical facts along with us) it will appear, that what we call our reaſon, is little elſe than the cuſtoms we have always been uſed to, and the ſtrong but unheeded bias that the firſt impreſſions from the arbitrary appearances of things on our firſt and earlieſt perceptions have given to our faculties, and by degrees rooted and incorporated into our minds, before we were in any condition to ſearch into their truth and right-

rightneſs. *Magni eſt ingenii revocare mentem a ſenſibus, & cogitationem a conſuetudine. Cic. Tuſ. Q.*

Certainly, in caſes of religion, thoſe things with whoſe truth we are in the higheſt degree ſatisfied and moſt highly venerate, happening to be born in *Italy*, for inſtance, we ſhould as implicitly be ſatisfied were utterly falſe, abſurd, and criminal, if we had happened to have been dropped in *Conſtantinople*; and why ſhould it not be the ſame, in degree, in other ſpeculative points?

The *Romans* continued this monſtrous practice during all that great conſular time we ſo much admire, and admire with reaſon in many caſes; but it is with nations as with particular perſons, that the nearer you look into them often, the leſs you like them: "Nobody hath ſo little an opinion of a great man," ſays *Rochefaucauld*, "as his valet de chambre." "A prophet, in fine, is not honoured in his own country, and among his own kin, and in his own houſe." The domeſtic life is a very different thing from the public and open ſcene. The *Car-*

thaginians ſacrificed their children to *Moloch*, now and then, on extraordinary occaſions of public calamity; the thing was done pompouſly; and they are infamous for it to this day. The *Romans* put theirs to a more cruel death, becauſe more lingering, daily; and the commonneſs of it, without ceremony, made it diſregarded for above a thouſand years, quite down to the reign of *Valentinian*. At length the mildneſs and benevolence of the *Chriſtian* religion put a final end to, and utterly aboliſhed this dire practice; and took away from parents the power of murdering their own children.—Good God! that this power ſhould ever have been given them, or that it ſhould ever have needed to be taken away from them!

Perhaps we ſee nothing as it is, and all our ideas of truth depend on cuſtom; what we happen to have been uſed to. Certainly the ſame things are ſeen very differently, by people in the higheſt life, thoſe in the middling, and by the dregs of the populace; as, though they ſpeak the ſame language, they hardly uſe any of one anothers words and phraſes. Whole nations ſee things much

much in the ſame groſs light with one another, and quite different from that in which other whole nations ſee them; not only in religion and politics, (into which they are in a manner compelled) but in the common occurrences and faſhions in the general commerce of the world. When our ears are familiariſed to a certain repetition of verſes or words, we cannot abide to change them often, though found to be wrong. Uſe makes that appear to be reaſon, at which, on the firſt hearing, in our mature years, we ſhould have ſcoffed, but now will diſpute and wrangle for; and if very abſurd, or altogether unintelligible, we will ſuffer perſecution, and even death, in the ſupport of it. We may ſay, that every national religion is a factitious one, and all are ſure of the rightneſs of it in its own little or large diſtrict, though contradicted, abhorred, or deſpiſed every where elſe, all around it, with like aſſurance. That then, one ſhould think, ſeems to bid the faireſt for being the firſt beſt, which every other agrees to be the next beſt to itſelf; and this is that of nature and reaſon, whoſe only articles are all the ſocial virtues.

" The author of the *Religion of Nature Delineated* aſked a bigot, " How many religions and ſects he thought there might be in the world?" " Why, ſays he, I can make no judgment; I never conſidered that queſtion." " Do you think, ſaid *Wollaſton*, there may be an hundred?" " Oh, yes ſure, replied he, at leaſt." " Why then, ſaid he, it is ninety-nine to one you are in the wrong."

" As to that ſpirit of toleration in religion, for which the *Gentoos* are ſo ſingularly diſtinguiſhed, it is doubtleſs owing to that fundamental tenet of it, of which the purport is, that the diverſity of modes of worſhip is apparently agreeable to the God of the univerſe; that all prayers put up to him from man are equally acceptable; and ſanctified to him by the ſincerity of the intention; that the true univerſal religion is no other than the religion of the heart; that the various outward forms of it are only acceſſories, indifferent in themſelves, and merely accidents of time, place, education, or birth." *Groſe, Voyage to the Eaſt Indies*, 291.

Whether

Whether theſe are the notions of this ſimple, good, and altogether harmleſs ſet of people, I know not; or whether the author hath rather given us his own; they are wiſe, humane, and worthy of the parent of the univerſe, and of all thoſe infinite varieties of all kinds that this all beneficent father hath ordained for the delights, as well as neceſſities, of his children. And the compulſion to an uniformity of faith and articles, is the intereſted roguery of every ſhop ſtriving to keep all the trade to itſelf, and bring in as much more as poſſible.

II.

P R I D E.

The proper buſineſs of mankind is man.

POPE'S ESSAY.

MAN is an animal that hath two legs only, without wings, and is proud. I believe this laſt may be juſtly added to *Plato*'s definition, as being peculiar to man. Other animals have mettle, which is no

other than high ſpirits, well fed. And many men have this, who have no great degree of pride, as others that are very proud, have abſolutely no mettle. They are two very diſtinct qualities, one of which is pure natural ſpirit, kept up or improved by accident; and the other is upon principle. Pride ariſes from comparing ourſelves with others, while we plead the cauſe of both before the tribunal of our own ſelf-love. This ſort of compariſon, I believe, no other animal makes, in any degree whatſoever *. Man proceeds, like the reſt, from an egg, a worm, an embrio, to a thing that feels, to a thing that reflects; and then it is *proud*. It looks about, and ſees how every other thing is inferior to it; and then it *laughs*; which is only a quality given it to expreſs its other quality, *Pride*; and as other animals have not the one, they have no occaſion for the other.

Now this animal that hath got thus far, it knows not at all how, comes in a little

* *Nec miſerius quidquam homine aut ſuperbius. Plin.* H. N. II. 7. *Heu dementiam ab his initiis exiſtimantium ad ſuperbiam ſe genitos! Id.* VII. 1.

time,

time, to know all about God, and how he acts; and finds even that he himſelf hath a power of controuling him, making that providence which hath placed him here and thus, ſuſpend his decrees, till he finds what this new ſelf-creature purpoſes. Now, the operations of both are blended together; and, though he does not quite come to be angry with God, (of that he is afraid) yet he is ſo far on a level, that God is angry with him; and enters into ſuch friendſhips and enmities as take up the whole attention of his providence.

And why not? If all things were made for him, and the ſole point alſo of the evil principle was to win him, and of the good to regain him? And yet, (what a mortifying circumſtance!) upon this all-important creature, in ſpeculation——*non fuit indignum ſuperis!* his maker hath thought proper, in fact, to quarter fleas, lice, and bugs.

Well, but then we are a great prince, an emperor! We are his ſubſtitute here, and perhaps himſelf.

" *Philip* of *Macedon*, after having defeated the *Athenians* at *Chæronea*, was yet ſo moderate as to own that he was not a God; and, for fear he ſhould not be able to contain himſelf in this modeſt mood, or that his people ſhould not believe him, (and in all likelihood he found it a little difficult to perſuade his courtiers of it) he had one to call aloud to him every morning, *Philip, thou art a man.*" *Quintilian*, VIII. 15.

Here the ridicule was in the proud humility of the puny being; and yet, as abſurd as was the vanity of this affected modeſty, it was more than his ſon, ſome time after, could keep within the bounds of.

" The *Scythian* ambaſſadors replied not like barbarians to this; when after having ſubdued *Darius* he would have invaded their country: ' We are informed that you are a God; if you are a God, give us of your good things, and do not take away ours, which you cannot want; but if you are a man, remember that you are ſo, and that we alſo are men." *Curt.* VII. 8, 26.

But

But afterwards the *Roman* emperors made no ſcruple of profeſſing their rank; and had al ars and temples raiſed to them.—*Auguſtus* himſelf, ſo wiſe and moderate! ſnuffed up the incenſe with wide noſtrils, and could gravely hear *Virgil* invoking his inſpiration for his *Georgics*,* with that of *Ceres*, *Neptune*, *Pan*, and the reſt of them; and perhaps loved him for this more than for the divine work.

Yet even this was decent to what was commonly practiſed afterwards; and *Lucan*, *Statius*, *Martial*, *Claudian*, ſtifled, every one of them, his God with the groſſeſt and greaſieſt vapours; and *Nero* and *Domitian*, whom no crime could ſhame, were no more aſhamed of ſuch praiſes; ſo ſteady and tenacious is human pride!

Yet ſtill theſe were poets: *Val. Maximus*, a moral hiſtorian, invokes the divinity of *Tiberius*, and tells him, that "He hath the advantage of other writers who have im-

* So *Horace*,——
Præſenti tibi maturos largimur honores,
Jurandaſque tuum per numen ponimus aras.
In the epiſtle to *Auguſtus* himſelf.

plored

plored the assistance of *Jupiter*, and the other gods; for, their godhead, says he, we only believe, and take upon trust; thine we behold, present, and know; the other gods we have received; thee, thy father and grandfather (*Augustus* and *Julius*) we have given to heaven."

I have never met with any mortals who have been more than divine, except in one single instance; and that was, for our glory, king *James* the I.'s queen, *Anne* of *Denmark*, who is regaled with this title in *Florio's* sonnet, (he was one of the gentlemen of her bedchamber) prefixed to his translation of *Montaigne's Essays*. *Di magnanimita, virù, beltade; incomparabile, sopra divina!*

The *Persian* kings were anciently adored in form, and some of the naked or ragged kings of *Africa* have been gods. As for the honest *Hottentots* they have not as yet found out that they were gods, but only the top of mankind.

But, it is not the most eminent alone; all other orders are proud in proportion; there is no subject so mean and contemptible

tible into which pride will not find ſome pretence or other to ſneak, and neſtle itſelf. And *à propos* to ſneaking; thoſe who have it are generally moſt aſhamed of it, and endeavour to maſk it under any other appearance they can. It is indeed a contradiction to itſelf; for, purſue it but into its haunts, and you will find, that nothing is ſo humble as pride.

Yet, with all this, man hath ſome charming qualities, that make him a truly amiable creature. Nay, this very pride, when properly exerted, is the beſt guarantee of a generous and worthy behaviour; as it inſpires him with an honeſt bravery of ſpirit, a noble jealouſy of his conduct, and an abhorrence of any thing that may hurt and contradict his due ſelf-eſteem. Nay, vanity, that other univerſal quality in him, (ſo like pride, and ſo unlike it) is a moſt ſocial virtue, as it courts mankind, whereas pride diſdains them. But theſe will appear in their natural colours, as occaſion ſhall preſent them hereafter in the courſe of theſe eſſays; as alſo the *how* and *why*, from examples themſelves; which, I think, will introduce human nature to ſome advantage;

their

their good qualities far preponderating their bad; neither of them extreme, in any one inſtance; nor ever can be, in our preſent ſtate; for nothing is ſo wholly good, but that it hath, in itſelf or conſequences, ſome bad; and nothing ſo wholly bad, but that it hath ſome good. All is in a certain, fixed, and fore-determined degree of imperfection with us, here and now, according to the great univerſal œconomy of order and ſubordination; and this very imperfection ſo juſtly balanced by laws that execute themſelves, as to be all of a piece. And this juſt degree of imperfection, preciſely what is allotted this our place in the gradation of beings, ſo as to fill up that univerſal harmony which conſtitutes the all-perfect order of the whole; every degree fitted for its rank, and conſiſtent with itſelf, and all the ſeveral degrees around it, ſo as to be each and every one the happieſt for the ſeveral allotments, as diſtributed by their all-wiſe, all-powerful, and all-good provider; which three divine attributes ſeem to contain all that can concern us.

But the greateſt of theſe, in regard to man, is his goodneſs, as in men, charity.

rity. Yet it hath been the conſtant and invariable endeavour of the intereſted and artful, in order to govern and plunder the reſt, to repreſent the univerſal Father as a ſevere maſter; a tyrant, who is to be feared and dreaded; and, as ſuch, he hath been ever an inſtrument in their hands to apply, they found occaſion, to the terrified paſſions of thoſe of whom they were to make a property. This hath varied in form and faſhion, according to times and places, but the ſcheme itſelf hath been ſtill the ſame; and accordingly hath always governed mankind, and ever will; for ſuperſtition is the weak place of human nature.

III.

Virtues are often only vices diſguis'd.

ROCHEFAUCAULD.

THERE cannot be a greater mark of true magnanimity of heart, certainly rightneſs of head, than that of honouring virtue even in an enemy; but princes are ſo rarely found to ſacrifice any part of their ſafety,

ſafety, or ambition, to their reverence for this quality, that we muſt be upon our guard, if we would not be the dupes of appearances.

" After the great emperor *Henry* the IV, who had the courage firſt to oppoſe the inſolence and encroachments of the *Roman* ſee, had at length ſubdued the uſurper *Rodolph* duke of *Suabia*, whom the pope had ſet up, on excomunicating him; he ſuffered him to be buried magnificently, and even with all the imperial honours and enſigns; and ſaid, ' He ſhould be glad to ſee all his enemies interred with the like pomp."

This generoſity could not hurt him then; but it added to his courage and fortune, by way of gleaning; a new ſubject of glory!

As when the duke of *Lorrain*, after the battle of *Nancy*, wherein he killed *Charles the Bold*, duke of *Burgundy*, went in proceſſion to viſit the body, clothed in deep mourning, with a golden beard fixed on, that reached down to his waiſt, (after the manner of the old heroes that were knighted for their proweſs, who, on a ſignal victory over an

an enemy, were honoured with ſuch a beard) and taking him by the hand, ſaid to him: 'Thou haſt done us much miſchief during thy life, but thou waſt brave, and now thou art dead may the good and great God take thy ſoul to himſelf!' Beſides, this enhanced his own bravery; for as *Scipio* ſaid to *Hannibal*, who was boaſting to him of his exploits: 'What would you have been if you had conquered me?'

So *Cæſar* wept over the head of *Pompey*, from whom he was now ſecure.

——— " *tutumque putavit*
" *Jam bonus eſſe ſocer.*"

Lucan IX. 1037.

" *Stephen Battori*, king of *Poland*, as ſoon as he was choſen, gave one of the richeſt palatinates of the kingdom to *Staniſlaus Pekoſlawſki*, who had withſtood him the moſt violently of all at the diet, and conſtantly to the laſt voted againſt his election; ſaying, 'he was a very bad elector, but a very good ſoldier." *Piaſeci Cronic Pol.*

The caſe was, he could no longer hurt him as an elector, but he could do him great

great ſervice, now that he was a ſubject, as a ſoldier.

IV.

Proſperity and power are excellent friends, but they are bad counſellors.

ANTONIO PEREZ, the famous ſecretary and favourite of *Philip* the IId of *Spain*, has publiſhed the moſt wiſe and prudent maxims, not only in politics, but for common life too, perhaps, that are extant; yet after he had cauſed the ſecretary *Don Juan de Eſcovedo* to be aſſaſſinated, whilſt the wife and children of the deceaſed were actually claiming juſtice of the king, and the public ſeconded their demands, he was ſo imprudent as to brave them and the world, with his ſtill more than uſual ſplendour and magnificence; *frequentiſ. initium calamitatis ſecuritas*; ſo that his maſter (by whoſe order he had committed the murder) was forced to yield to the torrent, and abandon him; he fled to *France*, where he lived a few years, a penſioned exile. In one of his letters from *Paris* to a friend in *Spain*,

Spain, he makes the ſame pathetic complaint that cardinal *Wolſey* does in *Shakeſpeare*:

" *Had I but ſerv'd my God with half the zeal*
I ſerv'd my king, he would not in mine age
*Have left me naked to mine enemies.**."

Henry VIII, Act III, *ad fin.*

But indeed *Perez* had no juſt pretence to complain of the king for betraying him, ſince he was only guilty of a baſe action againſt him, as he himſelf had been for the king. One of the hardeſt circumſtances of guilt is, that a bad man cannot complain of the injuries that are done him! or, if he does, it is the ſevereſt kind of rebuke on himſelf, as it comes with his own confeſſion and authority. He had already declared, by his own example, that he played all the game; ſo that no impoſition was foul play.

A raſcal who hath done an eſſential ſervice to his prince, by a villainous action, owes him another eſſential ſervice, of which

* Mon zele etoit ſi grand envers ces benignes puiſſances (la cour de *Turin*) que ſi j'en euſſe eû autant pour Dieu, je ne doute point qu'il ne m'eut deja recompenſé de ſon paradis. *D'Aſſouci*, *Bayle*, Not. Margin. 43.

he is commonly compelled to ſhort payment, which is the juſt chaſtiſement of his crime; in order to vindicate his prince's honour, and reconcile the world to him.—A prince finds his account every way in getting rid of the rogue. All obligations are paid; himſelf hath performed an uſeful act of juſtice, and hath the advantage, clear gain, beſides.

However *Perez* ſaid one very juſt thing of princes, (in regard to his own misfortune) "that they eſtabliſhed a council of ſtate, only that they might have where to caſt the blame of any ill ſucceſſes." I believe he might have extended his remark to private perſons, who generally aſk your advice, either to have your approbation of what they had already determined, ſo to divide the fault with you, if it does not ſucceed; or, in caſe of your being of another opinion, flinging themſelves wholly upon you for the miſcarriage. At leaſt, this is oftener the caſe than where the ſole honeſt end is pure and modeſt information.

V.

Vicit tamen gratiam meriti ſceleris atrocitas.
Curt. VIII. 3. 15.

He that loveth iniquity, ſhall reap vanity.
Prov. XXII. 8.

HOWEVER well pleaſed *David* might be with the deaths of *Saul*, and *Abner*, and *Iſh-boſheth*, he thought fit to remove the ſuſpicion from him, of having had any hand in them, by putting to death the meſſengers, or thoſe that had executed the facts; by which he loſt none of the eſſential advantages the events brought him, but gleaned many others, and made the raſcals pay for them. 2 *Sam.* I. 15. III. 33. IV. 12.

The governor of *Giula*, a fortreſs of *Hungary*, betrayed it to *Solyman the Magnificent*, in 1566. He, for his pains, ordered him to be thruſt into a hogſhead, ſtuck full of nails, and bade him receive the juſt reward of his avarice and treaſon: "If thou haſt

not been faithful to *Maximilian*, thy natural maſter, neither wilt thou be ſo to me."

The *Spaniards* executed *Jennaro Anneſe*, who had excited the revolt in *Naples*, 1648, though he had afterwards ſaved them that kingdom from the *French*, by calling them in again, and had made the moſt ſolemn conditions with them for his own ſafety and preferment; according to that maxim of *Mariana* on a like occaſion: *La traycion te pagan bien, ſer traydor te pagan mal. Motteville Mem. Anne d'Autriche*, tom II. p. 288.

This was a ſort of repeating the treachery of the *Sabines*, who buried *Tarpeia* under their ſhields, ſo pretending to keep their promiſe with her, for the *Tarpeian* citadel ſhe betrayed; having ſtipulated with them for what they wore on their left arms; ſhe meaning their bracelets.

When *Graveſton*, who had betrayed the *Spaniards*, in the affair of *Bergen op Zoom*, to queen *Elizabeth*, came over to *England* to give her an account of his ſucceſs, ſhe gave him a thouſand crowns, but ſaid to him at the ſame time: "Get you gone home, that I may

I may know where to ſend when I ſhall have occaſion again for a thorough-paced villain."*

King *William* went farther on another occaſion, with a like reprimand; for in one of his battles, which he was on the point of loſing, a trooper flying by him, he cut him croſs the face with his ſword, and ſaid, "There, you raſcal, now I ſhall know where to find a coward."

When *Laſthenes*, who had betrayed *Olynthus*, which fort the *Athenians* had truſted him with, to *Philip* of *Macedon*, complained to him that one of his courtiers had called him a traitor, he anſwered him coldly: "My *Macedonians* are rude and unbred, and want that addreſs and polite way of expreſſing themſelves that you *Athenians* have; they call a *boat* a *boat*." *Plutarch's Apotheoſis.*

This was handſome in *Elizabeth*, and decent in *Philip*, though ready enough to

* See how the emperor *Charles* IV. ſerved the three traitors he had employed againſt *Philip* of *Burgundy*. *Theatrical Hiſtory*, p. 990.

come into uſeful meaſures; but when ſuch "a wretch as *Lewis* the XIth preſumes to act like *Fabricius*, and ſend an account to his enemy of the traitor that offered to kill him, or deliver him up alive, under pretence of not being able to bear the wickedneſs of the action,"* [*Philip de Comines*, ch. IV. ult. and V. 6.] one has an indignation to ſee virtue in ſuch hands. *Quem bis terve bonum cum riſu miror! Hor. A. P.* 358.— However we may be eaſy, for it comes out ſome time after, that the good king did not well know what to make of three ways he had propoſed, and ſuſpected ſome trick. †

The duke of *Burgundy* as much ſuſpected a trick in the king's generoſity, and that it was only to ruin the credit of one that he took for a moſt faithful and uſeful miniſter, and ſo went on truſting him, till he really

* *Quoties aliquid de moribus audent*
Qui Curios ſimulant, & Bacchanalia vivunt.
Juv. Sat. II. 2.

† *Le Roi eut la mauvaiſtie de cett homme en grand mepris, et qu'il ne ſçavoit point de trois poincts a quelle fin il faiſoit ces ouvertures.*

betrayed

betrayed him to his death. Inſomuch that theſe two arch rogues both loſt the moſt eſſential opportunities, by being too cunning for themſelves.

At the beſt, where princes have actually employed thoſe they afterwards hate (*Quippe proditores, etiam iis quos anteponunt, inviſi ſunt. Tacit. An.* I. 58.) or pretend to hate, certainly deſpiſe; they do but as other men, who love and honour the virtue they have not, and hate and deſpiſe the vice they have; and in ſo doing become ſelf-accuſed and ſelf-convicted in the perſon of another. For however they may palliate actions in themſelves, they are drawn in to deal fairly at ſecond hand. And, if the traitors are the *thieves*, they are the *receivers*. Beſides, they have a double advantage in thus behaving: they give themſelves a falſe air of generoſity and deteſtation of the crime they are actually enjoying the fruits of; and they at the ſame time make ſome amends (that coſts them nothing) to the injured, in ſacrificing,* in ſome manner, the immediate

* See the conduct of *Tiberius* in regard to the miniſters of his tyranny. *Tacit. An.* IV. 71.

author of the injury to their revenge. Like the eaſtern monarchs (and ſome of our own) who ſqueeze the governors of provinces, not to return their extortions to the wretched people, but to appropriate them to themſelves. *Punit furta ſacrilegus*, Senec. de Ira, II. 28.

But what raſcals muſt they be, whoſe friends that do them the moſt ſervice, deſerve moſt to be hanged by their own judgment! Oftentimes too, traitors are not only hated or deſpiſed, by thoſe they have ſerved, (as *Heraclammon*, who betrayed *Tyana* to *Aurelian*, *vid. Vopiſc. vit.* c. 23.) but become dangerous to them from that quality; as the ſcoundrel of a ſauſage-ſeller, *Bargus*, who, at the inſtigation of *Eutropius*, who governed all in the court of *Arcadius*, by calumnies and perjury got *Timaſius* baniſhed into an unhabitable deſert, (it is a pretty long ſtory, and a fine one) was rewarded with a conſiderable poſt, and kept in hand, with the hopes of greater; not knowing that his treaſon againſt *Timaſius*, who had done him kindneſſes, was but too ſure a warrant of what he was capable of doing in regard of his new benefactor: There-

Therefore *Eutropius* ſoon found pretexts to get rid of him, and all apprehenſions from him.

VI.

Every man makes his God after his own likeneſs.

A Fool of *Lewis* the XIth, to whom he did not attend, as not thinking him capable of making obſervations, overheard him making this pleaſant propoſal to our lady of *Cleri*, at the great altar, when nobody elſe was in the church: "Ah! my dear lady! my little miſtreſs! my beſt friend! my only comforter! I beg you to be my advocate, and to importune God to pardon me the death of my brother, whom I poiſoned by the hands of that raſcal, the abbot of St. *John*. I confeſs this to you, as to my good patroneſs and miſtreſs; I know it is hard, but it will be the more glorious for you if you obtain it, and I know what preſent I will make you beſide." *Brantome's Life of Charles* VIII. The king judged right, that the fool would not make any obſervations, but he judged wrong, in not

not conſidering that children and fools are like looking-glaſſes, that reflect objects from their vacant and empty imaginations, without knowing it. The fool repeated all, word for word, when the king was at dinner, before the whole court. Now the ſame vileneſs of heart that made this wretch demean his greatneſs to the ſchemes of a pick pocket and a murderer, made him deal with the *Virgin Mary* as with a little court-favourite, who ſold her intereſt, and chaffered her bribe; and with God as a weak prince, who was to be cajoled and tricked out of his juſtice. Every man, indeed, forms to himſelf a god, according to his own talents, temper, and views; ſo that if we are made after the image of God in one ſenſe, we are made according to our own in another.

VII.

Tecum habita. PER. IV. *ult.*

VERY often the taſte of running perpetually after diverſions is not a mark of any pleaſure taken in them, but of none taken in ourſelves. This ſallying abroad is only

only from uneaſineſs at home, which is in every one's ſelf. "Like a gentleman who overlooking them at *White's* at *piquet* 'till three or four in the morning; on a diſpute, they referred to him; when he proteſted, "he knew nothing of the game."—"Z——s" ſay they, "and ſit here till this time!" "Gentlemen, I am married." "Oh! Sir, we beg pardon."

The Duke of *Buckingham*, in his characracter of *Charles* II. ſays, that "his amuſements with women were not for any great pleaſure he took in them, but from pure idleneſs, and not knowing what to do with himſelf."

VIII.

Nequam illud verbum eſt, bene vult, niſi qui bene fecit.
Plaut. Trinum. II. 4.

THE biſhop of *Mondonnedo* ſays, that "heaven is filled with thoſe that have done good works, and hell with thoſe that have deſigned to do them*."

* Don *Antonio de Guevara*, biſhop of *Cadiz*, and afterwards of *Mondonnedo*, houſehold preacher and hiſtorio-

IX.

Vidi ego jactatas motâ face creſcere flammas,
Et vidi nullo concutiente mori.

IT is dangerous for a man to preſent himſelf before an injured perſon (eſpecially if he is above giving an account of his actions) in the firſt heat and tumult of his paſſion. It is purpoſely coming within the impetuous and ſudden path of an hurricane, which will the ſooner ſpend itſelf, the more it is now laviſh, if you give it way.

Ventus ut amittit vires, niſi robora denſæ
Occurrant ſylvæ, ſpatio diffuſus inani.
Lucan, III. 362.

Don *Garcia*, ſon of *Coſimo* I. duke of *Florence*, killed his brother, the cardinal, Don *Giovanni de Medici*, in a quarrel that happened between them, as they were hunting together. The dutcheſs *Eleonora* their mother, as ſoon as ſhe heard of it, impatient for the ſafety of *Garcia*, (who

toriographer to the emperor *Charles* V. in his *M. Aurelius* and *Clock of Princes*.

was

was her favourite) adviſed him to fling himſelf inſtantly at his father's feet, and aſk his pardon. *Coſimo* killed him on the ſpot; and *Eleonora*, beſides her fondneſs, conſidering that her precipitate counſel had been the occaſion of his death, died herſelf of grief the ſame day. The mother and her two ſons were carried together to their funeral *."

X.

Miraris ——
Si nemo præſtet, quem non mercaris amorem?
HOR. SAT. I. 86.

THE mortal enmity between the prince of *Condé* and cardinal *Mazarine*, who had ſuch great obligations to him, aroſe and ſwelled from a cauſe which is frequent, among the great eſpecially. For he that hath laid obligations on another, begins to conſider himſelf in a certain ſtate of ſupe-

* See this related in lord *Corke's Letters* from *Italy*, 2d. edit. p. 184.

riority

riority over him, and to act, or at leaſt appear, accordingly; which becomes ſo burdenſome to the perſon obliged, that at length, weary of dependence (which, ſelf-love eaſily thinks, overpays all on his ſide, and a tyranny on the other) he is glad to catch at any opportunity to ſhake off the yoke, ſo as in ſome ſort to ſave his honour.

Ingratitude is often owing to the indiſcreet manner of conferring benefits. Either they are too general, or you are ſo laviſh of them, that they ſeem, to the perſon obliged, to coſt you nothing; or, what is very frequent, you do them with ſo ill a grace, that they rather become affronts:

Hæc ſeges ingratos tulit & feret omnibus annis.

The *French* ſay, "ſuch a one flings his ſervice in your face." In fine, delaying too long loſes the grace of a favour. "He that gives ſoon, gives twice, and that favour is without grace that ſticks to the hands of the giver." *Bis dat qui cito dat. Ingratum eſt beneficium quod diu inter manus dantis hæſit.*

Beſides, you riſk the loſing the opportunity of ſerving a friend who you think has

has a right to your ſervice, which very riſk is injuſtice. *Pyrrhus* was unmeaſurably afflicted for the loſs of a friend; not (ſaid he) ſo much that he is dead, he has paid nature her debt, but that my dilatorineſs has let him die before I have paid him the debt I owed his merit.

XI.

——— *Siquid ego——Ecquid erit præmii?*

ENNIUS.

PEOPLE are always ready to condemn what ſhocks their own common uſe and cuſtoms, without giving themſelves the trouble to enquire into the cauſe, when perhaps a word, or a hint, would clear up all, and the blame would ceaſe with the wonder.

" When *Buſbequius* was ambaſſador from *Ferdinand* I. then king of the *Romans*, to the *Porte*, among other things abhorrent from the *German* and *Flemiſh* manners, he obſerved every where bits and ſcraps of paper ſtuck into crevices of the walls; of which when he enquired into the meaning, ſince they

they appeared to be of no ſort of uſe, he was anſwered only with a *Muſſulman* gravity, and ſilent reſpect. At laſt, when he ſeemed to have ſome honour himſelf for theſe myſterious collections, he was informed, that they might poſſibly have the name of God written upon them, or at leaſt were capable of having it writ." *Buſbeq. Ep.* I. p. 49. What an exalted ſpirit of juſt awe! What noble veneration for the All-venerable! In fine, what a diſintereſted love of God! This, indeed, gives us an idea of human nature that charms. But is it, indeed, diſintereſted? Why ſhould you queſtion it? Uncharitable! At laſt came out the truth.

" When, at the day of judgment, the prophet ſhall receive the true believers into bliſs; to which, however, they can by no means come to him, otherwiſe than ſtanding, as they mount, on a red-hot iron grate, theſe papers will all come, and preſs themſelves under their feet, and keep them cool, in proportion as they have, during their lives, vindicated them from the inſult of being trampled upon." *Id. ib.*

Theſe

Theſe philoſophers have made ſo good a bargain with God, and are ſo convinced that nothing is to be done for nothing, but that he is to reward the moſt trifling of our regards for him, *en grand prince*, that they ſay, "a cat, having had the good fortune to pleaſe the prophet, without any deſign of her's, (and which, by the way, he was ſo fond of, that once when the hour of prayer came, and he muſt riſe from his ſeat, he ordered his ſleeve to be cut off, on which ſhe ſat aſleep, rather than diſturb her) God had granted to all cats to come, the privilege to know the *Alcoran* by heart; and that, when they purred, they were repeating ſome verſes of it." *Id. Ep.* III. p. 178.

Mahomet was doubtleſs a man of parts, and great ſenſe, and, as *Longinus* ſays of *Moſes*, "no ordinary perſon;" he was to "go out, and to come in, before a great people;" and conſidered, that a veneration for God was a firſt principle, without which his meſſage would make no impreſſion upon them. But how to give it to ſuch brutes? who rather ſtared at an idea of God, than were capable of having any! He was for-

ced to attack the ſenſeleſs multitude where only they had feeling. He terrified them firſt with his gridiron; a fair foundation to build any thing upon, this of terror, and conſequently has been that of all religions! *Primos in orbe Deos fecit timor.* Then tells them, that God took great delight in being praiſed and honoured by them, which was charming for their pride; and moreover, that he would pay them for it generouſly. This was ſeizing them by the two ſureſt holds, *vanity* and *intereſt*. Then came what trumpery he pleaſed, and all went down together.

XII.

Non eſt quod exiſtimes magnis tantum viris hoc robur fuiſſe.
—Non eſt quod judices hoc fieri niſi a Catone non poſſe.
SEN. Ep. 70.

Plus enim a ſe quiſque exiget, ſi viderit hanc rem etiam a contemptiſſimis poſſe contemni. Ib.

BUSBEQUIUS, in his return into *Germany* from his *Turkiſh* embaſſy, was received out of the gates of *Buda*, from the baſhaw, by an odd cavalcade of young *Turks*,

Turks, with their heads ſhaved, and the fleſh new-cut in a line to the ſcull, into which were ſtuck a great number of quills of various-coloured feathers, whilſt they all-running down with blood, came gaily prancing on, appearing quite unconcerned, to receive him. There were others on foot, one of whom walked gravely with his arms naked, and a kembo, like two handles, in the fleſhy parts of which, above the elbow, were ſtuck, through and through, two great butcher's knives. Another, naked from the navel upwards, came on, with his ſkin gaſhed above and below the loins, and a thong inſerted, by which hung a club as from a girdle. A third had a horſe-ſhoe faſtened on the top of his ſcull, with many nails. This had been done long before, the horſe-nails being ſo overgrown and united with the fleſh, that the whole was as if grown there.

What will not the deſire of praiſe induce men to do? No matter how ridiculous and abſurd the ſubject! or rather, this will puſh it to more violent effects, becauſe the more wrong-headed, the more poſitive and enthuſiaſtic. It is twenty to one if theſe fellows

were not the verieſt ſcoundrels in the world; becauſe, thoſe that could value themſelves on a quality that had no true merit in it, nor connection with it, and that, with ſuch ſallies of exceſs, would, moſt probably, be negligent in proportion, and untouched with what was real and worthy: as the *Banians* who are compaſſion-mad to animals, but utterly inſenſible to the ſufferings of men.*

Ageſilaus, ſeeing a malefactor endure the greateſt torments with prodigious conſtancy, cried out with indignation, "what an audacious villain is this, that dares employ patience, courage, and magnanimity in ſuch an impious and diſhoneſt cauſe!"

But what would not ſuch extraordinary qualities, ſuch ſtubborn courage and conſtancy, be capable of, if they had a right bias given them? as rank ground, that is

* "The inhabitants of *Zant* (ſays *Sandys*, p. 6.) make more conſcience to break a faſt, than to commit murder. He is weary of his life that hath a difference with any of them, and will walk abroad after day-light. But cowardice is joined with their cruelty."

clogged

clogged and perplexed with thorns and thiſtles, would be proportionably rich and excellent with careful and judicious culture. *Quod ergo? quod animi perditi noxioſia habent, non habebunt illi quos adverſus hos caſus inſtruxit longa meditatio, & magiſtra rerum omnium ratio?* Sen. Ep. 70. *ut ſup.*

In like manner, the dread of blame, which in itſelf is a noble and uſeful principle, is, in reſpect of us, juſt as it is turned and directed; and as it will deter men from doing ill actions, it will equally deter them from executing the moſt reaſonable and praiſe-worthy, if it is over ruled by a certain falſe modeſty and want of conſtancy, that turns aſide its regular and ſteady current. Therefore the moſt part of mankind are perpetually doing what themſelves diſapprove, or kept from doing what they judge to be right, for fear of the opinions and tongues of thoſe whom they neither love nor eſteem. If they do eſteem and honour them, they are ſtill the more embarraſſed.

" You deſire to know if I have ſeen an *Indian* wife burn with her huſband; in anſwer to which, I ſay not: I could not pre-

vail with myſelf to ſee ſuch a ſight, or I might have ſeen ſome twenties ſince I came. The ſtory is too true to make a jeſt on, and but about ſix days ſince, a ſervant of my own who died, his wife burned with him. They are not allowed to do it within our bounds, or we ſhould never be free from one or other. This is among the *Gentoos*, the ancient maſters of the country; before the *Moors* took it from them. The *Moors* all bury, and the *Gentoos* all burn, their dead; but it is not every caſt whoſe wives burn with them, but thoſe who do, are greatly revered by the reſt. It is very frequent to ſee a pretty young creature of fifteen or ſixteen, jump voluntarily into the pile of an old ill-natured huſband; and very few hours are allowed, or one would think they muſt be intoxicated; but the man who dies in the morning, muſt burn before night; ſometimes they have not two hours allowed; but it is all prieſt-craft; and the woman whoſe caſt it is to burn with her huſband, cannot live but as an out-law; ſhe is not ſuffered to waſh, or eat the ſame meat as the reſt, nor allowed any one to dreſs her rice for her, and beſides lives in perpetual ſhame among her kin. Some years ago,

ago, one of our chiefs at *Vizagapatam*, took a young creature by force from the fire; when he touched her ſhe could not burn, but was held unworthy of it. He carried her home to the fort, and had ſeveral children by her, from whence has ſprung a numerous iſſue; half the families in *Madraſs* and this place have ſprung from her; governor *Benyon*'s firſt and ſecond wife were great grandchildren from this *Gentoo* girl. Not three months ſince, lady *Ruſſel*, whoſe huſband is chief of *Coſſimbuzar*, in going up thither, ſaw a beautiful young creature waſhing in the river, in order to burn with the dead body of her huſband, who was laid upon the banks. My lady went out of her boat to talk to her, and perſuade her to live; and offered her protection to her, and that ſhe would carry her home and maintain her. She could eaſily have carried her off, as ſhe had with her ſeveral gentlemen, and twenty ſoldiers; but the girl rejected her offer with all the ſcorn and reſentment imaginable, and before their faces herſelf ſet fire to the pile ſhe was laid on, claſping the dead body in her arms. I could give you fifty inſtances of the like nature, but theſe will ſuffice; not that I

would truſt this account with any one who I believed had not ſo good opinion of my veracity; as I might paſs for one of thoſe faſhionable tatlers of the preſent age, ſo addicted to falſhood; or, as travellers have gone far for their accounts, have a large latitude given them.

"Every 29th day of *March* you may ſee hundreds with a large fleſh-hook run thro' their back, and ſwinging by it a vaſt height in the air for ſome minutes; others with a ſpit run through their tongue; ſome are ſtuck full of needles; as many more fling themſelves from ſtages, built for the purpoſe, a great height from the ground down upon naked ſwords and plow-ſhares; others you ſee with their hands grown cloſe ſhut up, and the nails made their way through to the back; and ſome with their two arms bolt upright above their head, and grown to that poſture; with a hundred others too tedious to name. And theſe are all among a ſet of religious who are kept by the public, and are perhaps in themſelves a ſet of the greateſt villains in the world, and commit all kinds of outrages, for which none dare

dare puniſh them." Mrs. *Williamſon's Letter* to Mrs. *Sheppard*, from *Calcutta*, Jan. 25, 1742-3.

Extract of a letter of Mr. Matthew Collet, *dated at* Coſſimbuzar, *Nov.* 25, 1744.

" I muſt now relate to you an affair I was an eye witneſs of, which was the burning of a woman with her huſband's corpſe. Cloſe by the river's ſide was erected a little hut, compoſed of dry wood and combuſtible ſtuff, which was left open only to the river, yet the ſides were not ſo cloſe but one might ſee through them very well; myſelf and two or three gentlemen ſtood to the windward of the hut, ſo that we could ſee very plain into it, as the wind ſent the fire and ſmoke from us. The woman, after waſhing in the river, and ſeveral ſuperſtitious ceremonies, took a lighted torch in each hand, and then aſking her friends very calmly, (while they were bathed in tears) if they had any tokens for their relations in the next world, went into the hut, ſeated herſelf by her huſband's corpſe, and then ſet fire to the hut herſelf, which was preſently in a blaze. I ſaw her all the time till

ſhe

ſhe was dead; ſhe ſat upright, with her back againſt ſome of the ſtakes which compoſed the hut, and never once ſcreamed or ſtirred a limb, but ſat till the ſtakes ſhe leaned her body againſt broke down, by which time ſhe was dead. After the thing was over, it appeared like a dream to me, I could ſcarce believe what I had but a minute before been an eye-witneſs of. I am ſurpriſed ſhe never once ſhrunk when the devouring flames were round her, or cried oh! but you may be aſſured the thing is fact."

Extract from another letter of the ſame date.

" I have wrote my father an account of the burning of a woman with her dead huſband, which I think a very extraordinary affair. Pray let me know if you think your rigid *European* ladies would bear the fire with as much reſolution as this *Indian* did; perhaps you will ſay, ſhe had been ſo much uſed to the ſun's burning rays in this torrid zone, that the fire had no effect upon her ſenſes."

XIII.

Vel quis non ſitiens ſermonis mella politi,
Deſerat Orpheos blandâ teſtudine cantus?
Claud. Conſ. Mal. Theod. 251.

"WE have more poets than judges and interpreters of poetry (ſays a writer of quick and elegant taſte.) It is eaſier to write an indifferent poem, than to underſtand a good one. There is indeed a certain low and moderate ſort of poetry that a man may well enough judge of by certain rules of art; but the true, ſupreme, and divine poeſy, is equally above all rules and reaſon. And whoever diſcerns the beauty of it with the moſt aſſured and moſt ſteady ſight, ſees no more than the quick reflection of a flaſh of lightning. This is a ſort of poeſy that does not exerciſe, but raviſhes and overwhelms our judgment. The fury that poſſeſſes him who is able to penetrate into it, wounds yet a third man, by hearing him repeat it. Like a loadſtone, that not only attracts the needle, but alſo infuſes

fuſes into it the virtue to attract others."—*Montaigne*, I. 36. p. 325.

This is an idea of poetry from poetry itſelf, and a true genuine feeling of that divine extravagance which fools ridicule, and men of parts adore.

Virgil pronounced his own verſes with ſuch an enticing ſweetneſs, and enchanting grace, that, according to *Seneca*, (*Ep.* 122) *Julius Montanus*, a poet (famous for the friendſhip of *Tiberius*, and afterwards for his ſlight) who had often heard him, uſed to ſay, that "he could ſteal *Virgil*'s verſes, if he could ſteal his voice, expreſſion, and geſture; for the ſame verſes that ſounded to rapture when he read them, were in a manner harſh and mute in the mouth of another."

"Mr. *Hooke* read ſome ſpeeches of his *Roman Hiſtory* to the Speaker, (*Onſlow*, who piqued himſelf too upon reading) and begged him to give his opinion of the work; the Speaker anſwered, as in a paſſion, "he could not tell what to think of it; it might be nonſenſe, for ought he knew; for that his manner of reading had bewitched him;"

which

which was literally the caſe of thoſe that heard the orations which the philoſopher *Favorinus* made at *Rome*, in the time of *Hadrian*; of thoſe that underſtood not *Greek*; who yet were delighted and charmed with the tone of his voice, the various modulation of his periods, and the efficacy of his look and geſture. *Philoſtratus*, in his *Life*, p. 491. This was the caſe of *Seneſino*, with thoſe who neither underſtood *Italian*, nor even had a taſte for muſic, of which I myſelf ſaw proofs on many occaſions.

Affectus impone legens. Diſtinctio ſenſum
Auget, & ignavis dant intervalla vigorem.
Auſon. Eidyl. IV. 49.

Mrs. *Oldfield* uſed to ſay, "the beſt ſchool ſhe had ever known, was only hearing *Rowe* read her part in his tragedies." Mr. *Hawkins Browne* had never felt *Milton*, before hearing *Sheridan* pronounce his exordium; and, I am perſuaded, ſuch readers as the above, are by far the beſt commentators on a great poet, ſuch as *Montaigne* deſcribed juſt now.

A friend of mine aſſured me, that *Booth* had told him, that he had acted the *Ghoſt* when

when *Betterton* played the part of *Hamlet*; and that the firſt time he attempted it, *Betterton*'s look at him ſtruck him with a dread and horror, which diſconcerted him to that degree, that he could not ſpeak his part. Droll enough, however, that he ſhould frighten the *Ghoſt!*

" When the orator *Æſchines*, who had been baniſhed *Athens*, pronounced, before the general aſſembly of the *Rhodians*, the oration that he had before pronounced at *Athens*, to accuſe *Cteſiphon* of ſeditious deſigns; and the next day that of *Demoſthenes* in his defence, which had occaſioned his own exile; ſeeing how greatly they were moved, chiefly by this laſt; ' What, ſaid he, if you had heard the lion himſelf roar!'* What an idea of oratory! ſince *Æſchines*, who read this of *Demoſthenes*, ſays in his own, that his antagoniſt uſed to compare the nervous flexibility, and the liquid ſplendour of his voice, to the ſongs of the *Sirens*; but as *Valerius Maximus* goes on, ' his wounds were yet freſh, and he but too

* Τὶ δ' ἐν ἀυτῷ τῷ θηρίῳ ἀκηκόειτε. *Plin. Epiſt.* II. 3. *Quid ſi audiſſetis belluam illam.* St. *Jerom, Epiſt. ſelect.* II. 2.

ſeverely

ſeverely felt the fierce vigour of his eyes, the terrible weight of his look, the ſound of his voice ſtill echoing in his ears accommodated to every word and period, and that efficacy which accompanied every motion and geſture.' Therefore, though nothing could be added to the perfect elegance of the oration itſelf, yet when it was rather read than heard (tho' *Æſchines* read it!) a great part of *Demoſthenes* was wanting in *Demoſthenes*."

It muſt be conſidered, that *Æſchines*'s reading was all art, and wanted the ſovereign energy of being in earneſt, as *Demoſthenes* was, who, therefore, truly

Addidit & vultum verbis. Ovid. *Faſt.* V.

Enforced his words with looks.

Pyrrhus ſaid of *Cyneas*, a diſciple of *Demoſthenes*, whom he employed as his ambaſſador to the different people of *Greece*; that "he had gained more cities by his miniſter's eloquence than by his own arms;" and yet *Plutarch* only ſays of him, that "he was the ſingle one of all the orators that were left, who could recall in the minds of his hearers, as it were, an image

and

and ſhadow of the power and eloquence of *Demoſthenes.*" *Plutarch's Pyrrhus.*

" When this ſame great prince of ſpeaking was once aſked what he thought the firſt quality of an orator? he anſwered, *pronunciation*, (υποκρισις); and which the ſecond? *pronunciation*; and the third? he ſtill anſwered, *pronunciation*; by which he gave to underſtand, that he did not ſo much judge it to be the chief quality, as the only one." *Quintil.* XI. 3. *init.* By *pronunciation*, he meant the whole appearance and ſound of an orator, as above in the paſſage of *Valerius Maximus*, and which *Pliny* the orator calls the *pronunciation* of the countenance, habit, and geſture. In ſhort, all that the ſpeaker himſelf can add of weight to the intrinſic force of the argument, or what the oration would be in ſimple reading.

And, indeed, this is but a ſpeaker's ſeeming what he ſays! which is ſprinkling, as it were, the perſuaſive quality of ſincerity over all the reſt of the diſcourſe, which only can give arguments weight,

——— *Si vis me flere, dolendum eſt*
Primum ipſi tibi ——— *Hor. A. P.* 102.

and the more this is thrown with full hands, the more moving.

When *Alexander* was in deſpair at the deſire his army had to return home, all his friends begged him to take courage, that they would aſſiſt him. They beſought him to impoſe all difficulties on them, and promiſed to bring back the ſoldiers, if he would but himſelf ſooth their apprehenſions with a mild but ſpirited oration; that they had never gone away terrified and abject, whatever the danger, when they could drink large draughts of comfort from his own alacrity, and the inexhauſtible ſpirits of that vaſt ſelf-dependent ſoul. *Q. Curt.* VI. 2.

Hortenſius, the famous *Roman* orator, whom *Cicero* ſo highly commends, was ſo convinced of this, that he laid himſelf almoſt all out here, and took little pains in the arguments themſelves; ſo that *Quintilian*, in whoſe time they were extant, ſays, " that you find nothing in reading

his orations that anſwers to his great fame ;* and the crowded *Forum* was rather to ſee *Hortenſius* than to hear him." *Val. Maximus*, VIII. 10. The ſame thing *Tacitus* (*An.* IV. 61.) ſays of the orator *Q. Haterius*, and *Gregorio Leti* of the ſermons of *Sixtus* V.— (See his life, part I. L. 2.)

" The orator *Lyſias* gave a criminal an oration he had made for him to read. He read it ſeveral times over, and when *Lyſias* came, he returned it, very much dejected, and told him, that ' at his firſt reading it, he was tranſported with hopes of being acquitted; but that the oftener he read it, the leſs he found the argument was like to bring him off.' ' And how many times do you think, (replied *Lyſias*) I am to pronounce it before the judges ?" *Plutarch de garrulitate.*

" The famous *Boiſrobert*, who had ſo happy a talent in telling a ſtory, and uſed to divert cardinal *Richelieu* from his public fatigues, when his friends adviſed him to

* *Neque enim tam refert qualia ſint, quæ intra nos-metipſos compoſuimus, quam quo modo efferantur; nam ita quiſque, ut audit, movetur. Quintil.* XI. 3. *init.*

publiſh,

publiſh, aſſured them they would find nothing of that engaging agreeableneſs on paper, that he had the happy ſkill to ſpread over his living chat; and that it was a mere cheat put upon their ears.

En recitant, devrai, ſe fais merveilles,
Je ſuis, Conrart, un grand dupeur d'oreilles."
L'Abbé d'Olivet, Hiſt. de l'Acad. Fran. p. 65.

Such a *Siren* is pronunciation; or the tone, expreſſion, and geſture. *Pliny* the younger, writing to a friend who intreated him carefully to examine his poem, if it was worthy to be publiſhed, ſays, "before he opens it, that he can decide already that it is beautiful, and not to be ſuppreſſed, by what he had heard him read; if your pronunciation hath not impoſed upon me, (he goes on,) for you do indeed read with exquiſite ſweetneſs and art; yet I truſt I am not ſo far led aſide by my ears, that the wanton flattery hath entirely blunted the edge of my judgment." *Pliny, Ep.* III. 15. to *Proculus.*

XIV.

An quidquam ſtultius quam, quos ſingulos contemnes, eos aliquid putare eſſe univerſos?

VARRO.

THE famous orator *L. Craſſus*, the greateſt of his time, ſays of himſelf in *Cicero de Oratore*, that "he frequently turned pale, and was in the utmoſt confuſion, trembling every limb at the beginning of his oration; and that in his youth and earlier appearance at the bar, he was often ſo terrified as to be utterly loſt, and unable to proceed; and that he remembered ſtill, with the utmoſt gratitude, the patience and humanity of *Q. Fabius Maximus* on thoſe dreadful occaſions of his diſmay and broken ſpirits." And *Cicero*, in his oration for *Cluentius*, ſays of himſelf: *Semper equidem magna cum metu incipio dicere.* And in his *Divinatione*, againſt *Verres*: *Ita Deos mihi velim propitios, ut cum illius temporis mihi venit in mentem, quo die, citato reo, mihi dicendum ſit, non ſolum commoveor animo, ſed etiam toto corpore perhorreſco, &c.* c. 13.

This

This ingenious concern and anxiety for a reputation that was not yet formed in one, or completed in the other, was the effect of a genuine and authentic conſciouſneſs (that was vindicated by the effects afterwards) of ſomething within, certain latent or flowering ſeeds of glory, that were well worth their jealouſy; and *Craſſus*'s thus, in ſuch a manner, deprecating, was in ſome ſort extorting the protection of his judges, and audience. How muſt it have affected them who were preſent, and parties, when this general reſpect for the eſteem and opinion of mankind, makes us love and embrace them at this day, and rouſes our inmoſt fondneſs to wiſh them ſucceſs! and makes us enjoy the knowledge, to what a degree, beyond our and their own warmeſt hopes, they obtained it!

How fine, (but dangerous) how engaging a compliment to *Alexander*, that of "the celebrated *Indian* archer, whom he had taken priſoner, and who, he was told, was ſo expert at his bow, that he could ſhoot through a ſmall ring without touching it: This his conqueror ordered him to perform before him, which he refuſed; and that ſo

peremptorily, and with ſuch obſtinate perſeverance, that he ordered him to be immediately put to death for contumacy, and accordingly he was led out to execution; but being aſked by thoſe who were conducting him, 'what he could mean, to die rather than comply with ſo reaſonable a requeſt?' 'Why, I'll tell you,' ſaid he; 'I have been out of practice ſince my confinement, and ſhould be under ſuch a concern withal, in ſuch a preſence and expectation, that I had rather die than run the riſk of *Alexander*'s finding me leſs than he hath been informed'; which being told to *Alexander*, he took it as it deſerved; and not only forgave him, but rewarded him like a prince, for that generous eſteem of him, and jealouſy of his own reputation." *Plutarch. Apoth.*

Fear and concern for another's judgment, and the opinion of the world, has a ſurpriſing effect, if it is accompanied with dignity (which is only a reaſonable and juſt regard for a man's ſelf) otherwiſe, if we go into the other extreme, and give up too much, we ſhall make ourſelves ſlighted and overlooked.——Modeſty flatters our friend's ſelf-love, and a certain generous deſire

ſire themſelves have of appearing well, and being ſomething; whereas, impudence can ſucceed only with daſtard minds, that have no pretenſions of their own. Then, ſuch a modeſt man, a man ſo willing to aſſociate others in his merit, will find others ready to ſupport his pretenſions, of which themſelves are ſharers; whereas they will as naturally fall into an alliance to pull down overbearing ſelfiſhneſs. *Dicendi artem aptâ trepidatione occultans, atque eo validior, militis animum mitigavit. Tac. H.* I.

" The famous duke of *Rochefaucault* could never be a member of the royal academy, though greatly deſired both by them and himſelf, from the neceſſity of making a ſpeech of thanks on the day of admiſſion: with all the courage he had ſhewn on ſo many eminent occaſions, and with all the ſuperiority, that birth, and ſuch prodigious parts as all the world allowed, gave him, he was not able to bear the look of an audience, nor could pronounce four lines in public without fainting." *Abbé d'Olivet, Hiſt. de l'Acad.* p. 118.

Seneſino has told me, that he never came forward upon the ſtage to ſing, the firſt time of a ſeaſon, but he was ſeized with ſuch an anxiety at the appearance of the pit, (ſo different from what it is in *Italy*, where all the beſt company is ſhut up in their curtained boxes) though he knew them to be partial to him, and had not the leaſt apprehenſion of any one ſingle critic amongſt them, that he trembled, and his voice faultered, ſo as to be hardly ſufficient to expreſs the beginning of the air; which made him always endeavour to ſtudy that part more particularly, and make himſelf ſo thoroughly maſter of it, that he could hardly be diſconcerted; and which had, withal, put him often upon obſervations on the genius of an air, which probably he would not otherwiſe have thought on.

"Reſpect, ſhame, and fear, are judicious counſellors," ſays *Pliny* the orator, in a letter to a great and learned friend, himſelf too an orator. "I only aſk you, (he goes on) if you are to ſpeak the ſame things before any one perſon, whatever opinion you may have of his judgment and learning,

ing, are you not in leſs anxiety than when you ſpeak before a number, though unlearned? Do not you find a certain concern and diffidence in yourſelf when you firſt riſe to ſpeak? Do not you then wiſh many things altered in what you have prepared? nay, are you quite eaſy about any? Is not this diffidence the greater, in proportion as the aſſembly is larger? I am ſure I find it ſo, and have a dread even of the common rout, and cannot help being affected, as if the number itſelf became judicious, and that all together had that in a great degree, which any one of them had in none at all." *Plin. Ep.* VII. 17. to *Nonius Celer.*

King *Charles* II. aſked *Stillingfleet*, "How it came about, that he always read his ſermons before him, when, he was informed, he always preached without book elſewhere?" He told the king, that "the awe of ſo noble an audience, where he ſaw nothing that was not greatly ſuperior to him; but chiefly, the ſeeing before him ſo great and wiſe a prince, made him afraid to truſt himſelf." With which anſwer the king was very well contented. "But pray," ſays *Stillingfleet*, "will your majeſty give me leave to

to aſk you a queſtion too? Why you read your ſpeeches, when you can have none of the ſame reaſons?" "Why truly, doctor," ſays the king, "your queſtion is a very pertinent one, and ſo will be my anſwer. I have aſked them ſo often, and for ſo much money, that I am aſhamed to look them in the face."

XV.

Vox populi.

PRINCES, and great men, have had nick-names ſometimes given them, of which poſterity loſt all traces of the meaning or the occaſion; as king *Charles* II. being called *Rowley*, and the famous *Ferdinand* of *Arragon*, *Jean Gipon*, as *Brantome* ſays, in his little memoir of that king, the *French* called him in deriſion, but he could never learn why; and *Lewis* X. of *France*, *Hutin*. I have been told, by an old gentleman of that time, the true occaſion of king *Charles*'s; "That there was an old goat that uſed to run about the privy-garden, that

that they had given this name to, a rank lecherous devil, that every body knew and uſed to ſtroke, becauſe he was good-humoured and familiar; and ſo they applied this name to the other." This gentleman, who was grandſon to a ſecretary of ſtate, (Mr. *Nicholas*) affirmed this, as having known all the perſons concerned, king, garden and goat.

So probably, that *John Gipon* was ſome ſhrewd raſcal of an attorney, very oppreſſive to his neighbours, without the leaſt regard to his word, who loved God and man alike, except one, whom he preferred to both, and who was ready to turn his hand to any thing; for juſt ſuch was the character of *Ferdinand* only in high life.

Theſe ſort of ſhort ſarcaſms or encomiums on the great, in their life-times, like proverbial expreſſions, commonly give the ſenſe of the people; and are juſter repreſentations than all the laboured characters of their friends or hiſtorians.

XVI.

In this thing the Lord pardon thy ſervant, that when my maſter cometh into the houſe of Rimmon to worſhip there, and he leaneth on my hand, and I bow myſelf in the houſe of Rimmon; when I bow myſelf in the houſe of Rimmon, the Lord pardon thy ſervant in this thing. 2 *Kings*, V. 18.

EVery one has a certain favourite paſſion, which is properly and always his own, the great boy's hobby-horſe for life! like Sir *W. Bateman*'s country-houſe at ——, that when making his will, he had given away all the other articles, and his lawyer told him he had forgot, he anſwered with warmth,

"*Not that, I cannot part with that, and died.*"
Pope.

It was a pleaſant mummery of a devout lady, in the civil wars of *Caſtile*, againſt the emperor *Charles* V. in the beginning of his reign, as *Brantome* tells it. "*Donna Maria de Padilla*, one of the moſt noble and virtuous ladies in *Spain*, and of the moſt zealous in the rebellion, to which ſhe alſo inſtigated her noble huſband, being at the end of her great wealth in this enterprize, and not having wherewith to keep

keep the ſoldiers from deſerting, took all the gold and ſilver of the relics of the great church of *Toledo*; but it was with a holy and devout ceremony, and which ſavoured nothing of profaneneſs. Entering the church on her knees, with her hands joined, and covered with a black veil; with a ſad and whining accent, beating her breaſt, and ſighing piteouſly and weeping, with two great flambeaus carried ſlowly before her; and when ſhe had decently pillaged the ſhrine, and ancient ſacred repoſitory, returned with the ſame ſolemn proceſſion and ceremony."*—*Brantome Vie d'Ant. de Ceva.*—What ſaint would not have been bit with this devout ſacrilege? or could have been upon his guard, and imagined all this apparatus (in his own way) was to pick his pocket and plunder him!

This is a perſon of great quality and ſenſe, who braves heaven and earth, while her fond ſuperſtition ridiculouſly thinks to reconcile them with her private intereſt and paſſions; but a poor curate, on the ſame occaſion, ſhewed what human nature is,

* Compare *Livy*'s deſcription of the removing the ſacred riches of the temples of *Veii* to *Rome*, by *Camillus*, V. 22.

without

without deſigning it. " He had taken it into his head to eſpouſe this cauſe to that degree, that he never failed on the *Sunday* to recommend to his pariſhioners, from his pulpit, a *Pater-noſter* and an *Ave-Maria* for Don *John de Padilla*, and his noble wife, and another of each for the *holy ſedition* and *revolt*; 'till after ſome weeks, fortune would have it that the troops of *Padilla*, paſſing through his village, eat up all his whole family of poultry, with all his proviſion of bacon; and, worſt of all! carried off his favourite houſe-keeper. The *Sunday* after he made his complaint from the pulpit, and related at length all the damage his old friends had done him, and, above all, that they had inveigled away poor *Catherine*, whom he named without ceremony, giving to the Devil, and deſiring his pariſhioners to do ſo too, all theſe ſeditious rebels againſt their lawful ſovereign, whom God himſelf had put over them." *Brantome* and *Guevara*'s *Golden Epiſtles*, *L.* I. p. 173.

At the time that *Hannibal* was in the height of his ſucceſs and conqueſts in *Italy*, an expreſs came to him from *Carthage*, that the lot had fallen on his only ſon to be ſacrificed

crificed to *Moloch*: his wife, *Himilcé*, had ſent it, with the conſent of the ſenate, that ſhe had flown to, with her face torn, and diſtracted with her fright, and threatened them if they put it in execution. They were divided between the fear of ſo horrid a god, and of *Hannibal*, [—— *Expenſâ ſuperorum & Cæſaris irâ. Lucan* III. 439.] and determined to wait his anſwer; who immediately inſiſted on his not being offered, but ſaved for the ſervice of his country, and promiſed to make *Moloch* ample amends, with more and more blood of the *Romans*." *Sil. Ital.* IV. 765. Probably neither *Hannibal* nor *Himilcé* had ever reflected on the horrible enormity of this cuſtom, 'till it came to be their own caſe, though it was ſo frequent, that doubtleſs there were none in the ſenate that had not ſeen their own, or family's children, thus burnt, in thoſe numerous annual offerings, in which all alike took their chance. But ſelf-love, as it is inflexible itſelf, ſo, if it is once put upon its mettle, it makes every thing elſe ſupple and bend to it, always finding out ſome little plauſible reaſon or other, that, in ſome ſort,

ſort, ſatisfies, or at leaſt ſtuns, the clamours of conſcience.

" *Heu primæ ſcelerum cauſæ mortalibus ægris*
Naturam non ſcire Deûm! juſta ite precati
Ture pio, cædumque feros avertite ritus:
Mite & cognatum eſt homini Deus ——"

Sil. Ital. IV. 794.

XVII.

That it is uſe and propriety only that can give real merit to talents, and their application.

"PLATO ſeeing one drive a chariot ſo exactly, that, in a great number of circles, he ſtill kept the wheels preciſely in the ſame track, when every one applauded his wondrous art and excellence, made himſelf no account of the matter, ſaying, that he who laid out all his talents and induſtry in the acquiring ſo inſignificant a ſkill, however wonderful, muſt be altogether wanting in all great and uſeful perfection, and deſerved far more blame, for having neglected thoſe things that were really worthy of admiration." *Ælian.* II. 27.

" I have

" I have ſeen (ſays *Montaigne*) a man ride with both his feet upon the ſaddle, then take it off the horſe, riding full ſpeed all the while, and fling it on the ground; wheel round, and take it up again, place it on the back, fit it, and faſten it, ſtill keeping his full ſpeed. Having gallopped over a cap that was flung down, he would make very good ſhoots at it backward with his bow; take up any thing from the ground, ſetting one foot down, and the other on the ſtirrup; with twenty other ape's tricks, which he got his living by." *Eſſays*, B. I. c. 48.

How little are the greateſt difficulties eſteemed, when they are not accompanied with ſomething uſeful, and of real merit! Such is what he ſays immediately after of " one at *Conſtantinople*, who bridled and ſaddled his horſe with nothing but his teeth." Like that virtuoſo, who painted a picture with his fingers. " Why, ſaid *Michael Angelo*, did not the fool take pencils* ?"

* See a like ſtory of *Luca Giordano*'s painting a St. *Benedict*, half length, with his fingers, not having patience till his pencils were brought.

Poſthumius Albinus, having written his hiſtory in *Greek*, aſked pardon of his readers for any want of accuracy in the ſtyle, or even ſoleciſms, that not being his native language. "Doubtleſs, he ought to be pardoned, (ſaid *Cato* the cenſor) if he was compelled, by the *Amphictions*, to write it in that language." *Plutar. vit. Caton. Cenſ.* 439. (III.) *Aulus Gellius* tells the ſtory better. "Truly, (ſaid *Cato*, when he read it) *Albinus*, you are a great trifler, who had rather aſk pardon for a fault, than not commit it; for we excuſe ourſelves to others when we have done a wrong thing, either by miſtake or compulſion: but pray who obliged you to do what you knew you were to make an apology for before you did it.?" *Aul. Gel.* XI. 8.

This is ſomething like what *Lucan* accuſes the gods of; "that they take more pleaſure to puniſh crimes, than to hinder them from being committed, which they could as eaſily have done." *Lucan* IV. 807.

"Another, who, between two horſes, one foot upon one ſaddle, and another on the other, would ride full career, carrying, at the

the ſame time, another man on his ſhoulders, who, ſtanding bolt upright, would ſhoot all the while at different marks as they paſſed, with excellent aim, was more to be blamed for the wrong application of extraordinary talents, than to be commended for the poſſeſſion of them! Therefore, that perſon did wiſely, who, having a man brought before him, that had learned to throw a grain of millet with ſuch dexterity and aſſurance, as never to miſs the eye of a needle; and being afterwards intreated to give ſomething for the reward of ſo rare a performance, ordered a certain number of buſhels of the ſame grain to be delivered to him, that "he might not want, he ſaid, wherewith to exerciſe ſo famous an art."—I think I have read this ſomewhere of *Auguſtus*. Our *Charles* II. did ſomething of the ſame ſort, when he ſaw a fellow climb to the top of the flag-ſtaff on the very pinnacle of *Saliſbury* ſteeple; "Odds fiſh, ſays *Rowley*, * this man ſhall have a patent, that nobody ſhall go up there but himſelf."

* See page 90.

What degree of fame and eſteem is owing to him, that *Montaigne* tells us, *Eſ.* I. 20. (from *Vives* on St. *Auſtin*) could modulate his farts? or to him that, I have heard, could "ſmoke out of his noſe, ears, and even his eyes; and, withal, vary the forms of his cloud at pleaſure?" Theſe are excellencies that carry with them ſure indications of ſingular worthleſſneſs, and a plentiful want of merit.

Philip aſked his ſon *Alexander*, (for why ſhould not heroes come in with theſe gentlemen? they are all alike candidates for fame; but that one is only ridiculous, and the other miſchievous!) "if he was not aſhamed to play on muſic ſo well?" Becauſe this ſuppoſed, even by its merit, that he muſt have miſ-ſpent his time, by neglecting more important ſtudies, and more worthy of his character.

Burnet, in his character of *Charles* II, ſays, "He knew the architecture of ſhips ſo perfectly, that, in that reſpect, he was exact rather more than became a prince." Vol. I. p. 94.

Yet

Yet it would have been happy for thouſands, and ten thouſands, if *Alexander* had ſquandered away his mighty qualities in the ſame manner, and that his high place and fortunes had not put him upon a much worſe miſapplication of them, and ſent him about, depopulating one half of the world, that the other half might ſpeak well of him.

XVIII.

Perſonæ convenientia cuique.

HORAT.

PROPRIETY is the teſt of all virtue and excellence. "*Darius*, after repeated loſſes, and being much weakened, ſent *Alexander* a pompous embaſſy, with large and ſplendid propoſals of peace and alliance; offering him, among other vaſt advantages, ten thouſand talents, and his daughter in marriage, with all the countries between the *Euphrates* and the *Helleſpont* for her portion. *Alexander* called a great council, and propoſed to them theſe conditions. *Parmenio* was ſo dazzled with them, that he cried

out, 'I would accept them, if I were *Alexander*;' 'and ſo would I,' anſwered *Alexander* warmly, 'if I were *Parmenio*:' Shewing the immenſe diſtance between the ſervile views of a miniſter, however exalted by his prince's favour, ſtill a miniſter and ſervant, and, of conſequence, a genius unuſed to, and incapable of high and ſublime ideas of independent power, and thoſe of a great king, born to majeſty, who comprehended the empire of the univerſe in his boundleſs reach!" *Plut. Alex.* p. 67.

"*There is a myſtery, with which relation*
"*Durſt never meddle, in the ſoul of ſtate.*"
Shake. Tr. & Creſ. act III.

"When *Epaminondas* had confined a young man for certain debauches, and *Pelopidas* begged his liberty of him as a friend, he flatly refuſed him, notwithſtanding their cordial friendſhip; but when afterwards a courtezan aſked him the ſame favour, he granted it immediately; 'aye,' ſays he, 'this is a compliment fit to make you, but not to *Pelopidas*.'

Another

Another inſtance, leſs heroic! "When king *Charles* the IId came to ſee the hunting palace which Sir *Chriſtopher Wren* had built him at *Newmarket*; he told him, 'he thought the rooms too low.' Sir *Chriſtopher*, who was a little man, walked round them, and looking up, and about him, ſaid, 'I think, and it pleaſe your majeſty, they are high enough.' The king ſquatted down to his height, and creeping about in this whimſical poſture, cried, 'Aye, Sir *Chriſtopher*, I think they are high enough."

XIX.

Periculoſæ plenum opus aleæ.

HORAT.

IT is very neceſſary to obſerve time and place in making free with greatneſs. "*Alexander*, who killed his old and beloved friend *Clitus*, for ridiculing him on the title that he aſſumed of *ſon of Jupiter*;" (*Q. Curt.* VIII. 1.) when, before that time, "the philoſopher *Anaxarchus*, on occaſion of a thundering and lightning that aſtoniſhed and terrified the whole army, ſaid to

him : ‘ Well, ſon of *Jupiter*, and can you do as much ?’ only anſwered, with a ſmile, ‘ Yes, ſure, but that I will not frighten my friends, as you would have me do, in ſerving up at my table the heads of princes and governors inſtead of thoſe of fiſh.” *Plut. Alex.* p. 64.

“ Some domeſtics of the cardinal of *Arragon*, whoſe ſiſter the great *Matthias Corvinus*, king of *Hungary*, had married, having had a jeſt put upon them, of cutting off the ſkirts of their garments behind, without their perceiving it, the king aſked his barber, (a perſon in great favour with him for a man in his poſt) if he had ever heard who had done it ? The barber, thinking the king aſked it in order to divert himſelf, ſaid, it was himſelf that had done it, and, with a great deal of laughter, told all the manner from the beginning to the end.— The king heard the ſtory, and ordered the barber's noſe and lips to be cut off, for a warning to all others, how they diverted themſelves with their betters.” *Don Juan Vitrian Comment on Ph. de Comines*, c. 36.

“ The

" The poet *Philemon* was better off with *Magas*, king of *Cyrene*, whom he had ridiculed upon the ſtage, by name; for being afterwards thrown on his coaſts by a ſtorm, the king learning whom he had got, ſent a ſoldier with orders that he ſhould draw his ſword, as to ſtrike off his head for his inſolence, but only touch his neck lightly, and go off without ſaying a word.—And then ſending him a parcel of children's play-things, as to an empty trifler, let him depart." *Plut.*

I do not find this fright had the ſame effect upon the poet, (who by no means wanted for imagination) as it had upon " a *Swediſh* gentleman, (I think) who having committed a vile murder, the king, though great interceſſions were made for him, as being the laſt of a noble family, could not be induced to pardon him; yet at laſt he was over-ruled; but ſtill inſiſted, he ſhould undergo the ſhame and terror of a public execution, and the headſman had orders only to ſtrike him, blindfolded, with a ſwitch, yet he was dead with the conceit."

" I do

" I do not know which is moſt to be admired, the (preſent) candour of the prince, or the courage of the miniſter, when *Mæcenas* ſeeing *Auguſtus* condemning criminal after criminal, cried out to him from the court, ' come down executioner;' and the emperor came down." *Dion. Aug.* " So when the philoſopher *Athenodorus*, having obſerved the danger *Auguſtus* ran, by admitting ladies in private (for he was extremely amorous, but very decent, which was indeed having taſte) he cauſed himſelf to be brought into the emperor's chamber in a cloſe chair, as if a lady, and when the emperor expected quite another viſit, ruſhed out upon him with a drawn dagger, and ſaid to him, ' oh! my dear emperor, if this had been a traitor!' The good prince acknowledged his friend's warm zeal;"—(*Ibid.*) but it might have admitted another interpretation, if he had happened to have been in another humour, or had leſs friendſhip for *Athenodorus*.

" Our *Charles* II. was once told by his over-officious trifler of a barber, as he was ſhaving him, ' he thought that none of his majeſty's officers had a greater truſt than he.'

he.' 'Oy,' ſaid *Rowley*, 'how ſo, friend?' 'Why,' ſaid he, 'I could cut your majeſty's throat when I would. The king ſtarted up, and ſaid, 'odd's fiſh, that very thought is treaſon; thou ſhalt ſhave me no more."*— *My father.*

Alexander ſuffered *Apelles* to tell him very freely, that 'he had better not talk of painting, for that the very boy who ground his colours would laugh at him;' and another time, *Bucephalus* neighing at a horſe he had painted, when *Alexander* ſeemed not at all affected with the picture itſelf, he told him that 'his horſe underſtood painting better than he.'

There are certain moments when the great will bear ſevere jokes, and even inſults; but then it is mere humour, and you can hardly ever tell how to judge when they will do it, and if you miſs, you put your hand into a lion's mouth.

* *Plutarch* tells a ſtory juſt like this, of *Dionyſius*'s barber, who hearing ſome talk of the tyranny of this prince being ſo eſtabliſhed and ſecure, that he had nothing to fear from any man: 'You ſay this,' ſaid he, 'before a man who can put an end to it every day of his life, as he has his razor daily at his throat.' He was not ſo well off with his untimely jeſt, as honeſt *Rowley*'s;

Perhaps, take all together, the beſt way would be to have as little to do with them as you can. The *Turks* ſay, 'no graſs can grow on the ſpot where the grand ſignor's horſe has once trod.'

XX.

THough cuſtom hath an inſinuating, unheeded influence on almoſt all men, in ſome degree, from its humouring our natural lazineſs with "her glib and eaſy method, in ſome manner like to that viſion of *Ezekiel*, rolling up her ſudden book of implicit knowledge;" (*Milton to the parliament of England, with his doct. and diſcipl. of divorce.*) yet it acts moſt on the moſt empty and inſignificant minds, exerciſing on theſe a ſort of irreſiſtible tyranny.

A friend of mine who had lived long in *Muſcovy* gave this inſtance. "The butchers there carry their meat to people's houſes in panniers on each ſide their horſe. He obſerved one of theſe, who had ſold a joint at a houſe where he happened to be, flinging

Rowley's; for *Dionyſius* being informed of it, ordered him to be crucified. *Plut. on garrulity* (IV.) p. 232.

a par-

a parcel of ſtones out of the other pannier. So he aſked the fellow, why he did that? He told him, with a little ſort of triumph over his ignorance, that if he did not lighten that ſide, it would pull over the other where the meat was; for that they filled one pannier with meat, and the other with ſtones, to poiſe it. 'Why,' ſaid the gentleman, 'had not you better put half the meat on one ſide, and half on the other, and then the horſe will carry double the quantity?' 'Oy,' ſays he, 'Sir, that is true, I never thought of it;—but my father and grandfather did ſo before me, and every body elſe does as I do, ſo I won't go and change."

Lord *Bacon* ſays, "he remembers, that, in the beginning of queen *Elizabeth*'s time, an *Iriſh* rebel condemned earneſtly beſought the deputy, that he might be hanged in a wythe, and not in a halter, becauſe it had been ſo uſed with former rebels." *Eſſay on Cuſt. and Educ.* This was probably for the ſame reaſon that the *Roman* ſoldiers, having a right of being ſcourged with vines only, added a ſort of dignity to their puniſhment, which made them bear it chearfully.

"The

" The *Hottentots*, the moſt lazy of all people, have the ſame anſwer for every thing you tell them. They will agree with you, that what you ſay is right, and that it would be better to change it, but it is *Hottentot* cuſtom. That is an anſwer for, and ſolution of all, and you ſhall never get them any farther than *Hottentot* cuſtom." *Kolben*'s *Preſent ſtate of the Cape of Good Hope*, p 124.

In matters of religion, all the world hath ever been the ſame; nay, it has been every particular religion's fundamental to believe as their fathers had believed, without pretending to examine.

XXI.

We poets ſaleſmen are of wit,
And make our cloaths for whom they fit.

HUDIB.

SECRETARY *Craggs* brought *Dick Eſtcourt* once to Sir *Godfrey Kneller*'s; where he mimicked ſeveral perſons whom he

he knew; as lords *Godolphin*, *Somers*, *Halifax*, &c. Sir *Godfrey* was highly delighted, took the joke, and laughed heartily: then, they gave him the wink, and he mimicked Sir *Godfrey* himſelf; who cried, 'Nay, now you are out, man; by G—d that is not me;" and thus proved it was he. *Eſtcourt* produced the cap; but it was he himſelf that put it on.

XXII.

The devil was ſick, the devil a monk would be;
The devil was well, the devil a monk was he.

We love him, becauſe he firſt loved us.
1 JOHN IV. 19.

WE are very humble and aſſiduous with God, when we want to obtain or avoid any thing; as lord *Carteret*, (when he was lieutenant of *Ireland)* ſaid to *Swift*:

My very good dean, none ever comes here,
But who hath ſomething to hope, or ſomething to fear.*

* My lord wrote this on a window in the Caſtle, under two other lines of *Swift*, in which his pride affected an abſolute independence.

The

The *Perſian Magi* beſought the aſſiſtance of the Gods in private, with various rites and ceremonies, among themſelves, or each alone, but denied their power of interpoſition publicly, that they might not ſhare with themſelves the credit of what wonders they performed before the people; or, indeed, have the whole, and themſelves ſeem but their miniſters in cures and miracles; for, as they concluded rightly, the gods would certainly run away with all the glory, if the people thought they had any hand in their operations at all;" (*Philoſtratus Soph. vit. Apo. Tya.* VIII. 7.) " as lady *Mary Wortley Montagu*, when ſhe ſhewed *Pope* a paper of verſes of hers, and he would make ſome little alterations, 'No, ſaid ſhe, *Pope*, no touching, for then whatever is good for any thing will paſs for yours, and the reſt for mine." We good chriſtians, on the contrary, very candidly give all the merit of what we do to God; but ſo as to inſinuate, by thoſe very means, that our works deſerve applauſe, only that our religion and modeſty wave the claim of it; but that our great talents, (which the reader is to be very ſenſible of,) are made the inſtrument

of

of ſuch extraordinary productions for the benefit or inſtruction of mankind.

I wonder how theſe raſcals of *Magi* managed to draw the Gods in to be ſuch dupes; for, to be ſure, they made them believe they were to have all the glory, or, at leaſt, this was underſtood; for all religions have agreed, that their Gods were extremely greedy of our praiſes, and very jealous of one another's encroaching upon their rights to our good opinions and ſervices. Poor impotent human pride!

The *Perſians* have not left off their old tricks of making their Gods believe what they pleaſe; but as thoſe ancient ones cheated them, by concealing their wit, the modern do ſo, by making theirs believe they are poorer than they are; "for the rich and noble *Perſians*, when they have any particular favour to aſk, on which occaſions they are remarkably devout, (for "we never love God ſo well as when we want him*") firſt take off their rings, and other jewels, and are ſure to have no ſort of

* *Marianne.*

gold about them, that God may have the more compaſſion on them for being ſo poor." *Chardin Voy. de Perſe.*

No prince was ever more devout than *Alexander*, before his aſtoniſhing proſperity; but as ſoon as he thought he could do without the Gods, he had nothing more to do with them; and finding that he was as good as they, neglected ſacrificing to them for many years, and at laſt would be one himſelf. But upon the firſt fright, on the general revolt of the *Scythians*, he turned again to his old ſuperſtition, *(Rurſus ad ſuperſtitionem, humanarum gentium ludibria, revolutus)* the mock and very ſeamy wrong ſide of human nature! *Q. Curt.* VII. 7. 8.

" The *Carthaginians* had been accuſtomed, for many ages after their foundation, to ſend the tithe of their revenues to the temple of *Hercules* at *Tyre*, the mother-city. But after they were grown very wealthy and powerful, they began to ſlacken in their devotion, and ſent every year but a trifle, as keeping up an appearance of the old form. In ſhort, they found the Gods eaſy, and were for buying them as cheap

cheap as they could; but upon the ruinous defeat of their army by *Agathocles*, tyrant of *Syracuſe*, and his laying ſiege to *Carthage* itſelf, they not only paid *Hercules* their old debts with intereſt, but ſent preſents to all the other Gods of *Tyre*. And, in their fright, conſidering how ill they had uſed their own God, *Saturn*, too, in having defrauded him of the principal and choice of their children; the nobility, for a long while, having bought poor people's, to ſacrifice inſtead of their own; they at once offered a public ſacrifice of two hundred noble infants; and three hundred more families voluntarily brought theirs, to be laid on the hands of the God's brazen ſtatue, that were ſtretched out for that purpoſe, ſloping downwards, ſo that the boy rolled off into a furnace that was juſt under." With ſuch a pang of ſuperſtition were they ſeized! *Diodor. Sic.* XX. 1.—*Humanitatem dira ſuperſtitio vicit. Curt.* IV. 3. 23.

XXIII.

Nam quod labor contraxit, quies tollit. Aliquando enim experimentum animi ſumpſi ſubitum; hoc enim eſt ſimplicius & verius; nam, ubi ſe præparavit, & indixit ſibi patientiam, non æque apparet, quantum habeat veræ firmitatis. Illa ſunt certiſſima argumenta, quæ ex tempore dedit, ſi non tantum æquus moleſta, ſed & placidus, adſpexit; ſi non excanduit, non litigavit; ſi, quod dari deberet, ipſe ſibi, non deſiderando ſupplevit, & cogitavit, aliquid conſuetudini ſuæ, ſibi nihil deeſſe. Seneca, Ep. 123.

"DON GARCIAS III, king of *Navarre*, was ſurnamed the *Trembler*, from a certain ardour (his friends ſaid) in going into battle. Some new courtier, who underſtood it ſimply for a temporary fear and apprehenſion (for he gave in his life ſufficient proofs of a genuine courage) took pains to repreſent the danger as leſs than he might imagine it. The king ſaid, 'Sir, my limbs tremble at the danger they know by experience my courage will carry them into.'"

I have heard of a colonel that was taken with a panick juſt as he was going to charge at

at the head of his regiment; he made his utmoſt efforts to recover, and poſſeſs himſelf, but all in vain, he was ſubdued by a mortal and ſenſeleſs horror; he took out one of his piſtols, and ſhot it through his head. Like *Fannius*, who had conſpired againſt *Auguſtus*, and, finding his executioners in cloſe purſuit of him, killed himſelf.

Hoſtem cum fugeret, ſe Fannius ipſe peremit,
Hic, rogo, non furor eſt, ne moriare, mori?
Martial, Epig. II. 30.

And a great prince in *France* of undoubted courage and reſolution, yet never joined battle, which he did many, and ſucceſsfully, but an odious accident made it as offenſive for his friends to follow him, as it was dangerous for his enemies to face him.

This gentleman's conſtitution was cowardice, but which he corrected, as *Socrates* did the natural malignity of his, by the true bravery of his reaſon. The ſudden attack of his natural temper he was not prepared for, but inſtantly rallied and put his fears to flight.

" *Theodore Agrippa d' Aubignè*, than whom no man was leſs acquainted with fear, and who, as he ſays, ' found nothing too hot, nor too cold for him,' relates, in his memoirs, that two or three days after the news of the maſſacre of St. *Bartholomew*, (he was a *Huguenot*) as he was walking out with fourſcore dragoons of his company, determined fellows, thinking of nothing; on hearing ſomebody call out, not to them, nor any thing relating to them, all on a ſudden they ſet a running like a flock of ſheep, and never ſtopped 'till they were out of breath; when, taking one another by the hand, three or four together, and ſtaring,

—— each in other's countenance beheld
His own diſmay aſtoniſh'd ——

then, bluſhing, concluded that ' God did not give courage and underſtanding, but only lent it," *Memoirs*, p. 38.

XXIV. *That*

XXIV.

That we are commonly the dupes of other people's views.

Suam quiſque fortunam in conſilio habet, quum de alienâ deliberat.

Curt. V, 5. 12.

THE *Athenians* often put their ſucceſsful generals to death, out of jealouſy of their power. The *Carthaginians* carried this timorous and ungrateful policy ſo far, that *Swift* obſerves, "It was at laſt grown into an eſtabliſhed cuſtom among them;" [which he has from *Diodorus.*] "They advance," ſays this hiſtorian, "the moſt eminent perſons to be generals in their wars, becauſe they conclude they will fight with more reſolution than others, when all lies at ſtake: but after the wars are ended, and peace concluded, they bring falſe accuſations againſt them, and moſt unjuſtly, through envy, put them to death; and therefore ſome generals, out of fear of thoſe unjuſt ſentences, have either given up their command, or have laid ſchemes to make themſelves maſters of the common-wealth, as the only means to ſcreen themſelves from

faction." *Diod. Sic.* XX. 1. This is what *Bomilcar* did in that famous battle againſt *Agathocles*, the tyrant of *Syracuſe*, in *Africa*; for when *Hanno*, the other general, was killed, and he might probably have gained the victory, he conſidered that in that caſe his citizens would be too ſtrong for him; but if they were beat, he would become neceſſary to them, and by that means might poſſeſs himſelf of the ſovereignty; he ſo managed, that *Agathocles* gained ſo complete a victory, that *Carthage* did not recover itſelf from it for a very long time. *Id. ib.*—I wonder nobody has ever thought of thus accounting for *Hannibal*'s not going directly to *Rome* after the battle of *Cannæ*, and finiſhing the war at once.

It has often been obſerved, that ſoldiers are never ſo little regarded, as when by their bravery they have procured their maſters ſome ſignal advantages; becauſe their own victories ſerve to render them uſeleſs, or even dangerous, or at leaſt ſuſpected to be ſo, ſo they muſt take their meaſures accordingly.

" The famous marſhal *Biron*, when his ſon puſhed on a certain ſiege (I forget what) with

with vigour, and was near taking the city, which would probably have put an end to the war, reprimanded him for it, and ſent him orders, to manage matters ſo, that by all means the enemy ſhould raiſe the ſiege; the ſon acted accordingly, but when he came to his father, aſked him, what he could mean by a conduct that appeared to him ſo unacountable? 'Would you have us,' ſaid the marſhal, 'be ſent to *Biron* to ſow cabbages?" See the ſtory in *Mezerai*, *H.* IV. *an.* 1592. *p.* 72. Doubtleſs the court, *Paris*, and the country, had other reaſons given them. And whatever might have been the plauſible ones *Hannibal* gave at that time, (though they did not ſeem very convincing, to judge by what *Barca* ſaid to him *) this was in all likelihood the true one. *Si vis mihi equitatum dare, die quinti Romæ in Capitolium curabo tibi cœna ſit cocta. M. Cato in Originib. ap. Aul. Gell.* X. 24. *vel pot. Cælius, ex illo.* See *Plut. Fab. Max.* p. 339, (V. II.) and *Florus* II. 6.

* *Vincere ſcis, Hannibal, victoriâ uti neſcis. Livy* XXII. 51. who ſays, it was *Maherbal*, maſter of the horſe.—See *Dacier at Plutarch Fab. Max.* note 75, who unites both.

" When

" When *Gabinius*, on his arrival in *Egypt*, had taken *Archelaus*, who had married *Ptolemy*'s eldeſt daughter, priſoner, he could have placed *Ptolemy* on the throne again, (which he had been compelled to abdicate) at once, but that would have put an end to the war too ſoon, and of conſequence to his importance, and would have given *Ptolemy* a pretext not to pay him the remainder of the ſum that was ſtipulated: ſo he gave *Archelaus* an opportunity to make his eſcape, for a vaſt ranſom (ſo much clear gain) and then beat him again in another battle, and killed him. This nicety coſt thouſands of lives, but that was nothing to heroes and ſtateſmen!

Stilicho, the ſon-in-law of *Honorius*, and his general, did the ſame by *Alaric* the *Goth*, whom he had ſo completely overcome in a deciſive battle, that he might have eaſily prevented his eſcape; but by ſtill keeping the war on foot, he continued and increaſed his own power from the occaſion the ſtate had for him; which had in its conſequences the ſame fatal effect on the *Roman* affairs, that *Hannibal*'s ſelfiſh policy had on the *Carthaginians*.

The

The duke of *Marlborough* (I have heard) contended with all his power, in the council of war, to fight the *French* at *Hochſtedt*, but could not perſuade prince *Eugene*, who argued as ſtrongly againſt it, 'till the duke, calling him aſide, ſhewed him a letter from lord *Godolphin*, in which the treaſurer aſſured him, that if he did not fight, he would loſe his head when he came home. No wonder the prince was not ſatisfied with his arguments; he did not know the ſecret of the duke's declamation.

" When *Tit. Quint. Flamininus* endeavoured to perſuade the *Grecian* allies againſt beſieging *Lacedæmon*, and to make peace with the tyrant *Nabis*, they were all averſe to it, and gave ſtrong reaſons for their opinion, ſo that he was obliged to come over to them; yet, even in ſo doing, brought them all over to his. For he ſo well repreſented, how much, what they were ſatisfied was the public good, was their own private harm, that without ceremony they came round about again. They underſtood that the war was to be carried on, and their own piques and animoſities revenged by the *Romans*; but when they found they were to bear

bear the expence, and moſtly out of their own private purſes, all was changed," [*T. Livius*, XXXIV. 33, 34.] and

The worſe appear'd the better reaſon.

Milton.

Their general's advice had been on account of his fear "leſt another proconſul ſhould be ſent to relieve him, and ſhould have the honour of putting an end to the war, which he had ſucceſsfully begun."—This he kept to himſelf; and gave them reaſons for his purpoſe, but however they would not ſerve; common ſenſe, unbiaſſed, generally ſees well enough what is right; and ſo they did, 'till he let them into another ſecret, in which themſelves were concerned. When we ſee a wiſe man do what we take to be very abſurd, we are aſtoniſhed; the caſe is oftentimes, only, that we ſee the public reaſon of the thing, and he ſees the private one.

The public are the ſpectators in a theatre; they ſee juſt ſo much of the actors as theſe think fit to ſhew them; glitter and tinſel all, and falſe, aided by an artful glare

glare of candles; all the dirty work is behind the ſcenes. And yet they talk as learnedly, and reaſon as ſeriouſly and gravely, upon what theſe ſtateſmen are pleaſed to preſent them, as if they were actually the miniſtering devils, that

Ride in the whirlwind and direct the ſtorm.
Addiſon.

XXV.

That we can make no very aſſured judgment of other people's happineſs, but that ſocial good ſeems to be the true ſource of the pureſt and moſt laſting enjoyment.

——— *Brevior duxi ſecurius ævum.*
Ipſa nocet moles, utinam remeare liceret
Ad veteres fines, & mœnia pauperis Anci.
Claudian. Gildonic. *ver.* 108.

"MONTAIGNE knew a dean of St. *Hilary* of *Poitiers*, who had been two and twenty years in one room, without ſtirring a foot out of it; ſuffering a ſervant only to bring him food once a day, and retire immediately; and about once a week would admit a friend to come and ſee him. All this while in perfect health." *Eſſays*, L. II.

L. II. c. 6. " As extraordinary as *Claudian*'s *Old Man of Verona*, if he could be called even that, properly, who never went out of the ſuburbs of that city, even into the city itſelf." *Claud. Epig.* II.

" An old malſter is our politician, and that at ſecond or third hand, for I never ſaw him. Another, indeed, we have in the houſe, who has lived up in the garret theſe fifty years; I cannot get to the ſpeech of him neither; he is as earneſt after the news-papers—He was a little rake, about four feet high; and when he had raked away all his little money upon the ladies, his father made him ſtay above, for puniſhment, and becauſe he would not ſee him; and ſo, at laſt, he never would come down again, but now and then to fetch a little beer, or ſo; ſpends his time reading *Rapin*, and looking out at window with a ſpying-glaſs, to ſee people go along the ſtreet. His bed is made every other night, for he chuſes it ſhould ſerve two, one night for each ſide; eats very heartily, and, they ſay, is always chearful, and is always well, though fourſcore. What need has any one of money, or exerciſe, or any of the other things

things which people think ſo neceſſary and eſſential?" *Letter* from *Reading*, 1745.

Were not theſe contented? or had they no paſſions to gratify? One of the allegorical drawings *Holbein* made for the duke of *Norfolk*, is a man lying along upon a rock, with a calm, but chearleſs countenance, and bound hand and foot, written under, CONTENTE. What then! ſhall we ſay the *Old Man of Verona*, or *Montaigne*'s *Dean*, or the *Reading Politician*, were happier than *Cæſar* or *Genghizkhan*? By no means. Or that *Genghizkhan* or *Cæſar* were happier than thoſe? By no means neither. How do we know if a ſhark is happier than an oyſter?

"When *Gyges*, king of *Lydia*, in the height of that famous kingdom's wealth and ſplendor, enquired of the oracle of *Delphi*, in the vanity of his heart, 'Who was the happieſt man on earth?' Secure of having his pride complimented by the God; he had the mortification of being anſwered, 'that it was one *Aglaüs*, a poor *Arcadian* cottager, who had ploughed a little field, during all his long life, and had never had a wiſh

wiſh that had once called him from it." *Valerius Max.* VII. 1.

Dioclesian and *Maximian* both retired at once from empire into a private ſtation, and rural retreat, but both were ſoon ſick of it, and would gladly have returned to their power, (as the emperor *Charles* V. in after times, and *Victor Amadeus*, king of *Sardinia*) though the firſt affected to like it; and when *Maximian* preſſed him to reſume the government, he, a wiſe and prudent prince, who had already tried to do ſo underhand, and found he could not, only anſwered his letters, 'that he wiſhed he could come to him at *Salonæ*, and ſee his kitchen-garden, planted and watered with his own hands, and then he would know how little likely he was to ſucceed in ſuch a propoſal." *Aurel. Victor. in vit. Philip* V. of *Spain*, in our days, is the only prince that ever reſigned the crown, and afterwards received it again.

Well—but certainly that man who is entirely his own maſter, to do whatever ſhall come into his heart, with all the powers and means of gratifying all his deſires, is happier than a ſlave, or one who is in a perpetual dependent

dependent ſtate. We do not know. Be ſure there is a great anxiety in a ſtate of uncertainty and balancing, which is often, and very frequently, the caſe of thoſe who can do whatever they will. The ſort of diſappointment is only changed; and inſtead of not being allowed to have what you will, you are not allowed to know what you will have, from the variety of choice that is continually preſenting itſelf; one pleaſure ſtill endeavouring to ſupplant another. Add, that ſuch an one is the butt, and very mark, of all the paſſions; which if he is not ever parrying, in a perpetual ſtate of war with himſelf, he becomes the place, the receptacle, the hoſpital, of all ſorts of diſeaſes, crammed and glutted with taſteleſs ſatiety! and whether is preferable, to be controuled by another, and free from all diſpute and wavering, and from temptation; or by one's ſelf, whoſe granting or denial is often equally uneaſy or pernicious? If we want inclination or taſte to enjoy our offered bliſs, it is a load; if we have too much, a ſnare.

Of a St. *Francis* wallowing in ſnow, or a St. *Jerome* thumping himſelf naked in a cave with ſtones, one ſaid, "if ſuch ſhould

be miſtaken, they were finely bit"—Perhaps not. Who knows what ſatisfaction, what tranſport they may feel in the aſſured opinion of a certain inwardneſs with God! and that they are laying out their ſtock of pleaſure to more than *Jewiſh* intereſt! For there is no ſort of virtue exerciſed by mankind ſo far for virtue's ſake only, that the virtuous do not expect, ſome way or other, to be the better for it; and whoever abſtains from, and denies himſelf the enjoyment of a preſent pleaſure, does not this becauſe he pretends never to enjoy any pleaſure, but becauſe he judges, that the continence he enjoins himſelf now, will be, ſome time after, amply recompenſed. And this is underſtood on both ſides.

Such enthuſiaſtic ſelf-deniers generally give themſelves credit with heaven for much more than they lent it; imagining they have ſacrificed much more than they really have, in quitting the world. Like *Cn. Lentulus*, a man of a poor and barren genius, who owing all his vaſt fortune to *Auguſtus*, to whom he had brought nothing but poverty, and nobility, which made that poverty more grievous, yet uſed often to com-

complain to him, that "he had allured him from his ſtudies, and that all he had given him was nothing to what he had taken from him, by making him abandon the purſuit of eloquence." Yet, in truth, *Auguſtus* had the additional merit with him, of having ſaved him from a fruitleſs labour, and the public deriſion. *Seneca, Benef.* II. 27.

But if we can make no judgment of our own, ſurely we can make none of another's happineſs. We do not know, and we need not; if we had needed, we ſhould have known. Our buſineſs is at home; what have we to do to compare ourſelves with others? Only, as for the oracle (if we may venture to criticiſe *Apollo*, as I believe we may now) he went too far, in ſaying that *Aglaüs*, being the moſt contented man, was, therefore, the moſt happy; I believe one can only ſay, with certainty, from thence, that he was the leaſt unhappy!

Seneca paſſing by the ſumptuous villa of a man, famous for nothing but his rich idleneſs, and, for this only, thought (by the thoughtleſs!) to have found out the true ſecret of living, and to be alone happy;

ſaid, " Here lies *Servilius Vatia.* His ſcience, ſays *Seneca*, was how to ſkulk, not how to live; for there is a wide difference between living an idle, ſlothful life, and a life of leiſure. The vulgar think that man wiſe and happy, who, in ſafe obſcurity, lives contented, and for himſelf. Yet ſuch, often, flies buſineſs and men, becauſe he is tired of enjoyment, or envy or diſappointment having baniſhed him from ſociety, hiding himſelf like a fearful and ſluggiſh animal, [lives, as *Swift* ſays, a poiſoned rat in a hole] or plunged in gluttony, luſt, and ſleep. In fine, it does not immediately follow, that he who lives for nobody elſe, lives for himſelf." *Seneca, Ep.* 55.

Who then ſhall make a judgment of other men's happineſs? only, in general, it ſeems moſt rational to ſuppoſe, that as we can know the moſt happy of all beings, and the only truly and ever happy, no otherwiſe than by the effects we ſurely ſee, and ſhare, of perpetual and unbounded beneficence; ſo thoſe men muſt approach the neareſt to happineſs, whoſe divine qualities the neareſt reſemble this glad attribute, in whoſe moſt beloved and grateful effects we live, and move,

move, and have our being; and hence owe to thoſe in our power and dependence the exerting of the like quality, which he hath furniſhed us all with the means of doing, in our ſeveral ſpheres, to the aſſiſtance of others, and ſo procuring our own pureſt happineſs. This is ſocial love, our beſt ſelf-love, *Charity!*

——————— *Whoſe ways are ways*
Of pleaſantneſs, and all her paths are peace.
Proverbs III. 17.

Cato the cenſor acted not like thoſe who perform great exploits for glory, and not for virtue; who after they have obtained, and gone through the firſt dignities, are above all other ſocial concerns, and paſs the reſt of their lives in ſloth and pleaſure.—He, whoſe ſole view was the good of mankind, after having been conſul and triumphed, did not diſdain to ſerve his citizens; to plead the cauſe of the oppreſſed; and to fight the battles of his country, a ſimple tribune, under another conſul the very next year! with more true glory degrading himſelf, than he could be exalted by others! *Plutarch in his life*, p. 437.

The great *Scipio Africanus* did the ſame; after having deſtroyed *Carthage*, he went as lieutenant to his brother, who was conſul, againſt *Antiochus*, king of *Syria*, and aſſiſted him to obtain the ſirname of *Aſiaticus*.—*Florus*, *L.* II. c. 8.

" He only truly lives," ſays *Salluſt*, " and may be ſaid, indeed, to enjoy his ſoul; who, ſtill employing his faculties, endeavours to recommend himſelf by ſome uſeful action, or noble art." *Bell. Jugurth. in init.* This is *otium cum dignitate.*

Tu das ingenuæ jus mihi pigritiæ.
Martial, Epig. XII. 4.

" Such was the buſy leiſure of the great *Dioclefian* in a glorious retreat, which his new and unheard of virtue had inſpired to him, who alone, of all the *Roman* emperors, had voluntarily exchanged the pinnacle of human grandeur, for a private life; and, in return, he was alone the one example of a private man, who on his death was made a god." *Præclaro otio ſenuit. Eutropius*, IX, *ad fin.*

XXVI. *Nothing*

XXVI.

Nothing impoſes ſo much as a grave and ſolemn demeanour.

THE virtue of *Portius*, the ſon of *Cato*, almoſt appears ſomething more admirable than that of his father. They both diſdained to ſurvive the enſlaving of their country: one killed himſelf when driven from the laſt retreat of *Roman* liberty; the other, in the honeſt endeavour to re-kindle the hardly glowing embers, was killed on heaps of ſlain, at the battle of *Philippi*, againſt *Octavius* and *M. Antony*. But the ſon was a man of pleaſure;* and virtue with him was without ceremony, and truly ge-

* I do not find him reproached for any one vice, but that, (like Sir *John Falſtaff*) "the devil would have him about women." *Plutarch* ſays, "that when he was in *Cappadocia* he lodged with *Maphradates*, a prince of the blood, whoſe wife and *Portius* lived ſo well together, that it was ſaid, '*Portius* and *Maphradates* were ſuch good friends, they had but *one* SOUL between them.' (The lady's name was PSYCHE, which is SOUL in *Greek*.) *Portius* and ſhe were better friends, for there was *no* SOUL between them."—*The life of Cato, ad fin.*

nerous ; it was in ſome ſort the *Stoic* father's buſineſs.

As once queen *Elizabeth* ſeeing one dance finely, praiſed his ſkill and judgment, and enquired who he was ? when ſhe was told he was a dancing-maſter, ſhe turned away, and ſaid, he was a pedant.

Yet I am far from underſtanding *Cato* to be one of *Balzac's Fanfarons de virtue* ; his great qualities and ſincere worth deſerve all praiſe and reſpect.

XXVII.

Ita ſuam quiſque fortunam in conſilio habet, cum de alienâ deliberat.

CURT. V. 5, 12.

IT is next to impoſſible to get rid of ourſelves in our imagination. Self will ſtill intrude at all times, and all places ; and however we have occaſion to conſider other people's circumſtances, ourſelves and our concerns will be ever uppermoſt, and inſinuate inſenſibly, till all becomes Self : which

which is the perpetual ſource of error in our own judgments of the virtues and vices, the happineſs and miſeries, of others. Nay, we often catch our imagination at mixing our living ſelves with our dead ſelves, and feeling for our unfeeling coarſe; as may be frequently obſerved from criminals, who are often more afraid of being cut up and mangled by the ſurgeons, than being hanged.

That was good ſenſe of *Diogenes*, and fine humour, who ſaid to thoſe that aſked him, "how he would be buried?" "He did not deſire them to bury him at all, but throw him out into the fields." "That," they told him, "was the way to be devoured by the birds and beaſts." "No," ſays he, "you may put a cudgel by my ſide." "A cudgel! how ſhould you make uſe of it, when you have no ſenſe nor feeling?" "'Tis there," ſaid he, "that I wanted you: what need I to care what is done with me, when I have neither ſenſe nor feeling?"

When *Buchanan* was dying in a poor lodging, they came up, and aſked him "what money he had?" He told them "he had

had none." "None!" ſay they, "why how do you think to be buried?" "Iſe lik to lig here," ſays honeſt *Buchanan*.

XXVIII.

Mihi nempe valere, & vivere doctus.

SIMILIS, præfect of the *Prætorian* cohorts, a man of great virtue and probity, having at length obtained his diſmiſſion, lived the reſt of his days, which were ſeven years, retired in the country, and ordered this inſcription to be put on his monument:

Here lies Similis, *who died at a great age, having yet lived but ſeven years. In ſeceſſu quam in fronte beatior. Val. Max.* VII. 2.

As *Strada* ſays of *Charles* V, "He died at the age of fifty-eight years, of which he lived two. *Annorum octo & quinquaginta, ex quibus duos ipſe vixerat.*" Meaning thoſe he had lived in the monaſtery of St. *Juſtus* after his abdication [In judgment of others we commonly give them our own ſentiments! *Strada* ſpoke like a monk, as he was] tho' it

it ſeems he ſoon grew public-ſpirited again, repenting of his abdication the very day; at leaſt, " ſo his ſon thought; for ſome years after, cardinal *Granville*, complimenting *Philip* II. on the anniverſary of his father's abdication; yes, ſays *Philip*, and of his repentance of it. *Strada B. Belgic.* L. I. *pp.* 9. & 13. And yet no man knew better than *Charles*, what plagues belonged to royal life; and he was ſometimes ſenſible of it. Paſſing once by a village of *Arragon*, on *Eaſter-day*, a perſon met him, who, according to the cuſtom of the country, was crowned *Paſcal king*, and ſaid gravely, to him, " Sir, it is I that am king." " Much good may do you! friend, (ſays the emperor, as gravely) you have choſen a troubleſome employment."— *D. Juan Vitrian*, on *Ph. de Com.* c. 53. let. C.

That honeſt gentleman * ſeems to have been in earneſt in his love of eaſe, and probably had not the good fortune to enjoy it much, who lies buried in one of our abbey church-yards, under a ſimple tomb altar-wiſe, which (all covered over with trees,

* Mr. *Fellows:* I think he lived ſomewhere in *Huntingdonſhire*, where he was choſen knight of the ſhire.

ſhrubs,

ſhrubs, and weeds, and not to be got at but by a little blind path, nor ſeen but with a torch) has no name or circumſtance engraved, but only this one word, SNUG.

" Lord *Craven*, in the time of king *Charles* the Second, was a conſtant man at a fire; for which purpoſe he always had a horſe ready ſaddled in the ſtable, and rewarded the firſt that gave him notice of ſuch an accident. It was a good-natured fancy, and he did a great deal of ſervice; but in that reign every thing was turned to a joke. The king being told of a terrible fire that was broke out, aſked, if lord *Craven* was there yet? 'Oh!' ſays ſomebody by; 'an't pleaſe your majeſty, he was there before it began, waiting for it; he has had two horſes burnt under him already." *Rev. Mr. Hawkins.*

XXIX. *Magni*

XXIX.

Magni animi eſt injurias deſpicere. Ultionis contumelioſiſſimum genus eſt, non eſſe viſum dignum ex quo peteretur ultio.

Seneca de Irâ, II. 32.

"INtemperate and paſſionate reproaches, although they are juſt, yet affect even thoſe that make them with a certain degree of ignominy; and thoſe ſophiſts who called the philoſopher *Phavorinus*, in deriſion, a ſophiſt, proved their aſſertion, ſays *Philoſtratus*, by bringing him down, thus provoked, to quarrel and wrangle with them." *Philoſtratus in vitâ Phavorini*, p. 491.

——— *Rheni mihi Cæſar in undis*
Dux erat, hic ſocius; facinus quos inquinat æquat.

Lucan. V. 28.

The obſervation is curious, but juſt; for we do indeed, in part, degrade ourſelves to their pitch, and, in part, raiſe them to ours, by making them conſiderable, with whom we thus condeſcend, as it were, to match ourſelves, to uſe the ancient *Roman* term,

term, for their pairs of gladiators. "Becoming, for the time, their like and fellow, with whom we think fit to exchange ill words or ill deeds." See *Aul. Gellius* VI. c. 11. *Vincere inglorium, atteri ſordidum. Tac. vit. Agric.* 9.

The duke of *Marlborough* riding out once with commiſſary *Marriot*, near the commiſſary's houſe in the country, it began to rain, and the duke called for his cloak; *Marriot* having his put on by his ſervant immediately. The duke's ſervant not bringing the cloak, he called for it again, but he was ſtill puzzling about the ſtraps and buckles; at laſt, it raining now very hard, the duke called again, and aſked him "what he was about, that he did not bring his cloak?"—"You muſt ſtay," grumbles the fellow, if it rains cats and dogs, 'till I can get at it." The duke only turned to *Marriot*, and ſaid, "I would not be of that fellow's temper."* The duke of *Marlborough* did, by nature and conſtitution, what *Seneca* judged, by philoſophy, ought to be done. *Quid eſt quare ego ſervi mei hilarius reſponſum,*

* This I had from counſellor *Marriot*, his ſon.

& contu-

& contumaciorem vultum, flagellis & compedibus expiem? Senec. de Irâ III. 24.

" *Antigonus*, king of *Syria*, heard ſome of his ſoldiers making free with his conduct. He put by the curtain of his tent, and looking out, ſaid, ' Friends, go a little farther off; elſe *Antigonus* will hear you." *Plut. de Irâ.*

People of this rank cannot affront princes, as there is no degree nor ſort of competition between them; their words and actions cannot affect them, and if they do, theſe degrade themſelves by ſuffering them to do ſo. They are like the noxious vapour of the *Lago de'Cani*, at *Pozzuoli*, that never riſes high enough to affect a man who ſtands upright; if he will ſtoop to it, it is his own fault.

" A ſtranger that was at *Rome*, ſeeing *Caligula* ſitting in ſtate on his throne, dreſſed like *Jupiter*, and with that God's inſignia, and perſonated attributes, receiving the adoration of the ſenate, and anſwering their petitions, burſt out a laughing; which the emperor noting, cauſed the man to be brought

brought before him, and aſked him ‘ what he meant, and what he took him for?’ The man anſwered at once, (probably ſmitten with religious zeal) that ‘ he took him for a madman.’ The fellow, on enquiry, appeared to be a taylor, and the emperor let him alone.” *Xiphilin. in Cajo*, L. LIX. p. 254.

“ *Catherine* of *Medicis*, (though ſhe was of a country where they ſay, *Dieu s'eſt reſervée la vengeance pour ſoi, parceque c'eſt le morceau friand,*) looking one evening from a ground window, with the king of *Navarre*, they heard ſome common ſoldiers, who were roaſting a gooſe on a wooden ſpit, ſay all the vileneſs imaginable, and in the moſt offenſive terms, of the queen-mother; the king of *Navarre* was for going away immediately, and ordering them to be hanged up. ‘ Well,’ ſays *Catherine*, calling out to them, ‘ and what has the queen-mother done to you? ſhe lets you go on, and roaſt your gooſe!’ And turning to the king, laughed, and ſaid, ‘ Let them alone, couſin, theſe poor devils are not our game.” *D'Aubig. Hiſt. Univerſ.* tom I. l. 3. c. 5. p. 198.

The

The ſame greatneſs of mind, and juſtneſs of thinking, had *Oliver Cromwell*, but which he expreſſed in a ruder manner, fit for the ſubject, and for himſelf.

" A zealous officer of his came to him, and told him he had fallen into bad company, where he had had the mortification to hear his highneſs ſpoken of in a very ſcandalous manner. ' Oy, ſays he, ' man, what did they ſay ?' ' I am aſhamed, an't pleaſe your highneſs, to repeat it.' ' Tell, tell,' ſays *Oliver*. ' Why, an't pleaſe your highneſs, a raſcal had the impudence to ſay *your highneſs might kiſs his a—*.' ' How, how ! what was he for a man ?' Oh,' ſays the officer, ' he was but a poor beggarly fellow.' ' Oho !' ſays the protector, ' when you ſee him again, tell him *he may kiſs mine*."

" Cardinal *Richelieu*, when an officious informer came to tell his eminence of certain free expreſſions (and very free ones they were) that ſome conſiderable perſons he named had uſed in ſpeaking of him, in his hearing; ' Why how now, you raſcal,' ſays he, ' do you dare to come and call me all theſe names to my face, under pretence of their having been ſaid by honeſt gentle-

 men,

men, whom I know to have a due reſpect for me?' and ringing his bell, ſaid to the page in waiting, 'kick that fellow down ſtairs."

It was an extraordinary, and almoſt unheard of, piece of moderation in *Auguſtus Cæſar*, not only to pardon the hiſtorian *Timagenes* his invectives, that he had both written and ſpoken abundantly againſt himſelf and all his family; and, on his ſtill perſiſting after repeated admonitions, only forbidding him the palace; but living in the ſame friendſhip with *Pollio*, and others who received and honoured him; for I think a man can hardly have a very ſincere friendſhip for another, when he cheriſhes his declared enemy. But then this moderation gave a greater dignity to his perſon and character, from this exalted quality of his mind (which was alone intrinſic) and a greater and more juſt ſuperiority over the reſt of mankind, than his ſublime fortunes. See *Seneca de Irâ* L. III. c. 23.

For indeed, what was this, but, in a manner, poſſeſſing himſelf of an attribute of the Gods, by placing his perſon thus out of

of the reach of human inſolence, or injury? And, if any thing could excite their envy (which theſe times ſo much apprehended) I think ſo divine a quality would do it.—[This was the peculiar and characteriſtic quality of *Socrates*.] *Ælian. V. H.* IX. 7.

" *Non piace a ſommi Dei, L'haver compagni in terra;*
" *Ne piace lor, nella virtute ancora, Tanta alterezza.*"
Paſt. Fido. A. IV. Sc. 9.

How different that of our tyrant and uſurper, *Richard* III, who hung a poor man that kept the *Crown* ale-houſe, for ſaying " he would make his ſon heir to the *Crown*!" To ſhew his daſtard villainy was afraid of ſuch ſcoundrels!

Yet this is only good where it comes from a natural greatneſs of mind and ſuperiority of temper that ſcorns to be aped. For where it is forced and affected, it only broils inwardly, and becomes the more grievous to the perſon, and often more dangerous to the object. For a man as it were incorporates his anger by concealing it; as *Diogenes* told *Demoſthenes*, who for fear of his ſeeing him come out of a tavern, re-

tired back; " Oho, *Demoſthenes*, the more you retire, the more you enter in." Only when the peeviſh ſallies are conſtrained, without coſting too much, it is well worth while for a man to endeavour to ſettle himſelf by cuſtom into a temper that may conduce alike to his eaſe and honour.

XXX.

LORD *Bolingbroke* told us (*June* 12, 1742) that lord *Oxford* had often told him, that he had ſeen, and had in his hand, an original letter that K. *Charles* I. wrote to the queen, in anſwer to one of her's that had been intercepted, and then forwarded to him; wherein ſhe reproached him for " having made thoſe villains too great conceſſions," (viz. that *Cromwell* ſhould be lord lieutenant of *Ireland* for life without account, that that kingdom ſhould be in the hands of the party, with an army there kept, which ſhould know no head but the lieutenant; that *Cromwell* ſhould have a garter, &c.) that in this letter of the king's,

it

it was ſaid, "That ſhe ſhould leave him to manage, who was better informed of all circumſtances than ſhe could be; but that ſhe might be entirely eaſy as to whatever conceſſions he ſhould make them, for that he ſhould know in due time how to deal with the rogues, who, inſtead of a ſilken garter, ſhould be fitted with an hempen cord." So the letter ended; which anſwer, as they waited for, ſo they intercepted accordingly, and it determined his fate. This letter lord *Oxford* ſaid he had offered 500l. for. Lord *Bolingbroke*, lord *Marchmont*, and Mr. *P——e*, all believed that the ſtory I had heard or read to this purpoſe, (and which occaſioned lord *Bolingbroke*'s telling the above) had its origin no higher than this ſtory of lord *Oxford*.

XXXI.

VESPASIAN ſaid, "a prince ought to die ſtanding, and died as he was making an effort to riſe and dreſs;" and *Hadrian* ſaid, that "a prince ſhould die in perfect health, and not languiſh." (*Sueton. in vit. c. ult.*) *Sanum principem mori debere, non debilem.* "The great *Condé* could not bear the thoughts of dying in his bed, and was quite in a paſſion that he ſhould not be killed in the field." *Spartian. in Ælio Vero*, c. 6. I believe the caſe was, when it came to the point, he was vexed that he was to die at all; as Sir *Godfrey Kneller* ſaid to Mr. *Pope*, who was ſitting by his bed-ſide, and ſeeing him ſo impatient at the thoughts of going, had told him "he had been a very good man, and no doubt would go to a much better place:" "Ah, my good friend Mr. *Pope*, I wiſh God would let me ſtay at *Whitton*," which was his country ſeat that he was very fond of. He was not for making the ſame error as the gentleman in *Miſſon*, who died of taking phyſic, and had put on

on his monument, *Stavo ben, mà, per ſtar meglio, ſto quì.* Sir *Godfrey* was for keeping well when he was ſo: and ſo are moſt people, I find, however aſſured of the other's being better.

" Some *German* prince *, I think, *Brantome* ſays, when he was juſt expiring, cauſed himſelf to be taken up, and placed at the upper end of his hall, with all his arms on, and accoutrements about him, with a truncheon in his hand, and ſo died."

I am not ſure I have read this in *Brantome*, or elſewhere; but *Milton* tells a like ſtory of *Siward*, earl of *Northumberland*, (the ſame who conquered and ſlew *Macbeth*, the tyrant-king of *Scotland*, who died at *York* the year after) " reported by *Huntingdon*, of a giant-like ſtature; and, by his own demeanour at point of death manifeſted, of a rough and mere ſoldierly mind. For much diſdaining to die in bed by a diſeaſe, not in the field fighting with his enemies; he cauſed himſelf, completely armed, and

* This was the count de *Buren*. See *Brantome Capitaines Etrangers*, tom I. p. 275.

weaponed with battle-axe and ſhield, to be ſet in a chair, to meet death in a martial bravery." *Milton Hiſt. Eng.* VI. p. 291.

There is another ſort of courage required for a man to die, deliberately, by degrees, in cold blood, and alone, or ſurrounded with the ſolemn apparatus of thoſe that are to "ſee him out;" thinking, at leiſure, of what he muſt loſe, and what he may find; than ſuch as is neceſſary to make a man puſh at all adventures, in a flutter of ſpirits, with high hopes to counterbalance his fears, and accompanied by fifty or a hundred thouſand, who do the ſame that he does. There is a great deal even in this: you will ſee a timorous girl, who will ſuffer herſelf to be blooded, or have a tooth drawn, if ſomebody elſe will undergo the ſame operation with her.

"The great *Henry* IV. of *France*, brave as he was in the field, having been foretold by an aſtrologer, that 'he ſhould die in his coach,' would ſcream out at the leaſt ſhock, as if he ſaw the grave open to ſwallow him up." *Mezerai, Vie à la fin.* Add alſo

—*The*

——The neighing ſteed, and the ſhrill trump,
The ſpirit ſtirring drum, th' ear-piercing fife,
The royal banner, and all quality,
Pride, pomp, and circumſtance of glorious war.
Shakeſp. Othello, act III.

Perhaps no one ever died more truly calm and unconcerned than Dr. *Pellet*, a good and worthy man, and beloved by all men! who, expecting every moment would be his laſt, ſat himſelf in his eaſy chair to read *Terence*, 'till this moment came, and died with the book in his hand.

If any did, it was another phyſician, Dr. *Harvey*, who waking one morning, called his ſervant, and aſked him, 'what it was o'clock,' and 'how long it would be before it was light?' When his ſervant told him 'it was broad day,' he only ordered him to fetch a little vial on ſuch a ſhelf, and drank it off, and, lying down again, went to reſt, from which he was never to riſe. He found, what he had long apprehended, that he had loſt his ſight, and had determined to have done with living whenever that happened.

XXXII.

Man differs more from man than man from beaſt.
ROCHESTER.

IT fares with the mind often as with the body; the firſt aſſaults of grief make but little impreſſion, to rebound often with more violence; as the wounds of the body are generally more ſilent at firſt, the ruder and more violent they are, but afterwards make themſelves the more ſeverely attended to. Not always; for I knew an inſtance of "captain *Borret*, a candid, worthy friend! [from himſelf] who at the battle of *Ramillies* loſt his leg by a cannon ball, yet he was ſo little ſtruck with the blow, that he wondered what made him fall down, nor ever felt the wound till he was brought to his tent to be dreſſed, and then but very tolerably during the amputation, and all the dreſſings, nor ever after." Such are ſome conſtitutions! either an inſenſibility, to a great degree, in the fleſh, or a prodigious vigour to repell or bear pain.—When the mind feels the firſt attack ſtrongly, it generally

nerally gets over it more eaſily, if let alone, and not irritated with crude and importunate comfort, to recover itſelf by its own wearineſs, and ſelf-ſuggeſted reaſon, and come back to its true tone.

" When the *Lacedæmonians* had news brought of their defeat and final overthrow at *Leuctra*, they were celebrating public games, which the *Ephori* would not put a ſtop to, though they knew this calamity ruined their affairs." *Plutar. Ageſil.* p. 357. (V.)—" King *Charles* I. did the ſame, when he had word brought him, while at prayers, of the murder of the duke of *Buckingham*." *Clarendon.*—And " *La Cerda*, the huſband of the famous *Mary de la Cerda*, when he had word brought him, that his caſtle of *Aguilar* was taken by the royaliſts, the conſequence of which he knew was his own death, yet ſtayed without any apparent alteration 'till maſs was over." *Mariana Hiſt. of Spain*, XVI. 17.

How theſe behaved afterwards, I do not know, and how they bore their misfortunes; but " when Sir *Thomas More* went to be beheaded, his favourite daughter, *Roper*, took her

her leave of him with great conſtancy, and bore up with a courage that would have ſeemed inſenſibility of ſuch a loſs, if her filial virtue had not been too well known to her father and friends.* Yet the moment ſhe parted from him, ſhe fell into ſuch tranſports of grief, that it was long doubtful whether they ſhould be able to keep life in her." *My father. Curæ leves loquuntur, ingentes ſtupent. Sen. Hip.* II. 2.

" *Sophocles*, who knew human nature ſo as to have ſeen, as one may ſay, the paſſions behind the ſcenes, hath wonderfully repreſented this motion of the inward mind, in *Dejanira*, who being told by *Hyllus*, the ſon of *Hercules*, in a moſt affecting deſcription, in what grievous and terrible manner his father died, by means of the poiſoned robe ſhe herſelf had ſent him, (unknowing) hears him throughout, ſilent and motionleſs; and then, without anſwering a ſingle word, retires;† with the indignation and

* See the ſtory of *Raiſcac* in *Montaigne* 1. 2.

† See a fine image of this inward collected paſſion of *Ariſtomenes* in *Pauſanias Meſſinic.* c. 22.

curſes

curſes of *Hyllus*, and all the aſſiſtants, at her calmneſs; but ſoon after comes ſuch a ſcene of her behaviour!" *Sophocles Trachiniæ* from v. 759. *Virgil* has imitated it in his exquiſite deſcription of the death of *Dido*, but very ſhort of it ſurely!

I am perſuaded men differ more from one another than is generally thought, in their ſenſe both of bodily and mental pain; in one, from the mere conſtruction of the nerves and fibres, and mechanical frame of the body itſelf; and the other from, who knows what, or can conceive? doubtleſs, a great deal; and this too from that ſame variety of conſtruction! We more evidently ſee this in the powers of imagination, judgment, memory, &c. and ſo of all other faculties, which the more we conſider and compare, the more we ſhall find to differ between man and man; and yet in our judgments of the actions and paſſions, enjoyments and ſufferings, virtues and vices of others, we make no allowance for, nor the leaſt attend to, this variety. But this is the leſs to be wondered at, ſince we ſo little do it even for the differences of circumſtance

cumſtance and accident, which much more immediately fall under the cognizance of our ſenſes.

XXXIII.

Aderat fortuna, ubi artes defuiſſent.
TACIT. *H.* V.

HUMAN prudence builds, at beſt, upon a quick-ſand, in great and complicated affairs eſpecially, as it is neceſſitated to proceed on a ſuppoſition that men act conſiſtently; if they do not, in the main, take this for granted, they build on no foundation at all.

Don *Carlos Coloma*, a great ſoldier and ſtateſman, and a noble writer of the wars in *Flanders* for twelve years, in which he himſelf was preſent, ſays, "The ill ſucceſs of the *Spaniſh Armada* was, in a great meaſure, owing to the duke of *Parma*'s not having his tranſports ready for the forces he had in *Flanders*, occaſioned by his judging, but too rightly, of what ought to have been the conduct of the admiral, duke of *Medina*,

dina, and the *Spaniſh* fleet; who, certainly, ſhould not have precipitated the execution of ſo weighty and hazardous an attempt, before he had ſecured a port to retire to, in caſe of accident; and what he knew they ought not to have done, he could not believe, though from the eye-witneſs of captain *Moroſino*, his own meſſenger, that they had done; that they ſet ſail from *Liſbon*. We err often in the judgment we make of others actions, by not believing they will do, or have done, what we judge to be againſt their intereſt. Prudence itſelf may be miſchievous in unfortunate events, and virtue, when unſucceſsful, appears vice and error." *Coloma Guerras de Flanders*, L. I. fol. 6.

We doubly err; firſt in ſuppoſing that we muſt needs judge rightly of what is for another's intereſt, or that they themſelves muſt needs judge rightly of it; and, ſecondly, in laying it down as a principle, that we both ſee things exactly in the ſame light. Now this, we may be very ſure, never happens, entirely, for the moſt part, very widely different; which difference ariſes from that of the men's information, their

their talents, and the things themſelves. —This is the ſtate of the queſtion in all the judgments we make of others, at the beſt; ſo far precarious they muſt be, beſides other circumſtances that very often come into the account. Yet we are not at all leſs ſecure of our judgments for that, nor act the leſs ſecurely accordingly; whence, what wonder if manifold injuſtice to others, and error in our own affairs! "However," ſays *Coloma*, "time, and the duke's great reputation afterwards, made this no more thought of."

On the other ſide, raſh actions have often ſucceeded, becauſe the enemy had a better opinion of the prudence of their authors, (judging, in like manner, by themſelves) than they deſerved.

The duke of *Monmouth*, drinking late one night at the ſiege of *Maeſtricht*, where he commanded, with ſome other general-officers, they took it into their heads to go directly, as they were, and ſtorm the *Devil's Tower*, a fort ſo called, of the utmoſt conſequence, as being the main ſtrength of the place, and thought almoſt impregnable: but

but that was not a time to doubt of themſelves in any thing; away they went, with what attendance of their people they thought fit to take in a hurry, or that happened to be ready. However, having ſome little way to go, the duke bethought himſelf, and, ſtopping ſhort, ſaid, 'Look ye, gentlemen, we have undertaken an inconſiderate thing, and we cannot do better than go back while we are well:' they cried, 'he had brought them out, and he ſhould carry them through, or they would run their ſwords into his body.' They came before the place, and began to make their attack, at the ſame time crying, 'Military execution, and no quarter!' The governor, finding the general was there in perſon, made no doubt but he muſt be well attended, and have a greater force with him than he was aware of, and ſurrendered." So raſhneſs had the effect of ſtratagem, put good ſenſe out of its play, and fairly jockeyed prudence and right counſel.

Of the ſame kind was the "adventure of the *Inniſkilling* men, a famous headlong party of volunteers in duke *Schomberg*'s army for king *William*, in *Ireland*. They

were at that time before *Newry*, a fort of vaſt ſtrength and importance. Theſe men had been out on a ſcour all the night, and at morning, when the *Reveillez* was beat, none of them appeared; at laſt, at two or three o'clock in the afternoon, comes one galloping, and never ſtopped 'till at the general's tent, and told him, they had met with the *French*; and (inſtead of retiring, and only giving an account of the enemy's motions, as they ſhould have done) had driven them into *Newry*, and had ſummoned the garriſon to ſurrender; and he came to fetch more force. *Schomberg* laughed out aloud; but preſently recollecting himſelf, conſidered ſomething might be made, after all, of their wrong-headedneſs, and the *French* pannic, ſo ſent, and at once took the fort, and all within priſoners of war."*

This recollection of *Schomberg* reminds me of a ſtory I have heard my father tell (I do not know whence he had it) of cardinal *Richelieu*; "There was a ſaucy puſhing fellow, a decayed gentleman, who would be ever putting himſelf in the

* *Cato Freeke* told this to my father.

cardinal's

cardinal's way, at his levee and other times of public admittance, ſo that he was quite tired of the ſight of him, notwithſtanding he had ſhewn him all the ſlight poſſible; ſo, at laſt, he ordered him never to be admitted; yet ſtill he would meet and purſue his coach; the cardinal ordered his attendants to drive him away, and keep him from his ſight. One day as his coach came out of the *Louvre*, he ſaw him ſtart from behind a pillar, whoſe pedeſtal he had climbed, and waited there. 'Jeſu,' ſaid the cardinal, 'what impudence!' but recollecting, 'this fellow has a talent that may be uſeful, he will go through,' ſent for him and employed him. He ſerved the cardinal uſefully, and made his own fortune." "Thoſe who conquer have always honour," ſays *Philip de Comines*, V. 9. *Victoria rationem non addit. Tacit. H.* IV. *Chi dura vince.*

XXXIV.

——— Nec lex eſt juſtior ulla
Quam necis artifices arte perire ſuâ.

A *French* gentleman told me that a relation of his had died at *Paris*, and left all his eſtate from an only ſon he had, then abroad, to the *Jeſuits*; on condition that they ſhould give his ſon "whatever they ſhould chuſe, *La partie qui leur plairoit.*" When the ſon came home, he went to the convent, and they gave him a very ſmall ſhare indeed.—He was ruined, and conſulted his friends: All agreed there could be no help; at laſt a counſellor to whom he happened to mention his caſe, bade him ſue the convent, and that he would gain him his cauſe; which he did, upon this plea: the teſtator had left his ſon the ſhare of his eſtate which the fathers ſhould chuſe: "*La partie qui leur plairoit.*"—It is plain which they choſe, by that which they had kept for themſelves. A pretty piece of *law-jeſuitiſm* this, by which they were lurched at their own game!

Much

Much ſuch another *equivoque* was that of " *Charles* V, when he left *France*, and was reminded by a miniſter who attended him from *Francis* I. of the inveſtiture of *Milan*, which he had promiſed for the *Dauphin*. *Je veux ce que mon frere le roi veut. I like as my brother the king likes*; and forthwith inveſted his ſon, afterwards *Philip* II. of *Spain*, with that duchy." By the way, they were for cheating one another of what neither of them had any right to.

XXXV.

Me pater ſævis oneret catenis—
Memorem ſepulcro ſcalpe querelam.
HOR. ODE III. 11. 45.

TO what ſmall and trivial accidents are owing oftentimes the greateſt events! " A quarrel between a meſſenger and his wife, about a bridle that was out of the way, narrowly ſaved from defeating one of the nobleſt enterpriſes of all ancient patriotiſm; *Pelopidas*'s freeing his country from her tyrants." *Plutarch* tells the ſtory in his life, p. 184. (III.) The thoughtleſſneſs and

want of caution of a ſlave in bringing home *Pompey*'s robe, that had by ſome chance got blood upon it at the election of an *Ædile*, being ſeen on a ſudden by *Julia*, the daughter of *Cæſar*, and wife of *Pompey*, ſhe took ſuch a fright that ſhe inſtantly miſcarried, and died; and ſo broke the union that kept the world together; which upon this fatal breach fell into fierce perturbation, and civil war. This probably had never happened, if ſo wiſe a woman, and ſo beloved both by her father and huſband, had continued between them."* *Plutarch*, *Pompey*, p. 493. (V.)

For the reſt, one may venture to affirm that this was a great and unaffected inſtance of conjugal love, and could be owing to no other motive, whereas that of *Portia* is ambiguous. The daughter of *Cato*, and wife of *Brutus*, with a head turned, as her's was, with *ſtoic* enthuſiaſm, is very capable of a leſs amiable interpretation, without want of

* See a like fatal inſtance of conjugal love in the wife of the marqueſs *de Cenefe*, governor of *Valentia*, for the emperor *Charles* V. in *Sandoval's* life of this emperor, L. 6. *ver. fin. Engl.* p. 94.

charity;

charity; and may very well be one of thoſe numerous inſtances of people's "not being virtuous for the ſake of virtue", according to *Rochefaucault*. See *Maxim* I.

There is ſomething very ſingular in the conduct of the wife of *Cavades*, king of *Perſia*, who was taken priſoner by his ſubjects, depoſed, and ſhut up for life in the caſtle of *Forgetfulneſs*, ſo called for a reaſon that is evident, (as the dungeon of the *Baſtile*, and ſome other priſons in *France*, are called the *Oubliette.)* "His wife was very attentive and aſſiduous to ſerve him; and, in the courſe of ſo doing, the governor of the caſtle fell in love with her. She immediately told her huſband, who bade her grant him all he aſked. She did ſo, and by this means made her paſſage to and fro ſo eaſy, and herſelf, by ſuch a proof of her affection for her lover, and diſregard for her huſband, ſo entirely depended on, that ſhe gained an opportunity of ſaving the king by changing cloaths with him, and ſtaying in his ſtead to ſuffer all that cruelty and revenge could ſuggeſt to a faction that was in the utmoſt danger of ruin and deſtruc-

tive chaſtiſement by their king's eſcape." *Procopius*, in the firſt book of *Perſian Wars*.

It is plain, I think, that in both caſes ſhe equally devoted herſelf for her huſband, as the *Decii* did for their country; and one cannot doubt, but that, conſidering the uſe ſhe made of her firſt action, in acquieſcing to his commands, which was the ſaving of her huſband, by the deſtruction of her lover; ſo ſhe really made him in that a greater ſacrifice than in the laſt; abandoning that chaſtity for his ſake, which, for his ſake, muſt evidently have been, from the event, ſo dear to her. O charming crime! O ſplendid adultery! O glorious proſtitution!

What ſtill enhances the action of *Cavades*'s queen, is that the rebellion of his ſubjects, and all his misfortunes, were owing to a crime, that was more a crime in him with reſpect to her, than to the generality; which was his attempting to make all women common throughout his kingdom.

Diana of *Poitiers*, dutcheſs of *Valentinois*, is ſaid to have made a like ſacrifice, to ſave her

her father's life, whom *Francis* I. of *France*, had condemned to death, for conſpiring with the conſtable of *Bourbon* againſt him.

The fine ſtory St. *Auſtin* tells, in his "diſcourſe on the ſermon on the *Mount*," of "a man whom *Acindynus*, governor of *Antioch*, impriſoned for not having paid his tax, threatening, moreover, death, if he did not find the money at a certain time," is much of this kind: "His wife, who was extremely beautiful, was ſollicited by a very rich man, who promiſed her the ſum for one night with her. This woman, inſtructed by ſcripture, (ſays St. *Auſtin*) that her body was not her own, but her huſband's, informed the priſoner of the offer that had been made her; ſaying, at the ſame time, that ſhe was ready to conſent, provided he ordered it, who was the only lawful poſſeſſor of her chaſtity. He thanked her, and ordered her to comply; ſhe did ſo, and received her money, as had been promiſed, but was baſely defrauded of it, before ſhe got out of his houſe; for, when ſhe came home, ſhe found that, inſtead of the gold ſhe had told, they had changed the purſe upon her, and given her one that had

had nothing but ſome earth in it. The good woman went directly to the governor, and told the whole matter. The governor was ſo ingenuous as to declare, that he was the only one who was guilty of the adultery, by the rigour he had uſed to force an honeſt man to ſuch extremes, condemned himſelf to pay the emperor's tax, and adjudged to the injured woman that eſtate of the rich man, out of which the earth was taken which had been put into her purſe for the gold." See alſo *Bayle Acindynus (Sept.)*

The good St. *Auſtin* by no means blames this action, but rather ſeems to think it may be righteous.——*Quanquam nonnullæ cauſæ poſſint exiſtere, ubi & uxor, mariti conſenſu, pro ipſo marito hoc facere debere videatur.* This is, however, doing evil, that good may come of it.

Beſides, in ſo brilliant a virtue, there ſeems to be a flaw *, ſince it can never be put in

* The ſtory of the lady that *Oliver*, the barber of *Lewis* XI. defrauded of her honour, under pretence of ſaving her huſband, has not this flaw. See *Prewves* on *Phil. de Com.* tom V. p. 55.

execution

execution but with ſome impropriety; for a huſband who could make ſuch a uſe of a wife's affection and conſtancy, can by no means deſerve it. What a poltroon was *Admetus* to ſuffer *Alceſtes* to die in his ſtead! yet he had not put her upon proſtituting herſelf to ſave his life. So far as the great and brave *Mary Reigerſbergen*, the wife of the famous *Grotius*, did, was in every view ſenſible and praiſe-worthy; ſince ſhe neither abandoned her honour for a man who would not have deſerved it, even by making the requeſt; nor hazarded her life at his deſire for his own, but at moſt was to remain for life in the caſtle of *Louveſtein*, herſelf uſeleſs to the commonwealth, for a man who was eſſentially neceſſary to his and her country, and whoſe conjugal worth deſerved every return from her. *Du Maurier Memoires de Hollande*, p. 404.

Valerius Maximus mentions "certain wives who came as to take their laſt leave of their huſbands, brave men, who were to be executed that night in priſon for rebellion, and changing cloaths with them, thus favoured their eſcape, which they the more eaſily effected, by covering their heads with a veil,

veil, as was the cuſtom in exceſſive grief; and, thus remaining, were all executed for their huſbands. What," adds *Valerius Maximus*, " can one ſay of theſe but that they were worthy to be the wives of ſuch men!" He might ſtill have added, " But were ſuch men worthy to be the huſbands of ſuch women?"

But it may be ſaid, they could not have imagined they would have ſuffered; and, indeed, theſe were very unlucky; for the wife of *Grotius*, who did the ſame, came to no harm.

" I do not know which behaved moſt nobly, the huſband or the wife, a count and counteſs, in the court of *Otho* III. (called *Carrots* and the *World's Wonder*; a good jumble of epithets!) emperor of *Germany*, in the tenth century. The empreſs, *Mary* of *Arragon*, fell in love with the count, a young and handſome nobleman, who withſtood her ſollicitations; at which ſhe was ſo enraged, that (the old way) ſhe accuſed him to the emperor of attempting on her what ſhe had attempted on him. *Otho* (according to cuſtom in theſe caſes) believed all;

all; and, without hearing him, (or rather he himſelf refuſing to plead his innocence, in order to ſave the honour of the empreſs, as ſome ſay) ordered him to be beheaded. Yet he aſſured his counteſs, as he was ſtretching out his neck to the executioner, that he was innocent, and withal told her the whole truth. She went ſtrait to the emperor, who was hearing cauſes in public, as was the way of thoſe times, in the open plain of *Placentia*, and aloud called for 'juſtice on the murderer of her huſband.' *Otho* was drawn in; he promiſed it in the face of the world; when ſhe, taking her huſband's head from a ſervant who brought it concealed, held it up, and cried, 'it is you yourſelf who have murdered the good count my huſband, by raſhly taking the word of an infamous wife; and, proving it to his ſatisfaction and that of all preſent, boldly demanded his own head, according to his ſolemn and public promiſe. The emperor confeſſed the guilt and forfeit, but demurred as to the payment; at length, after many and long conteſts, the counteſs contented herſelf with the death of the empreſs, whom the emperor generouſly gave her up, (huſband or wife, it

was

was the ſame thing to juſtice) and to make her ſome amends for the loſs of her huſband, ordered his empreſs, inſtead of being only beheaded, to be burnt alive. This was executed at *Modena*, ann. 998." *Maimbourg Hiſt. de la Décadence de l' Empire.* See alſo *Moreri* art. *Marie d' Arragon.*

XXXVI.

Le deſir de meriter les loüanges qu'on nous donne fortifie notre virtue.

ROCHEFAUCAULT.

"THE very deſire of a good name is a genuine child of virtue," ſays *Gracian*; and *Cato*, the cenſor, ſaid, that "no one would be virtuous, if glory was once ſeparated from virtue."

The earl of *Dorſet* coming to court one queen *Elizabeth*'s birth-day, the king (*Charles* II.) aſked him, 'what the bells rung for?' which having anſwered, the king farther aſked him, 'how it came to paſs, that her holiday was ſtill kept, whilſt thoſe of his father and grand-father were no more thought

thought of than *William* the *Conqueror*'s?' 'Becauſe,' ſaid the frank peer to the frank king, 'ſhe, being a woman, choſe men for her counſellors; and men, when they reign, uſually chuſe women." What a ſevere ſarcaſm on the lewd king himſelf! whoſe father, though otherwiſe a virtuous prince, was governed by an imperious and bigotted *French*-woman of a wife; and his grandfather, though he had no miſtreſſes, had little maſters who governed him, and them he choſe for no other merit but being as like women as men could be!

It was " a repartee of this ſort that *Ali* made to ſome of his turbulent officers, who aſked him, 'how it happened that the reigns of his predeceſſors, *Abubeer* and *Omar*, were ſo calm and peaceable, and his immediate predeceſſor, *Othman*'s, and his own, ſo full of troubles and diviſions?' 'The reaſon,' anſwered the good *Caliph*, 'is plain: *Othman* and I ſerved *Abubeer* and *Omar*; *Othman* was ſerved, and I am ſerved, by you and your fellows." *Ockley*, *Hiſtory of the Saracens*, V. II. p. 85.

XXXVI.

XXXVII.

Vis inertiæ!

Speravit magnæ laudi fore.

HOR. SAT. II. 3. 98.

THERE is no one ſo low and contemptible, but who (by the courteſy of ſelf-love) finds ſome one ſtill more low for him to triumph over, or to triumph over him, for it is all one.

"The duke of *Montagu* and *Jack Spencer* knocked one night at the next door (in St. *Martin*'s lane) to Dr. *Miſaubin*'s (a ſtanding butt of this kind of wit, and of this kind of wits) and the maid opening, deſired to come in, and at the ſame time puſhed forward; nobody happening to be at home, ſhe was frightened out of her ſenſes, but they aſſured her, that they only wanted to go into the garden to look over *Miſaubin*'s wall; in the mean time ſhe obſerved the ſtar. Preſently afterwards one of their footmen came with

with a couple of great earthen pots they had ſent him to buy, with which they themſelves emptied the houſe of office, and flung it over the wall on a ſeat in the Dr.'s garden, on which he uſed frequently to ſit and read: Their ſcheme was that he ſhould come and ſit down there as uſual; he ſmelt the joke, and never came there, and they had their trouble for their pains."—The idle buſtle of poor human creatures! but theſe were the choice ſpirits, the very ſalt and ſeaſoning of the times.

What a compliment theſe great people made the doctor, whom they were playing upon in the mere inſolence of their ſuperiority of quality and fortune, to ſuppoſe, as a firſt principle, that the *chance* of *ſtinking him* was worth the *real ſtinking themſelves!* Theſe ingenious men did this, becauſe he was a very wrong-headed fellow. *Uter eſt inſanior horum?*

XXXVIII.

Falsus honor juvat.

HOR.

——— *Medio de fonte leporum*
Surgit amari aliquid, quod in ipsis floribus angat.

LUCRET. IV. 1127.

"SOME young gentlemen of *Clazomene*, (*Bucks*, as we should call them now) coming to *Sparta*, took it into their heads for a frolic, to smear the square stones that the *Ephori* sat on, with grease and soot, which had the effect that those people of bodily wit and humour desired, and smutted the robes of these magistrates; the thing was enquired into, and the authors detected; on which this grave and wise nation treated them as the nature of their fault deserved, without condescending to make a serious affair of it; and ordered the public herald to proclaim, that 'the *Spartans* gave the *Clazomenians* leave to play the fool when, and how, they thought fit." *Plut.*

Perhaps

Perhaps our *ſcandalum magnatum* may be ſomething of a like ſort of courteſy of the public, in reſpect of a noble order.

As there may be, and often are, ſome circumſtances, in the goods of fortune, and even the abundance itſelf, that are inconvenient, nay pernicious; ſo, in regard to the point of honour, there are certain privileges that degrade, and others which are only marks of ſubjection, and a ſort of annual, or other periodical conceſſion of another's ſuperiority, and but a plauſible renewal of homage. Such were in ancient times the *Saturnalian* feaſts; a yearly vacation to mirth and jollity, like our *Chriſtmas*, and at the ſame ſeaſon, to divert cold and darkneſs; where they had ſeveral of our cuſtoms, and, amongſt the others, that of chuſing a mock king of the revels. In this feſtival the maſters waited at table on their ſlaves. " There was one certain day every year, in which, on occaſion of an extraordinary exploit the ſex had performed in an imminent danger of their country, the women of *Argos* wore the

 breeches;

breeches; that is, they dreſſed themſelves in men's cloaths, and the men were obliged to dreſs themſelves in theirs;" [*Plut. Virtues of Women, Ex.* 4.] which law, doubtleſs, muſt have occaſioned infinite diverſion on this burleſque holiday, and would now make a very fruitful ſubject for a maſk or entertainment. I ſuppoſe thoſe *Argives* had an odd turn to whim; for they had another law, "that the bride ſhould always go to bed to her huſband, the firſt night, with a beard on." *Plut. ib.* It would be curious to know the occaſion of this droll cuſtom!

If this was a prerogative that theſe *Argive* ladies aſſerted as a mark of their ſuperiority for the time, they ſeem to have conſulted very ill for themſelves, on ſo critical an occaſion. "An ancient painter was deſired to paint a ſubject, that was left to himſelf to chuſe, only that it ſhould have nothing that could excite lewd ideas, to which he had naturally a great propenſity; ſo he drew a moſt lovely woman naked, and in the moſt luxurious attitude, but with a beard on."

For

For the reſt, theſe moſt ancient people ſeem to have been (like the *Bœotians*) a ſort of *Gothic Greeks*, being never famous for any of thoſe fine qualities of the mind for which we admire that nation; but, inſtead, had thoſe ſort of merry conceits that our anceſtors have left us ſeveral quaint ſamples of, and made good *Pope*'s obſervation, that

Gentle dulneſs ever loves a joke.

Dunciad.

XXXIX.

Sed ego inſipientior quam illi ipſi qui iſta credunt, qui quidem contra ipſos tam diu diſputem.

Cic. de Div. II.

"ANSWER not a fool according to his folly, leſt thou alſo be like unto him," ſays *Wiſdom* itſelf. A man who diſputes with one who is incapable of reaſoning, or on a ſubject which, in its nature, admits not of reaſoning, puts himſelf upon a level with him; as "the victor at the *Olympic* games, who, being accidentally kicked by an aſs, kicked him again, on which the judges who had juſt allotted him the crown, took it away from him again. *Ælian, H. V.*

Diogenes, I think it was, ſeeing two eagerly diſputing on a trifling ſubject, and that neither of them knew any thing of, ſaid, "one of thoſe fellows is milking a he-goat, and the other is holding the pail." Moſt of the great controverſies on religious ſubjects, both thoſe which have happily gone no farther than idle wrangling, and thoſe truly falſe ones, that have engaged whole nations in the moſt furious and inhuman animoſities, and drenched the world in blood, have been altogether of this kind, in which neither ſide underſtood, or ever could underſtand, any thing of the matter; and have been merely one ſhop contending with another for cuſtom: both ſides agreeing in this only; to ſubſtitute ſomething elſe, I know not what, nor they neither, in the room of morality, and the ſocial virtues; which bring the trade nothing; but, on the contrary, it ſubſiſts on the compounding for the want of them, and whoſe credit and intereſts are always ſure to ſink, in juſt proportion as the others riſe. And how can it be otherwiſe, when we build on falſe principles? "Can we ſerve God and Mammon?"

Mr.

Mr. *Pope*, who loved to talk of *Titcum*, (one who uſed to be of the party with him, *Gay*, *Swift*, *Craggs*, and *Addiſon*, and that ſet, in his youth) told us, that *Gay* went to ſee him as he was dying, and aſked him, "if he would have a prieſt?" (for he was a papiſt) "No," ſaid he, "what ſhould I do with them? But I would rather have one of them, than one of yours, of the two. Our fools," continued he, "write great books to prove that *Bread* is *God*; but your booby (he meant *Tillotſon*,) has wrote a long argument to prove that *Bread* is *Bread*."

"As *George Villiers*, duke of *Buckingham*, was dying, which he did at an inn, the duke of *Queenſbury*, going down to *Scotland*, heard of it when he was within a few miles of the place, and went to make him a viſit. Seeing him in this condition, he aſked him 'if he would not have a clergyman?' 'I look upon them,' ſaid the duke, 'to be a parcel of very ſilly fellows, who don't trouble themſelves about what they teach.' So *Queenſbury* aſked him, 'if he would have his chaplain?' for he was a diſſenter. 'No,' ſays *Bucks*, 'thoſe fellows always made me ſick

with their whine and cant.' The duke of *Queenſbury*, taking it for granted he muſt be of ſome religion or other, then ſuppoſed undoubtedly it muſt be the catholic, and told him, 'there was a popiſh lord in the neighbourhood,' named him, and aſked, 'if he ſhould not ſend for his prieſt?' 'No,' ſays he, 'thoſe raſcals eat God; but if you know of any ſet of fellows that eat the devil, I ſhould be obliged to you if you would ſend for one of them." *Dr. Tancred Robinſon.* All of a piece! ſo ended

That life of pleaſure, and that ſoul of whim.
Pope, Ep. III. 306.

Which reminds me of another ſtory I heard profeſſor *Halley* tell Mr. *Trenchard*, at the *Grecian* coffee-houſe, when I was a boy, of " a proteſtant gentleman, who, being in company with ſeveral zealous *Roman*-catholics, and quite tired with their ſaints miracles, and other ſtuff they had got upon, was fallen faſt aſleep; when one of them, giving an account 'how *Chriſt* came in at a window, where ſome of their people were at maſs, in the form of a dove, and was ſeen apparently to flutter about the room for ſome time, and then flew out again;'

again;' the dozing proteſtant, raiſing up his head, ſaid, 'he knew what he did.' 'What do you mean by that, ſir?' ſaid they. 'Becauſe he knew, if he had ſtayed, they would have eaten him."

Mankind have, at all times, and in all places, as it were, ſhewn away in this affair of religion. Here they have been pompous in their talent of nonſenſe, and made a parade of their whole powers of folly. This has been their weak ſide, but ſtill boaſted with ſtate and ſplendor, as generally all weak ſides are. This is their one point of ſo far the greateſt importance, that it is, indeed, in compariſon of all others, of the only importance; the reſt being merely temporary, this eternal! The others but as the clouds that paſs without the leaſt footſteps remaining; and this the firmament itſelf, built upon its everlaſting pillars! Yet, in all the reſt, they are curious and inquiſitive. This they are ever ready to take on truſt, at the firſt word, from every one who will but give themſelves the trouble to deceive them. Cautious in this only, not to believe them directly from themſelves in the

the thing itſelf, but they will honeſtly take their own words, however intereſted, that what they tell them is from heaven.

XL.

Who ſhall decide when doctors diſagree?
Pope, Eſſay on Man.

——————— *Sub judice lis eſt.* Hor.

"NICOLA CALAVRESE, an *Italian* painter and architect, conſiderable in his profeſſion, and a worthy man, had married a young lady of *Aſcoli*, where he always dwelt, of great beauty, with whom he lived in extreme concord and happineſs; but troubles riſing in that city, (which was ſplit into parties in the time of pope *Paul* III) he was forced to fly, and his beloved wife with him. They were purſued by their enemies, who, it appeared, were more ſo for love of her, than any conſideration of party; which when ſhe perceived, and there ſeemed no likelihood of eſcaping, ſhe took a generous reſolution, (perhaps more generous than *Lucretia*'s after-game, which was

was rather like ſhutting the ſtable door after the ſteed was ſtolen.) This beautiful creature, finding the play was for her honour, and her huſband's life, conſulted both, by throwing herſelf headiong from a ſteep bank into a river that was in their way, and would have ſtopped them till the perſecutor came up, and was there drowned, to the endleſs regret of her huſband, who lived the reſt of his days in ſorrow, and the diſappointment of her ruffian, who no longer troubled himſelf with the purſuit, but returned with his followers." *Sandraart Academus*, p. 133, 4. *Vaſari, vit. di M. Calavreſe*

For the reſt, however, as to *Lucretia* and this modern victim of conjugal chaſtity, the degree of their merit is perhaps the ſame, the kind is very different. This ſacrificed her life to her chaſtity; that, her chaſtity to her fame. She could have ſaved her honour, if, with her life, ſhe had given up her reputation; but then the virtuous wife of *Aſcoli* was not reduced to the horrid dilemma of *Lucretia*; ſo that one went down a pure victim to virtue alone; the other a polluted one to calumny; like the

the children of the *Amorites*, through fire and ſmoke, to *Moloch*.

Livy tells the following ſtory of a barbarian woman, whoſe virtue had no drawback, and was another *Judith*, ſo far as it depended on her.

" When the conſul *Cn. Manlius* made war againſt the poſterity of thoſe *Gauls* who had invaded *Greece* under *Brennus*, *Chiomara*, the wife of *Ortiagon*, king of the *Tectoſagæ*, a beautiful young princeſs, was taken priſoner. The officer into whoſe care ſhe, with other captives, was committed, ſought, by all arts, to corrupt her virtue; but not being able to ſucceed, he forced her; and then, to pacify her, propoſed to give her her liberty, for a certain ſum of money ſhe was privately to obtain of her huſband, who was to ſend the ſum ſtipulated by two perſons only, to prevent ſuſpicion, and he himſelf was to meet them at a place appointed to deliver her up. All this was performed accordingly; but as he was taking his leave of her, ſhe had given them a private intimation to murder him, which they did; and cutting off his head, gave

it

it to her; who, wrapping it in her robe, carried it to her huſband; and, preſenting it to him, ſaid, 'that there was now no man living but himſelf who had poſſeſſed her perſon." *Livy* 38, 24. *Plutarch* ſays, that "*Polybius*, a long time after this, converſed with her at *Sardis*, and found her ſenſe and behaviour entirely anſwerable to her virtue.*"

"There is a place in *Spain*, in the kingdom of *Granada*, which has its name from an occaſion like that of the beautiful and virtuous wife of *Aſcoli*. The king of *Granada*, in his wars with the *Chriſtians*, had taken, among other priſoners, a young gentleman of ſo amiable an air and behaviour, and ſuch entertaining wit, that he not only gave him his liberty, but made a friend and companion of him; but the conſequence of this was, that an accident happened which was very natural. The king's daughter fell in love with him, agreed to be baptized, and married him at the firſt *Chriſtian* place of ſecurity they ſhould come to, and went off with him. But they were purſued, and overtaken; on which, wrapping themſelves in

* See the ſame ſtory told by *Plutarch*, *Virtues of Women*, *ex.* 22.

one

one another's arms, they ſlung themſelves down together from a precipice, and, at leaſt, died together. The place is ſtill called *Penna de los Enamorados, the Lovers Rock*, and a croſs ſet on the very ſpot on which they laſt ſtood." *Udal ap Rhys Tour through Spain and Portugal*, p. 164.

XLI.

Nitimur in vetitum ſemper cupimuſque negata.

OVID.

——— *Vix credere poſſis*
Quam ſibi non ſit amicus.——

HOR. SAT. I. ii, 19.

"FRANCIS I. of *France* once having ſate a good while in a thoughtful poſture, with his elbow on the table, and leaning his head on his wriſt, ſomebody aſked what it was made his majeſty ſo penſive? He took no notice for ſome time, but at laſt, ſtarting up, he cried, 'We kings are a parcel of raſcals,' and ſo walked off."

"The

" The kings of *Arem* in the *Eaſt-Indies* ſeem to be of the ſame mind; for as, according to *Tavernier*, theſe idolaters are perſuaded, that, after their death here, they ſhall revive in another world, where the good ſhall enjoy all ſorts of bliſs, without any care of their own, from the mere free bounty of God, who will provide all things for their pleaſure, in recompence of their well-ſpent lives; but that the bad ſhall ſuffer great wants and miſeries; which ſhall however be, in ſome meaſure, relieved by what they can get to carry out of this world with them; in conſequence of this doctrine, the great buſineſs of their lives is, to build themſelves large chapels in their royal pagod, and therein a monument; all which, and great cellars underground, they are perpetually cramming with gold and ſilver, and all ſorts of fine houſhold furniture, with thoſe gold and ſilver idols, that they had had the moſt veneration for in their lives, beſides an elephant, twelve camels, ſix horſes, and a pack of hounds, that are buried alive at their funeral, for the ſame purpoſe." —Not to mention the friends and miſtreſſes they had been particularly fond of, who were obliged to poiſon themſelves, that they

might directly go, and know, 'what commands they had for them." *Tavernier.*

I ſuppoſe it was on the ſame foot, that, among the *Huns*, "the people of quality picked out a certain number, 20 or more, of their chief favourites, with whom they made all things in common; but, whenever they ſhould happen to die, all theſe were to be buried alive with them." *Procopius, Perſian War*, 1. 3.

Theſe people do, as the world generally does in their whole conduct; employ ten times more pains and talents to do wrong, with great inconvenience and bad conſequences to themſelves, than it would coſt them to do the thing that is right, and by far the moſt obvious and natural, and with evident convenience and advantage; nay, and theſe too, ſecure and unenvied; yet all this is done on a ſincere motive of ſelf-love! The caſe is, they are cheated by every preſent appearance, and are the ever-ready dupes of the next hour. One would think it would be the moſt likely (but that experience ſhews, that nothing is ſo unlikely to happen as the thing we think moſt likely) that

that theſe kings, inſtead of the mortal pains they take all their lives to ſecure a mean and precarious ſubſiſtence, and, at the beſt, that could not laſt long, though deſigned for all eternity, would alone have taken the plain and ſimpleſt way of ſecuring an inexhauſtible fund of all they could deſire, to enjoy for the whole endleſs courſe of their exiſtence. This choice ſeemed to meet them full in their path, and to cover and take up the whole way, ſo that it was almoſt impoſſible to ſlip by it, into any little narrow dark dirty alley; yet they all did it; and we all do it perpetually, moſt of us all our lives, but all in various occurrences of them. All "ſelling our birthright for a meſs of pottage."

Perhaps *Rochefaucault* is right, that "ſelf-love, as well, or ill, underſtood, produces all the virtues or vices," and with them the happineſs and misfortunes of life. How many fellows, that end their lives at *Tyburn*, might have lived plentifully and with reputation, on half the induſtry and talents that they have employed to bring them to the gallows!

Men have been for the moſt part perverſe and wicked, in proportion to their powers; and when Don *Quevedo* wondered he ſaw no kings in hell; the Devil bade him 'look down a ſtinking well,' that he brought him to; 'why,' ſaid he, holding his noſe, 'I think here are but few.' 'I don't know what you call few,' ſaid the Devil, 'I am ſure there are all."

XLII.

Dedecorum pretioſus emptor.
HOR. ODE III. 6. 32.

Nemo adeo ferus eſt, ut non miteſcere poſſit.
HOR. EPIST. I. i. 39.

"A Certain great miniſter ſaid of the people he had to do with, that 'there was not one, how patriot ſoever he might ſeem, of whom he did not know the price." I ſuppoſe the ſame may be ſaid of mankind in general, and that Sir *Robert* did not juſt happen upon the only relenting ſet of men in the world. The true upright man is he who has not had a load great enough laid upon

upon him to make him ſtoop. " A duke of *Orleans*, who was a little mad, in one of his freaks came in to the queen (as they were taking to pieces a few reputations of the court, for want of other diſcourſe) and aſked her ſeriouſly, 'whether ſhe thought there was nothing in the world could be found out that would induce her herſelf to do the ſame trick?' 'Lord, your highneſs, what do you mean?' 'What not your own image at full length—at full length! madam, in ſolid gold?' 'No, nor yours together.'— 'What not the fineſt dreſs that ever woman wore; not that, for inſtance, in which *Cleopatra* firſt met *Antony*?' 'Pugh, I have as fine myſelf as that could be.' 'What not for a diamond as big as a coach-wheel?' 'Why, my lord, there is no ſuch in the world.' 'Zounds,' cried the duke, 'what a whore have I loſt for want of a diamond as big as a coach-wheel!" *My father.*

" In a part of the *Eaſt-Indies*," *Montaigne* ſays, " where however chaſtity is of ſingular reputation, yet cuſtom permitted a married woman to proſtitute herſelf to any one who preſented her with an elephant, and

that with glory too, to have been valued at ſo high a rate." *Montaigne* III. 5.

" *Penelope*" herſelf, ſays *Horace*, " was chaſte, becauſe her lovers did not offer enough, nor went the right way to work."

Venit enim magnum donandi parca juventus,
Nec tantùm Veneris, quantùm ſtudioſa culinæ.
Hor. Sat. II. 5. 79, 80.

XLIII.

——— *Pœnamque levavit honore.*
OVID. MET. III. 4.

Honeſt vanity never deſerts us, either in our proſperity or adverſity.

" IT was with great difficulty, and much management, that Mr. *Nelſon*, and the others in friendſhip with thoſe in the aſſaſſination-plot, kept Sir *J. Fenwick* from ſqueaking, and making diſcoveries; but at length they bethought themſelves of making intereſt to get him beheaded inſtead of hanged; and that did it; ſecured him and them;

them, (but very differently) It was ſo unlike a gentleman to ſwing, that he could not bear the thoughts of it; but he was quite proud of being beheaded." Much the ſame thing was ſaid of Mr. *Ratcliff* in the laſt rebellion.

XLIV.

VAnity, like a *Proteus*, appears in a thouſand different forms, but is ſtill very vanity. The emperor *Maximinus*, the father, would eat 60 pounds of meat in a day, and drink 24 quarts of wine; and the great booby (for he was eight feet and an half high, and had, proportionably with all the reſt, a thumb ſo large, that his wife's bracelet juſt ſerved him for a ring, as courageous a woman as her huſband was a man!) would ſweat three pints a day, which he would cauſe to be collected into veſſels, and ſhew with oſtentation." *Jul. Capitol. vit.* 4. "However, he was outdone by the caliph *Soliman bn Abdalmaleck*, who, after having breakfaſted on three roaſted lambs, fairly eaten for his own ſhare, would ſit down to dinner, in public, with credit to his ſtomach,

mach, ſo as to make out in the whole day a round hundred pounds of fleſh." *D'Herbelot*. p. 822.

" A *friend of mine knew a gentleman who would drink on, as long as one company after another would, without ever being affected with the liquor; he would only retire for a minute every quarter of an hour. It paſſed through him, as through a pipe. He is ſure he has known him diſpoſe of 20 quarts while he has been in company."— When *Chriſtopher* duke of *Albemarle* went governor to *Jamaica*, in 1687, as he was a monſtrous drinker himſelf, he carried over with him a couple of gentlemen, only for their ſingular talent in that quality.— Sir *Hans Sloane* told this ‖ friend of mine, that theſe two had challenged one another one night to drink half-pint glaſſes by turns, as faſt as they could well be given them; they had done ſo for ſome conſiderable time, when he retired, (for he went over with the duke) but after about two hours he was called up: one was on the ground, dead to appearance, and as Sir *Hans* himſelf thought;

* Mr. *Palmer*, *July* 24, 1748. ‖ The ſame.

but

but by bleeding, and an oil vomit, he came to himſelf, and next day was able to riſe and walk about, but talked like a drunken man for three weeks, though otherwiſe perfectly recovered in appearance, and then died, almoſt ſuddenly. The other, who was a prodigious fat man, and of vaſt perſpiration, recovered, and lived till 1715, when he had a commiſſion againſt the rebels in *Scotland*, and on ſome advantage gained by a party of theirs, when the reſt of the king's troops ran away, he loſt his life from his exceſſive fatneſs; for his horſe being killed, or falling, he could not ſtir, like Sir *John Falſtaff*, 'three foot of uneven ground a foot,' and was killed when all the reſt eſcaped."

One can hardly conceive how it ſhould ever come to be a thing to boaſt of, that of being able to bear great quantities of drink, except that vanity, (which is never at a loſs) when it finds no other food, will, like luſt, feed on garbage.

XLV.

Nihil eſt tam populare quam bonitas.
CIC. *pro* LIGAR.

NOUSCHIRVAN, or *Choſroes* I. king of *Perſia*, (in whoſe reign *Mahomet* was born) was ſo good-natured a prince, that his people, by varying his name a very little, called him a *ſoul preſerved in honey*.—"One of his officers having offended him he took away his poſt, and baniſhed him, the court; nevertheleſs on a certain annual ſolemnity and feaſt, he came again, and waited as uſual on the great men whom the king treated on that occaſion, who all of courſe ſuppoſed that he was reinſtated, and received him accordingly: during the entertainment, he took an opportunity to make off with a gold plate; the king obſerved it, but took no notice, and when afterwards it was miſſed by the proper officer, and great enquiry made after it, ſaid, 'It was very well, and that the perſon who had taken it would probably never reſtore it, nor he who ſaw it taken diſcover the thief.' The next year

year the ſame officer returned to his poſt in the ſame manner (it looks as if their annual feaſt was a ſort of *Saturnal*, where there was univerſal freedom, and all were in a manner on a level) and as he paſſed near the king, his majeſty reached over to his late officer, and whiſpering, aſked 'if the money he had ſold his gold plate for was quite gone? and gave him joy of his new cloaths, which he ſuppoſed were the laſt of it.' 'No,' ſays he, lifting up his robe, 'I had this fine veſt beſides.' The good king laughed at his aſſurance, and ſaid, 'people that will live, muſt live,' and gave him his place again." *D'Herbelot*, p. 682. A jeſt, luckily timed, according to the humour in which the great then happen to be, by which they are governed far more than by reaſon, which is too troubleſome for them, is generally a much better ſecurity to a poor man than the juſtice of his cauſe; the ſame king, in another mood, would have ordered him to be baſtinadoed, or impaled alive.

" *Edward the Confeſſor* one day being laid down on his bed, one of his domeſtics, who did not know he was in the room, ſtole ſome money out of a cheſt he found open, which

which the king let him carry off without ſaying a word. Quickly after the boy returning to make a ſecond attempt, the king called to him, without the leaſt paſſion, 'Sirrah, you had beſt be ſatisfied with what you have got, for if my chamberlain comes and catches you, he'll not only take away all you have ſtolen, but whip you ſeverely.' The chamberlain coming in after the boy was gone, and miſſing the money, fell into a great rage, but the king calmly ſaid to him, 'Be contented, perhaps, the poor rogue who has it, wants it more than we do; there is enough left for us." *Rapin T.* I. p. 137. A humane and reaſonable reflection!

" Cardinal *Mazarine* had a glimpſe of a gentleman's taking out a bag of gold from a drawer, when he thought himſelf unobſerved, and after ſome time was going off; when his eminence called him back, and told him, 'he had ſomething to ſay to him;' and carrying him into another room, turned to him, and calmly letting him know he noted his theft, told him, that 'as he ſuppoſed he might have ſome preſent occaſion for money, he was welcome to what he had got

got, and that he would even double it,' which he immediately did, but bade him 'never come into his preſence again. I can pardon a friend,' ſaid the cardinal, 'who has abuſed me, but I cannot truſt him."—*Turkiſh Spy*, *V.* III. *L.* 23.

"Honeſt *Rowley* ſaw a raſcal of a pick-pocket, who had got into the drawing-room dreſſed like a gentleman, on his birth-day, take a gold ſnuff-box out of a man of quality's pocket; the rogue, catching the king's eye upon him, had the impudence to put his finger up to his noſe, and make him a ſign, with a wink, to ſay nothing: the king, with a like preſence of mind, took the hint, and enjoyed the earl's feeling about ſoon after in one pocket and another, and looking at all round him; and then calling to him, ſaid, 'You need not give yourſelf any more trouble about it, my lord, your box is gone, and I own myſelf an accomplice; I could not help it, I was made a confident."—*My father.*

XLVI. *It*

XLVI.

Quid de quoque viro, et cui dicas, ſæpe videto.
HOR. EP. I. 18. 68.

——————*Ne mox*
Incutiant aliena tibi peccata pudorem.
HOR. EP. I. 18. 77.

"MR. *P*—— had killed a man very baſely, and judge *Dormer* (whoſe daughter or ſiſter, I think, he had married) went to king *George* I. to petition for him; owning however that there was nothing to be urged in alleviation of his crime; but that he hoped his majeſty would ſave him and his family from the infamy his execution would bring upon them. 'So, Mr. Juſtice,' ſaid the king, 'what you propoſe to me is, that I ſhould transfer the infamy from you, and your family, to me and my family." *Mr. Carter.*

What occaſioned this ſtory to be told, was a gentleman's having juſt before mentioned ſomething of it, when the ſon of this man

man was preſent, without knowing him; but the converſation was happily changed by the preſence of mind of this ſame, who, on Mr. *P*———'s going away, told him the reaſon of his having thus ſtopped him ſhort; for which the gentleman heartily thanked him, and ſaid withall, 'it was very proper a man ſhould know which of his friend's fathers had been hanged.'

The want of being attentive to ſome ſuch maxim as this, has often occaſioned good-natured and well-bred men to put ſome one perſon of the company, and with him all the reſt in conſequence, and himſelf, into the utmoſt confuſion.

As to any particular family accidents, people can never be upon their guard, and they can happen but very rarely; but national reflections, or perſonal deformities, as they may almoſt always affect ſome one of a large company, ſo they are always unjuſt and abſurd.

XLVII. *Leſs*

XLVII.

Leſs wiſe I am not if they cenſure me,
'Tis my own fault if I not wiſer be;
Or that correct which they, in malice, tell;
Or, innocent, rejoice in bearing well.
Fath. Morn. Thoughts, 236.

CRiticiſm on our writings, and ſcandal on our actions, are of great uſe, however unjuſt; we ſhould ſink into indolence, and both our genius and virtue would at length ſtagnate, if not excited and ruffled by oppoſition: It is true, this has diſcouraged middling capacities, and ordinary worth; and has made one ceaſe from producing, and the other has been deterred from the action his heart approved, by cenſure and calumny; but this has never been the caſe of extraordinary merit in either way; it ſtrengthens by the ſtruggle that others force it upon, and has nothing to fear but from too much repoſe; this it always wiſhes, but either the noble emulation of equals, or the daſtard envy of impotent ſelf-love, will ever be pouring down the nauſeous, but ſalutary, draught.

draught. See *Boileau, Ep.* VII. 45, &c. and *Sat.* IX. 230.

" We ſhould have both friends and enemies," ſays *Plutarch*, " one to adviſe us what is our duty, and the other to force us to do it." *Plutarch, How to improve by our enemies.* But I believe, if we muſt have but one, we had better have only enemies, becauſe theſe will ſerve for both.

" *Yu*, king of *China*, had a *Calao* who never failed to tell him his faults with the freedom of a friend, whenever he committed them, and in whatever company; which in time gave the king ſuch a diſguſt to him, that he determined to rid himſelf of ſuch an importunate counſellor at once, and gave orders to take off his head.——The queen-mother, being informed of it, inſtantly preſented herſelf to him in the habit of a gaudy day, and gave him joy. ' Joy!' ſaid the king, ' of what?' ' Why,' ſaid ſhe, ' my ſon, of an event that has hardly ever happened to any monarch upon earth; it is being in poſſeſſion of a ſubject who has the courage to admoniſh you of your faults; and who, in that very quality, is the fineſt courtier,

courtier, and moſt artful flatterer; ſince he, by this boldneſs, inſinuates, that he ſerves a prince who has the virtue and greatneſs of ſoul to bear it." *Alvarez Hiſt. China, P.* I. c. 24, p. 120.

The *Spaniſh* proverb ſays; "There is no better looking-glaſs than an old friend;"* but, I believe, an old enemy, or a new one, is ſtill a better; becauſe ſuch has neither prejudice, nor complaiſance, and does not even ſo much as pretend to our gratitude for the important ſervices he does us, if we have but ourſelves the addreſs to receive them, by a little ſacrifice of our ſelf-love; nay offers an ample amends for this ſacrifice, in the moſt noble of all triumphs over himſelf, by giving us a power of compelling him to the ſlaviſh drudgery of doing ſtill more and more good to the man he more and more hates.

"Arch-deacon *Reeves*, of *Norwich*, told Mr. *Pitt*, that making a viſit once to archbiſhop *Tillotſon*, he obſerved in his library one ſhelf of books of various forms

* *No ay mejor eſpejo,*
Que el amigo viejo.

is

and ſizes, all richly bound, and finely gilt and lettered; ſo he aſked, 'what extraordinary authors they were who were ſo remarkably diſtinguiſhed by his grace?'—— 'Thoſe, ſaid the archbiſhop, 'are my own perſonal friends; and, which is more, whom I have myſelf made ſuch (for they meant to be my enemies) by the uſe I have made of thoſe hints which their malice hath ſuggeſted to me, and from which I have received more profit than from the advice of my beſt and moſt cordial friends; and therefore you ſee I have rewarded them accordingly.*'" *Mr. Pitt.*

* "Upon a bundle of libels found among his papers after his death, he put no other inſcription than this, 'Theſe are libels, I pray God forgive the authors, I do." Dean *Sherlock*'s ſermon at the *Temple*, *Dec.* 30, 1694.

XLVIII.

Urit enim fulgore ſuo qui prægravat artes
Infra ſe poſitas.———

Hor. Ep. II. 1. 13.

A Celebrated work, that every one reads, is a terrible obſtacle to the reception of a new one, that is at all of the ſame kind, or has any thing common with it. People are uſed to the manner, and even ſound, of *Paradiſe Loſt*, and the *Tatlers* and *Spectators*, for inſtance; and every attempt at dangerous blank-verſe, or off-hand moral eſſays, ſets out with a ſcornful prejudice againſt the author's ſelf-ſufficiency and ſervility, two qualities, which, together, make a ridiculous compoſition; and has a hard and almoſt inſuperable taſk, to make its way uphill, in the very mouth and level of the eſtabliſhed reputation of ſuch formidable works, which yet have probably paſſed the ſame ſevere probation before us.

Beſides

Beſides the real merit, (which few perceive, and thoſe few are ſenſible of the difficulties, and are therefore candid) the vanity of affecting to taſte theſe, a lazy indolence in acquieſcing with what we have been uſed to, and the envy and malignity of unſocial ſelf-love, oppoſe themſelves, and far more violently than the former juſt reaſon; and withal, people's prejudices and taſtes are in reality formed to reliſh, and have made themſelves a certain habitude of the very faults and weakneſſes of over-bearing worth. Thoſe who have been all their lives accuſtomed to even the abſurd ſound of *mumpſimus*, cannot bring their tongues to *ſumpſimus*. Nay, a work that has had a great vogue, and which is afterwards altered by the author himſelf, is generally thought, at firſt, to be altered for the worſe; as was the caſe with *Garth*'s *Diſpenſary*. People had been ſo accuſtomed to read it over and over, and even to repeat whole paſſages by heart of the firſt edition, that their ear could not bear the change, and they thought it was their judgment. We now ſee fairly, that every edition was for the better *. Old

* Mr. *Pope* told me himſelf, that 'there was hardly an alteration of the innumerable ones through every

people who have lived long in a ſet of thinking expreſſions, have acquired a certain extemporary animoſity againſt all new writers, as againſt new faſhions.

Not but that authors themſelves are frequently tired and jaded with overmuch thought and application to a firſt work, and prefer a ſecond that they have hurried up, as *Milton* did his *Paradiſe Regained*, and *Taſſo* his ſecond *Jeruſalem*.

We judge by imagination, prejudice, vogue, accidental temper, any thing, rather than by judgment itſelf; though all agree for their own ſelves in their judging by this; it is for others to take all the reſt.

A reader of parts and a lively imagination, will often diſcover, in other men's writings, beauties of ſenſe and expreſſion, that the authors never dreamed of; and theſe that have merit enough to have once eſtabliſhed a reputation, will have as much fame crowd in upon them more than they

edition, that was not for the better; and that he took Dr. *Garth* to be one of the few truly judicious authors.'

deſerve,

deſerve, as a quite new one, or who is under ſtandard, though with good qualities, will have leſs.

The reaſon why moſt authors of merit are a long time before they get an eſtabliſhed reputation, is people's timorouſneſs in declaring their opinions, which is a ſure proof of their want of an authentic teſt in themſelves of what is good and bad; but the very ſame people will ſpeak with all the poſitiveneſs in the world of an author, whoſe character is determined; and are as proud of their ſenſeleſs judgments, now that they have the world to ſtand by them, as they were before afraid to ſpeak out. Yet they have acquired no new lights; and, if they were brought to explain the motives of this approbation, they would appear to have no other than the general one, and none from the work itſelf.

When two or more commend ſome great author with admiration and tranſport, do not imagine preſently, that they both, or all, praiſe and ſee the ſame beauties. No ſuch thing: they muſt have in them ſomething very like his genius, that ſee his

thoughts in the ſame light he ſaw and meant them; they muſt have themſelves a ſample of that ſacred inſtinct, that *divinæ particulam auræ*, which inſpired the author himſelf; elſe they admire often trifling beauties, or real defects, which if the author meant as they underſtand, he would be an obſcure or a contemptible writer. We wonder to ſee ſo many good judges, and ſo few good writers; if we were to ſee upon what they found their judgment, as we do their writings, we ſhould ſee there were as few of one as the other; and, indeed, the very ſame number, if all that judge were to write; for, be ſure, whoever conceives well, will expreſs himſelf ſo, and in exact proportion to his conceptions; *ipſæ res verba rapiunt.* And when a man ſays he has a clear idea of ſomething, but cannot give you a clear idea of what he means, depend upon it, he is confuſed.

If theſe were to come to a free conference, and explain themſelves on the beauties for which they admire the author, how they would ſtare at one another, and deſpiſe each other's wrong-headedneſs, and diſagree about their ſeveral taſtes, even people of

of ſenſe and reading. For inſtance, that one book which is every body's buſineſs, how many different views and lights does every particular part of it appear in, to different people!

Hic liber eſt in quo quærit ſua dogmata quiſque,
Et in quo reperit dogmata quiſque ſua.
Written on the ſpare leaf of a MS. bible.

Let any one compare *Voltaire*'s tranſlation of *Hamlet*'s ſoliloquy, (*Voltaire, Let.* XVIII. p. 173.) and ſee if that excellent writer admired preciſely the ſame beauties that he admires. *Voltaire* alſo quotes with applauſe the archneſs of an epigram that he found in high reputation when he was in *England*, but he underſtood the thing otherwiſe; and, as he gives it, I ſee no cauſe to admire it. He quotes it thus: (it was made on Sir *John Vanbrugh*, as an architect as thick and clumſy, as he was ſprightly in his writings.)

Earth lie light on him, for he
Laid many a heavy load on thee.
Voltaire, Let. XIX. p. 187.

Was this a reaſon why earth ſhould lie *light* on him? The epigram is, indeed, thus:

Lie heavy on him earth, for he
Laid many a heavy load on thee.

Here the *for* comes in with ſome ſenſe; but I cannot imagine what *Voltaire* admired in the other.

As a reader of ſpirit and taſte will often diſcover new and unintended beauties in a celebrated author, and of what he himſelf thinks plagiariſm he is really the fair author, and is only copying his own idea; ſo indifferent and affected writers will imitate the defects:

Decipit exemplar vitiis imitabile,
Hor. Ep. I. 19. 17.

The reputation of the work is a trap for them. "How many bad painters will this *laſt judgment* of mine make!" ſaid *Michael Angelo*. There is a pretty ſtory of this in the *Menagiana*. "The famous *Racan* went one day to viſit Mademoiſelle *de Gournai*, who lived to fourſcore, without chuſing any other huſband than her honour, enriched

riched with the reading of books of wit. As they were intimate, ſhe ſhewed him ſome epigrams ſhe had made, and aſked his opinion. Monſieur *de Racan* told her, 'they were good for nothing, as having no point.' 'Oh,' ſays Mademoiſelle *de Gournai*, 'you are not to look for a point in theſe; they are made after the manner of the *Greek* epigrams.' They went afterwards to dine together at a friend's. A very bad ſoup was ſerved up; Mademoiſelle *de Gournai* turned to *Racan*, and whiſpered, 'a very inſipid ſoup this!' *Racan* whiſpered again, 'a *Greek* ſoup, Mademoiſelle." *Menagiana*, p. 138. *Bayle*, *art. Gournai*, *G. Paſquier*, *Let.* V. II. 18.

XLIX.

——— *Whatever is is right.*

POPE.

——— *Largiare pluſculum.*

CIC. EP. FAM. V. 12.

"DEMOSTHENES owned that hearing a poor woman who was carrying a pail of water, turn to another, as he paſſed, and tell her, 'that is the famous *Demoſthenes*,'

Demoſthenes,' gave him a very ſenſible pleaſure. 'Can any thing (ſays *Cicero*) be vainer and more pitiful than this? and, yet, what a truly great man! but (he continues to obſerve) the caſe was, he had applied himſelf wholly to ſpeak to others, and not with himſelf." *Cic. Tuſc.* V. And *Cicero*, who makes this reflection, would have been (with all his philoſophical ſelf-converſations) as likely as any man ever was, to be delighted with overhearing ſuch a whiſper, and hugging himſelf, cry ſoftly:

——*Pulchrum eſt digito monſtrari, & dicier,*
Hic eſt.—————— *Perſ.* I. 28.

In all other things we are ſatisfied with enough, or cloyed with too much; only of praiſe there is never too much, never enough; vanity has ſtomach and digeſtion for all you can give, and more. Here we are all beggars, and receive all, from all; and whatever they beſtow upon us, we ſtill cry, 'for the love of God, a little more!'

"When *Pericles* was on his death-bed, and juſt going to expire, his friends, who were in his chamber recapitulating all his great actions amongſt themſelves, ſuppoſing him

him to be paſt all attention to what they ſaid, which wanted not the utmoſt effuſion of praiſes; yet he had not enough even in the mortifying ſtate he then was, for he had liſtened to the whole, and ſurpriſed them, when riſing on his elbow, as he could, in that weak condition, he told them, 'all they had ſaid was very well, but he wondered they had forgot one thing, that during his long adminiſtration of the public, never any one citizen had put on mourning on his account." It is true, the very vanity in this caſe was an enhancement of his glory. *Plut. Pericles*, p. 279. (II.)

" And ſo when *Cimon*, at a banquet he gave his friends, heard them commend with the higheſt applauſes, (the applauſes of gueſts!) ſo many great actions that he had performed, and let them go through the long liſt of his atchievements, finding they had done, he ſaid, that 'for his part he owned there was nothing he more valued himſelf upon than for one thing, which was the ſtratagem by which he had outwitted his allies in the *Perſian* war." *Plutarch, Cimon*, p. 407. (IV.)

It was not that *Cimon* or *Pericles* (whoſe boaſt was otherwiſe truly noble) did indeed think theſe were the moſt praiſe-worthy of all they had done, or could come in competition with moſt of thoſe which their friends had praiſed, but they were ſomething more.

The above are great and ſerious; the following is a ridiculous inſtance of the ſame kind:

" *Gay* read a copy of verſes he had made on Sir *Godfrey Kneller*, to him, in which, as he ſaid (for, I do not know how it happened, I never ſaw the verſes) he had puſhed his flattery ſo far, that he was all the while in great apprehenſion that Sir *Godfrey* would think himſelf bantered. When he had heard it through, he ſaid, in his foreign ſtyle and accent, 'Aye, Mr. *Gay*, all what you have ſaid is very fine, and very true; but you have forgot one thing, my good friend, by G—, I ſhould have been a general of an army; for when I was at *Venice*, there was a *Girandole*, and all the *Place St. Mark* was in a ſmoke of gunpowder, and I did like the ſmell, Mr. *Gay*; I ſhould have been a great general, Mr. *Gay!*"

The

The love of praiſe being our one great ſocial principle, as it makes us, in proportion, dependent on the good will of others, which we can only obtain by our behaviour, providence has furniſhed us with an almoſt boundleſs ſhare of a quality that is ſo highly uſeful to us in every ſtate and condition, and in every occaſion of life.—And I believe, it will always hold, that whatever quality or paſſions are univerſal, are alſo proportionably uſeful, whatever the firſt appearance. It is plain we are ſo in regard to our powers of knowledge.

——— *An erit, qui velle recuſet*
Os populi meruiſſe? ———

Perſ. I. 41.

And ſo, vanity, which we ridicule and deſpiſe in one another, becomes in the hands of providence, as accommodated to our ſphere, a general inſtrument of good to ourſelves, and all about us.

Who knows whether our weakneſſes, nay our vices, and our very misfortunes are not purely for our ſervice, as here and now; and whether, upon nice and impartial examination, (the nobleſt and uſefulleſt of all enquiries!)

enquiries!) we ſhould not even be able to penetrate, in ſome competent degree, the wiſdom and goodneſs of providence, even in theſe; and by degrees, ſtill comparing them with one another, and their events, find out the ſecret purpoſes of heaven, (ſo far as they regard us, and which is all we truly want) and trace ſome glimpſe of the ways and paths of its goodneſs and paternal dealings with us, in the things which we moſt lament, both in ourſelves and others, in our own misfortunes, and other's perverſeneſs!

To make a little eſſay on the oppoſitions, and diſappointments of life.

"The chief argument that *Cimon* uſed in his famous ſpeech to the *Athenians*, to perſuade them to ſupport the *Lacedæmonians* in their uttermoſt diſtreſs, when they were invaded all round by their enemies, immediately on an earthquake that had deſtroyed their whole city, and put all things into the laſt confuſion (a juſt and reaſonable cauſe to attack a country, ſays *Swift* in *Gulliver*) was, that 'they might have a rival in *Greece*, who might ſtill keep them in awe, and be as

a bridle to keep their own mutinous inſolence and luxury, from their preſent ſucceſſes and grandeur, within ſome bounds, ſo as not to do themſelves miſchief." *Plut. Cimon* p. 427. (IV.) And this argument weighed with that wiſe ſtate, and carried the queſtion for keeping *Sparta* on foot.

" When *Cato the Cenſor* moſt urged the deſtruction of *Carthage*, ever ending all his debates in the ſenate, however foreign, with this advice, as with the burden of a ſong, the great *Scipio Naſica* as conſtantly oppoſed it, declaring he was of opinion, that '*Carthage* ſhould ſtand,' for the ſame reaſons (as *Plutarch* ſuppoſes)" *Plut. Cato Cenſ.* p. 473. (III.) and accordingly when they had no longer this curb, they drove on headlong to all manner of exceſſes, and became too much for themſelves.

Certainly the diſappointments that from time to time put ſome ſtop to, and check our career, however grievous they ſeem to us at preſent, are often found, on farther opening our proſpect afterwards, and when we are in a condition to think them over agreeably and impartially, to have been for

our

our advantage, and clear benefit in the end; as having hindered us from running ourſelves out of breath; ſo providence acts kindly by us, where we moſt complain; and ſtill more kindly, in neglecting our ſenſeleſs murmurs, and going on to ſerve us, whether we will or no. *Tantum honorum atque opum in me cumulaſti, ut nihil felicitati meæ deſit niſi moderatio ejus*, ſaid *Seneca* to *Nero*; and ſo the great may often, and perhaps commonly, ſay to providence.

I have learned (to ſpeak in *M. Antoninus*'s ſtyle) to be entirely reſigned, or at leaſt that I ſhould be ſo, from a conſtant reflection on this maxim (as I hold it for ſure) that theſe three attributes, infinite goodneſs, infinite wiſdom, and infinite power, united, muſt have ſo contrived, that what is beſt for the whole, is alſo beſt for every individual, (in the ſeveral places and degrees they were to be, to complete the infinitely perfect order of the univerſe) that is to ſay, that every thing is, in all ſenſes, beſt, as being contrived by infinite perfection; and not, as in man's bounded faculties, by one part's convenience to make amends for another's defects, ſo as to be forced to chuſe the leaſt of two evils.

Si

Si vitam inſpicias hominum, ſi denique mores;
Artem, vim, fraudem cuncta putes agere.
Si propius ſpectes, Fortuna eſt arbitra rerum;
Neſcis quam dicas, & tamen eſſe vides.
At penitus ſi introſpicias, atque ultima primis
Connectas, tantum eſt rector in orbe Deus.

L.

Multi ex variis cauſis idem facturi.
SENEC. de IRA. III. 3.

AN anceſtor of lord *Oxford* was executed for treaſon, and died not only with intrepidity, but chearfulneſs. "Do not imagine," ſaid my lord, "it was the good cauſe he died for, or his own religious or philoſophical reflections, or even his natural conſtancy. No, he was a merry fellow, and a man of wit and humour of that time, ſo had good ſpirits;" [no ſmall matter, this ſame conſtitution, in what ſeems often force of reaſon!] "but then he had a thing to ſay, which, at that time, (king *James* I's.) was exquiſite; and which, I make no doubt, (continued my lord) but the thoughts of, made death not only eaſy to him, but it is not improbable that he was

impatient for the time he was to come on the ſcaffold, to let off his conceit, and tell the people, 'My friends and countrymen, I come here to ſuffer for a plot plotted, but not acted; and an act acted, but not plotted." *Lord Treaſurer Oxford to my father.*

Do you think Mrs. *Oldfield*'s cares and management, in her laſt hours, concerning the dreſs of her corpſe, and having the laced head, and fine ſilks, paſs in review before her at her bed's feet, to chuſe the moſt becoming, did not eaſe and remove the horrors of the circumſtance itſelf, and of her particular caſe in reſpect to futurity, more than all that philoſophy or religious conſolations could have done for her turn and temper, or, perhaps, are uſed to do for the heroes themſelves of conſtancy and piety?

We are little people, and made for little things. Philoſophy rather loads and encumbers us often in our ſmall concerns; inſtead of curing our afflictions, as it pretends, generally ſerves only to ſhew them in a ſtronger light; and, inſtead of *thinking them through*, (my dear father's expreſſion, who

who had virtue and abilities for it) and probing them, we had better, for the moſt part, follow *Alcibiades*'s advice to *Pericles*, concerning the public accounts, of which he was puzzled to make out the ſtate, for the people's paſſing, "only think as little of them as we can, and endeavour to avoid ſtating them at all." *Plutarch*, *Pericles*, *ad fin.*

Believe me, and if you will not believe me, examine yourſelf impartially, at leaſt, look all about you, and you will be convinced, that * vanity, trifling, and nonſenſe ſuit human nature, are more fitted to it, and are more its true affair, than thoſe ſhining qualities that we aſſume, for gaudy days and ceremony, but that we are generally glad to unrobe and lay aſide, when we do not ſee company, and enjoy our little amuſements (which we love at the bottom, but do not care to own) with ſnugneſs.

Mrs. *Oldfield*'s expedient was ſimple and natural; moſt of theirs are only buſtling refuges for their fears, and coaxing the ter-

* See *Fontenelle*'s *Dialogues of the Dead*, *Æſop* and *Homer*.

rors that ſhame their former profeſſions; *Plura de extremis loqui pars ignaviæ eſt*; (*Tac. Hiſt.* II.) or often, juſt like Mrs. *Oldfield*'s, vanity of another kind, but more diſguiſed, and therefore leſs generous!

Now, is it to be wondered at, or grieved, or any other way reſented, that Mrs. *Oldfield*, St. *Francis*, and *Seneca*, do not make the ſame end of a life, which conſtitution, accident, and circumſtances have contributed to the ſpending in ſo different a manner? Could ſuch poſſibly ſee the ſame thing in the ſame light? and could her prodigious ſpirits and wanton gaiety, and, as it were, overflow of temper, act in the ſame manner as the ſurly vanity and proud perſeverance of the one, and the calm reſignation of the other? It is not the thing itſelf, (that is almoſt the leaſt to be conſidered, or, at moſt, but half) but as it is received, and it is received according to the veſſel.

——— *Vitium vas efficere ipſum,*
Omniaque illius vitio corrumpier intus.
Lucret. VI. 16.

What we have to do then is, to take care to keep, or put, this veſſel in order. Let

us

us begin; this is half; let us have reſolution to ſearch and ſcour, and not be aſhamed to own it wants it. But what ſhall we ſay of thoſe, who perhaps do not, or cannot, ſee that their veſſel is not in order? And if they think it is, and you think it is not, who ſhall be the judge and decider which is in the right? You, certainly, are not likely to ſee ſo far into it as the owner; but then, on the other ſide, it is the owner's own, and he is partial. We can only judge by appearances, and ſeeming; and, therefore, ought to judge with candour and diffidence. We are perpetually conſidering things as in their properties, (which, by the way, is no other than the view in which they appear to us; the ſame have quite other properties in another view, ſuch as another ſees them in,) whereas, indeed, they, with all their buſtle of properties, qualities, and accidents, are merely relative, and as we ourſelves make them, by our reception. Whatever their own qualities, the impreſſion they make on us, is in proportion to ours; or is rather a mechanical combination of their own, and thoſe they meet with in us. See only what work thoſe, whoſe profeſſion has been to determine the properties of

things, have made of it. In what one ſingle property of what one thing have they agreed? Have they come yet to an iſſue, what is happineſs, and what virtue? Points in which we are moſt of all, and in fine, totally concerned! *Plato* ſees theſe propoſitions in one light, *Zeno* in another, *Epicurus* in another. Theſe, and more, differ from centre to circumference; all in part, and ſubdivide their ſeveral degrees of reception; but all alike ſure to be in the right; in this only agreeing, where almoſt all muſt neceſſarily err. Except we will ſay, that providence hath been all-bounteous, and hath given every one, for himſelf, (with due relation to ſociety) his proper ſhare; and that, however wrong they may be, in reſpect to the eſſential and conſtitutive properties of things, (if theſe have, indeed, any fixed and poſitive qualities independent of the immediate happineſs of, and relation to, the beings they concern) they are equally right in reſpect of themſelves, and their own proper ſatisfaction, which is all they want; and a more acute and keen inſight, a more accurate knowledge, would only hurt their powers of enjoyment, and be too much for them. And thus, it will

appear

appear probable, that all ſorts of human creatures, however differently endowed with talents, fortune, or any other way circumſtanced, whatever the appearances at firſt ſight, or even after the ſtricteſt examination we are capable of, meet pretty nearly in the one eſſential point, that of *happineſs*, (which can hardly be ſaid to have any abſolute property in its own nature, ſo variouſly it offers itſelf, in ſome degree, to all) though by infinitely different ways, thoſe in one, thinking thoſe they ſee in another, going quite wrong, and to have miſſed the road; yet they come into it, and wonder how they meet; and when they think or find themſelves out of it, are as fairly on their journey, as thoſe whom they think in the ſtraiteſt path; judging equally wrong of themſelves and others, but all do ſo, much alike, of one another; ſo they meet in this too. *Uterque ad gloriam, pari cupiditate, diverſo itinere contendit; alter dum expetit debitos titulos, alter dum mavult videri contempſiſſe*, ſays *Pliny* of two of his friends. *Ep.* 9. 19.

LI.

"ANTOINE *de* RUFFI was a lawyer of a very particular ſtamp; he apprehended he had contributed to the loſs of a poor woman's cauſe, in which he was concerned, by ſome inattention and neglect of his, and returned her the whole eſtate out of his own." *Moreri.*

"My father once ſat on the bench, when Sir *Bartholomew Shore* pleaded in the cauſe that was tried, and came home with him in his chariot. As ſoon as they got in, my father ſaid, 'Sure,' Sir *Bartholomew*, 'if you had made ſuch a plea, that poor woman muſt have gained her cauſe.' 'Why, it is very true, Mr. *Richardſon*,' replied he, 'I never thought of it.' 'I expected,' ſaid my father, 'every minute you would lay your finger there.' 'Why, I'll tell you, Mr. *Richardſon*, when a cauſe is not of conſequence, and only between obſcure people, we never much trouble our heads, but ſay juſt what comes uppermoſt.' Oy,' ſaid my father,

father, 'but this was that poor creature's *all*, perhaps, who may ſtarve, or break her heart.' 'Ah! my good friend, you are not uſed to theſe courts."

LII.

Injuriam facile patior, contumeliam nefas.

WHEN I firſt heard that famous joke which was ſaid to be lord *Cheſterfield*'s, and even in a debate in the houſe, turning to the lord next to him, that "he could put them in a way to be never more in fear of the Pretender's ſucceeding to the crown, viz. by making him elector of *Hanover*, for that we ſhould be ſure never to ſend for any body over from thence again;" I ſaid, that "though I thought it had as much wit as any *bon mot* I had ever heard, yet, I believed, that nobleman had more wit than to ſay it."

A piece of mere wit is dearly paid for, when it is paid for at all; and it is very common for the laugh to change ſides.

Wit

Wit is a ſort of a two-edged ſword, which has withal ſo ſhort a handle, that it muſt be taken hold of with more caution than generally falls to the ſhare of that quality, to hinder it from cutting and mangling the hand, and often with ſuch a gaſh, as will leave a ſcar after it is healed, if it ever is.

LIII.

Eſt & fideli tuta ſilentio
Merces. HOR. O. III. 2. 25.

ST. *John Nepomucene* is deſervedly ranked among the greateſt heroes of ſaintſhip, by his countrymen, (and probably his countrywomen, who never yield to us in piety and holy credulity, are not ungrateful for his conſtancy and fortitude in their cauſe.) This martyr for female ſecrets perſiſted in his generous reſolution to ſuffer death, rather than reveal to the king of *Bohemia* the confeſſion that the queen had made to him, as her ghoſtly father; (one may pretty well gueſs at the ſubject in which the king ſuſpected himſelf to be ſo nearly concerned) and accordingly he was thrown headlong from the

the great ſtone bridge over the *Moldaw*, that divides the old and new *Prague** ; and, doubtleſs, the good queen was very glad to ſee her champion's laſt heels well covered with the tide. This new ſaint's ſtatue is ſet up on this bridge, as it is in every public place and ſquare all over the kingdom, and throughout *Germany*, particularly on every bridge in *Vienna* ; a glorious reward and grateful return for a merit ſo important to the ladies ! *Cliſhull*, p. 137.

The inſcription on the bridge at *Prague*, is as follows : *Divo Joanni Nepomuceno an.* 1383, *ab hâc ponte dejecto, erexit Matthias L. B. de Wuneſwitz, an.* 1683.

" Such a poſthumous fame is what the great prince of *Orange* thought it well worth even the animal's parting with this empty life for, ſince he kindly killed ſeven pidgeons, who had been of moſt important ſervice to him, as carriers, in the famous ſiege of *Leyden*, in order to embalm and preſerve them, in the town-houſe, as a per-

* He does not ſeem to have been provided with *Papyrius*'s ſpecific for keeping a ſecret.

petual

petual memorial to poſterity of their uſeful ſervices." *Strada.* And accordingly they have had the pleaſure of being ſeen by me, and many more there.

Probably the poor pidgeons, (whoſe material ſouls had leſs ſublimity and delicacy of ſentiment) if they had been left to their own choice, would have even lived out their time, and left poſterity to admire them or not, as they ſhould find convenient.

LIV.

Illi morbo qui permanat in venas, & inhæret in viſceribus, nec inveteratus evelli poteſt, nomen eſt avaritia.

Cic. Tusc. IV. 2.

——— *One maſter-paſſion in the breaſt,*
Like Aaron's *ſerpent, ſwallows up the reſt.*

"LARKHAM, the apothecary, of *Richmond*, told Mr. *Henry Floyd*, that his patient, Mr. *Watſon*, a man of a very large fortune, and uncle to lord *Rockingham*, juſt before he died, deſired him to give him a ſhirt out of a drawer he pointed to.

'Lord,

'Lord, Sir,' ſaid *Larkham*, 'what do you mean, to think of putting on another ſhirt now?' 'Why,' ſaid *Watſon*, 'I underſtand it is the cuſtom for the ſhirt I have on to be the perquiſite of thoſe who ſhall lay me out, and that is an old ragged one, and good enough for them."

I remember Mr. *Pope*'s repeating to my father and me, in his library at *Twickenham*, four verſes, deſigned for his epiſtle *on Riches*, which were an exquiſite "deſcription of an old lady dying, and juſt raiſing herſelf up, and blowing out a little end of a candle that ſtood by her bed ſide, with her laſt breath." [Theſe verſes are not in the printed edition.]

LV.

"A Queen of *Syria*, having learned from her aſtrologers, that a ſon ſhould be born to *Abdalla*, (*Mahomet*'s father afterwards) who ſhould conquer the greateſt part of the world, wrote to him, to deſire ſhe might be her part." *D'Herbelot.*

"There

" There was a good old lady here, a few years ago, who had a viſion, that a ſon ſhould come of her body, who ſhould put a final end to the power of *Satan* upon earth; and ſhe ſent to the biſhop of *London*, *(Gibſon)* to offer him the refuſal of a half ſhare; but he would not club his part." *My father.*

LVI.

MOSES having obliged the children of *Iſrael* to ſwallow the idol they had worſhipped, reduced to powder, and thrown into the water, brings to my remembrance a cavalier phyſician, who made his puritan patient, who had been forced to ſend for him in a ſtubborn bloody flux, drink up the *Common-Prayer-Book*, boiled to a pulp, which he had found torn to pieces, and ſcattered about the hall, as he came in; ſwearing he would not preſcribe for him, 'till he had done ſo; when, indeed, he would otherwiſe have preſcribed him boiled paper." *My father.*

LVII. IS

LVII.

IS it to be wondered at, that authors of all times ſhould be interpolated, and otherwiſe corrupted; when the *Bible* itſelf, publiſhed at *Paris*, 1538, (a *French* tranſlation) by authority and the expreſs order of the king, (*Charles* VIII.) ſhould have two ſuch ſtrange texts as theſe, without the leaſt colour from the original, foiſted into one chaper (xxxii *Exod.*) in relation to the golden calf! One of them that "the duſt of the golden calf, which *Moſes* burnt, and ground, and ſtrewed upon the water, of which he obliged the children of *Iſrael* to drink, ſoaked into the beards of thoſe of them who had really worſhipped it, and gilded them, which remained upon them a ſpecial mark of their idolatry." The other, that "the children of *Iſrael* ſpate upon *Hur*, who had refuſed to make them Gods, in ſuch abundance, that they ſtifled him with their ſlaver."

If the firſt of theſe texts were genuine, it would account for the horrible apoſtacy of

Judas

Judas Iſcariot, as being deſcended from a family that promiſed no better; ſince it is probable, that the ſame reproachful mark would continue to ſtigmatiſe the race downwards, as a ſign hung out to avoid the bearer; *Cave canem.* It was ſome ſuch *Jew*, probably, turned heathen, of and to whom *Martial* ſpeaks, in his time:

Left-handed, beetle brow'd, and head on fire!
Sir, if you're honeſt, you're a curſed liar.

LVIII.

Qui neſcit diſſimulare, neſcit vivere.

HYpocriſy may ſometimes become a virtue, but is certainly an ugly one, for it is always of vice's making; a vicious man owes the good and virtuous the reſpect of not becoming an example of vice to them, if he no longer eſteems himſelf worthy of keeping up the ſhadow, at leaſt, of character, upon his own account. There is a certain decency in regard to the world, that the world expects; and, if refuſed, will always know how to chaſtiſe the delinquent, who ſhall have the bad courage to dare its reſentment. Let not a jakes overflow.

" When

" When parſon *Ford*, an infamous fellow, but of much off-hand and converſation wit, beſought lord *Cheſterfield* to carry him over with him as his chaplain, when he went ambaſſador to *Holland*; he ſaid to him, 'I would certainly take you, if you had one vice more than you already have.' 'My lord,' ſaid *Ford*, 'I thought I ſhould never be reproached for my deficiency that way.' 'True,' replied the earl, 'but if you had ſtill one more, almoſt worſe than all the reſt put together, it would hinder theſe from giving ſcandal."*

" The author of the life of Don *John* of *Auſtria*, printed at *Amſterdam* 1690, ſays, " This good prince would never avow his amour with Donna *Mendoza*, nor own the daughter he had by her, becauſe he was perſuaded, that the openly profeſſing one crime, was committing another." *Bayle, in his article, remarks it.*

[* In perfect conformity to this opinion, his lordſhip, in his letters, has taken the utmoſt care to arm his ſon with this adamantine ſhield of all the other vices.]

LIX.

Mittis vina mihi; mihi, Pamphile, vina ſuperſunt;
Vis mage quod placeat mittere? mitte ſitim.

ANG. POLITIAN.

You ſend me meat and drink; with theſe I'm burſt;
When next you ſend, Oh! hunger ſend, and thirſt.

NUMBERS of people have more of the gifts of fortune than they know what to do with; and I do not know whether there are not more, in proportion, who ſuffer from abundance than from want; there requires a degree of rightneſs of mind, a certain kind of genius, ſuited to the enjoying an ample fortune,* which is, as it were, clogged with ſuperfluity; that is, to the real enjoying it, with propriety and a due diſpoſal of its parts, ſo as to taſte it all, and not be at all oppreſſed by it; which perhaps is as rare as that which I heard earl *Stanhope* ſay of the duke of *Marlborough*; that "he fought an army of an hundred thouſand men, againſt an equal number of the *French*, and ſo diſpoſed the whole, as to

* Such a gentleman ſeems to have been *L. Thorius Balbus*, in *Cic. de Finib.* II. and *Petronius.*

employ

employ every company." Accordingly we perpetually ſee, by experience, that either the paſſions, having a conſtant ſatisfaction, overſet the conſtitution; or, for want of ſuch to gratify, the fortune becomes a load and reproach. And yet moſt people, eſpecially the laſt, are their whole lives conſidering how to get more of what they have already too much, like princes, who are ever intent on new conqueſts, but never once think of governing well what they have. *Ad regni adminiſtrationem cum acceſſiſſet, ſtatim non de regendo, ſed de augendo regno cogitavit. Juſtin*, XXXVII. 3. *de Mithridate.*

" *Alexander* wept becauſe there was not another world for him to conquer: *Auguſtus* wondered, he could want to know ' what to do with his time, when he had this to adminiſter, and make good laws for, and order with prudence and humanity, for the happineſs of mankind; and when he had ſtill left on his hands, to endeavour to double the number of theſe by the arts of peace, the only way to make amends and atone for the devaſtations he had made in conquering them, inſtead of thinning ano-

ther race in order to conquer that." *Plut. Apoth.* Double your people, you blind brute! inſtead of doubling your country.

So, in private life, there have been a thouſand who have known how to get a great eſtate, to one who has known how to ſpend it!

Give me neither poverty nor riches; feed me with food convenient for me. Prov. XXX. 8.

It is not only fit that every man ſhould have a check on him, and his actions, for the ſake of others, but as much for his own. "*Tiberius* was not only a reaſonable prince, but a much more happy man, before the death of *Germanicus*, which took off all reſtraint from him." *Dion*, LVII. The ſame is the caſe of numbers; and occurs perpetually in private life, as well as in power (which is almoſt conſtantly found to be too much for mankind.) Few men are ſtrong enough for their own paſſions, which not only adviſe, but force; they want aſſiſtance, though they hate to be aſſiſted; the beſt and ſureſt aſſiſtance is generally want itſelf.

LX.

LX.

Πάρφασις, ἥ τ' ἔκλεψε νόον πύκα περ φρονεόντων.

Il. Ξ. 217.

"THERE is ſome one ſtring in moſt men's paſſions, more apt to jar than the others may be," ſays the learned doctor *Slare*, my godfather, a right honeſt man, in a letter to my father. [*July* 27, 1700.]

"*Solon*'s ſtrict and rigid virtue made him oppoſe himſelf to the uſurpation of *Piſiſtratus* with vigour, and to the utmoſt danger of his life, inſomuch that his friends aſked him, 'What he could mean by ſuch downright raſhneſs; or what it was he could truſt to?' 'To my old age,' ſaid he; meaning, that ſuch dregs of life were not worth taking much caution about.—Finer far was that of the prince of *Orange* (*William* III.) when almoſt a boy-ſtadtholder, he withſtood the dreadful *French* irruption in 1672; and the oppoſite faction, and even his friends aſked, 'what he pretended to?' 'To defend my country,' ſaid he, 'to the laſt ditch, and

die there.'—Yet this very old man *(Solon)* of fourſcore, the young *Piſiſtratus* (who knew his popularity, and the opinion the whole city had of his virtue, and was therefore too wiſe to take him off) found the way to appeaſe and cajole (as young *Octavius* afterwards did *Cicero*, and the duke of *Wharton* lord *C*———, and Sir *Robert Walpole* Sir *Joſeph Jekyl)* by his extreme reſpect, and ſhewing him all ſorts of benevolence and honour; upon all important occaſions aſking his advice and counſel; ſo that inſtead of the odium and indignation his death would have loaded him with, he brought him by degrees to approve, and give his ſanction to all his actions; for *Piſiſtratus* affected a religious obſervance of the laws of *Solon*, and obliged others to ſubmit to them, and that too, by his own example; for when a perſon had the old republican courage to accuſe him of a crime, and cite him before the rigid court of the *Areopagus*, he came (though he was abſolute maſter of all) and, with the modeſt reverence of a private man, preſented himſelf to his country's determination: but the accuſer did not appear."—*Plutarch*, *Solon*, p. 483. As probably he had

had before taken care to be pretty ſure he would not.

Auguſtus Cæſar did much the ſame thing when he was emperor. Theſe little ſtrokes of policy ſerve the purpoſe with the multitude; the others, they know, ſee through it; and they laugh on both ſides, like *Cato*'s augurs.*

LXI.

Yielding fruit after his kind, whoſe ſeed is in itſelf.
GEN. I. 11.

EVery virtue and every vice, however circumſtanced in regard to us and our apprehenſions, will, in the end, prove its own rewarder, or puniſher, in its ſure and neceſſary conſequences, to vindicate the perfection of all things (in their degrees) as the author is perfect. We plainly can ſee it is ſo in innumerable inſtances of common life, as well as in hiſtory; and ſhall find it more and more ſo, in proportion as we examine

* *Vetus illud Catonis admodum ſcitum eſt, qui mirari ſe aiebat, quod non rideret haruſpex, haruſpicem cum vidiſſet.* Cic. Div. 2.

and look a little deeper, and more inward into things, with the common juſtice, in their regard, of diveſting ourſelves of the prejudices of their firſt appearances of happineſs or miſery; and taking in the whole circle of what even we can penetrate, here and now; at leaſt enough to give us good grounds to infer more and more, and all.—The ſovereign juſtice of thoſe eternal laws, that execute themſelves, ſeems to demand this.

In reading the hiſtory of the great, how frequently does one find by the event, that it was a misfortune to them to have obtained the things they wiſhed, and which were the object of their ſtrugglings, and utmoſt contention; for as this was generally more and more power, it only let them into new occcaſions of ſcheming what ended in their diſadvantage, or deſtruction.—Their own power ſometimes became too ſtrong for themſelves, and turned their heads or raiſed an oppoſition of jealouſy that was too ſtrong for them; and the ſame happens in proportion, juſt the ſame, in private life; ſince, conſidering mankind's very ſhort view forward, and their utter want of the means of

of judging with any tolerable degree of certainty of future contingences (to them, for there are none ſuch) and the conſtant wrong bias of poor ſelf-love; their power, riches, relations, intereſt, their very health, become moſt frequently a ſnare to them.

What an unhappy ſucceſs was that to the *Borgia* family, the chuſing *Alexander* VI. for pope! which became ſun, water, and air to the horrible qualities within him, that would have died, or but juſt ſprung up, if they had wanted nouriſhment.

Who would have thought, in *Auguſtus*'s time, that the 'eternal empire'* was in 300 years to become chriſtian, from an obſcure infant then born in a deſpiſed and hated corner of the world! and in 600 to be put to a final end, by a little *Arabian* ſlave! Yet nature and providence were working at the root for this, from the very firſt planting of this great politico-moral vegetable; and the ſeeds were gradually ripening, 'till the fulneſs of time, when, while the emperor *Heraclius* was ſitting contentedly amongſt prieſts and monks diſputing ſeriouſly about

* *Imperium ſine fine dedi.*——— *Virg.*

tri-

trifling punctilios of doctrine and faith, *Mahomet*, at the head of a victorious army, was making vaſt ſtrides towards annihilating the *Roman* empire and power, and tearing the better half of the world from Chriſtianity itſelf.

This was, with a vengeance, 'catching at the ſhadow, and dropping the ſubſtance.'

LXII.

Si mihi pergit quæ volt dicere, ea quæ non volt audiet.
TER. AND. V. 4, 17.

"SOME *French* gentlemen, at fort St. *George*, were one day after dinner talking away very uppiſh, and, as uſual, puffing themſelves and their king; which they had gone on with for an hour or two, without controul of our *Engliſh*, to whom they were gueſts, when *Pinky*, a rich black merchant, very well known and knowing amongſt us, only aſked them, 'You *ſavy John* duke of *Marlborough*? Surely he havy beaty for you very well." *Mr. Hugh Campbell.*

This

This is ſomething like "the converſation between *Hannibal* and *Scipio* at *Epheſus*, when the laſt aſking him, 'Whom he judged to be the greateſt general that had ever been?' He ſaid, '*Alexander*.' 'Who the next?' 'Why,' ſaid he, '*Pyrrhus*, doubtleſs.'—— 'Well,' ſaid *Scipio*, (probably thinking it was almoſt time for himſelf to come in) 'who may be the third, in your opinion?' 'Myſelf,' ſaid *Hannibal*. 'But what if I had not *beaty for you*?' 'Oh, then, *Scipio*,' ſaid *Hannibal*, 'I had named myſelf the firſt of all." *Plutarch*, *Flamin. ad fin.* (III.)

XLIII.

"AT ACHIN an elephant, carrying ſome burthen, paſſed by the market-place, and ſeeing ſome plantain fruit, of which they are very fond, took up a bunch with his trunk; the ſeller catching him at it, gave him ſome ſevere blows, and made him drop his prize.—As the elephant came back, obſerving a great veſſel full of water, he ſucked it all up with his trunk, and ſquirted it out into the ſeller's face; and ſo having

having embarraſſed him for a while, carried off the plantains in triumph, with the loud laughter and exclamation of all the by-ſtanders, of whom my author was one."—Mr. *Hugh Campbell.*

XLIV.

"LORD *Stair* had uncontrouled acceſs to the duke of *Orleans*, at all times; on ſome important occaſion, probably, he came into his chamber when the duke was drunk, and in bed with Mademoiſelle *de Liſle*, and the cardinal *Dubois* ſitting by the bed-ſide. 'You ſee, my lord,' ſaid the regent, to him, 'how *France* is governed, by a *bougre d'ivrogne*, *un maquereau*, *& une putaine*." *Ditto.*

"In the time of the rebellion, 1715, he demanded an audience of *Lewis* XIV. and told him, 'he had certain intelligence of ſuch a number of forces that were then ready at St. *Malo*'s to be embarked for *England*.' The king told him 'it was falſe, and he was abuſed.' *Stair* perſiſted, and took a paper out of his pocket, in which was a liſt of the different regiments and companies that

that compoſed this embarkation; and all the officers names. The king, ſo urged, put on his hat, and was turning away; *Stair* clapped on his hat. The king immediately uncovered himſelf again, and ſaid, *Milord, vous ſçavez mieux vôtre devoir que moi.*" *Ditto.*

XLV.

EITHER for want of reſolution to reſiſt ſolicitations, or dread of reproach, or deſire of being ſpoken well of, or idleneſs in perſiſting againſt ſturdy beggars, every man is governed, on a thouſand occaſions in his life, by thoſe he deſpiſes: But, 'do well,' ſays the *Spaniſh* proverb, 'and you ſhall be hated and derided; go on to do well, and you ſhall be loved and admired.'

" Lord *Orford* (the miniſter) declared, a little before his death, that he had never in all his life broken through the rule, of *truſting to himſelf* in the laſt reſort, and being influenced by no importunities or authorities whatever, againſt the voice of his own deliberate

berate and mature reaſon, 'till now, for which he was paying ſo ſeverely; and at laſt paid all. He was himſelf convinced that he was not of a time of life to try practices (for his diſorder, which was the gravel in the kidneys) and ſolicit and ſhock a conſtitution that was yet tolerable; but he was ſo beſet on every ſide to take the lees, (preſcribed by doctor *Jurin*) that he had not reſolution enough, in that late time of day, to ſtand againſt the multitude."

"*Pericles*, who, during a long, active, life had been *maſter of himſelf*, and by that means, of all others; and, above all, emancipated from that ſlavery, ſuperſtition; now weak and dying, ſhewed a friend who came in, a *charm* that he had on his breaſt: 'The women,' ſaid he, 'have made me put on this; ſee what I am come to!" *Plutarch*, *Pericles*, p. 278. (II.)

LXVI. *Thoſe*

LXVI.

Thoſe who hide can find.

"CATO propoſed the making *Pompey* general of the ſenate's army for reſtoring the commonwealth, and oppoſed him to the inundation of *Cæſar*'s ambition; 'becauſe,' ſaid he, 'his own hath been the occaſion of all their preſent calamities; he, therefore,' continued *Cato*, 'will the beſt know how to remedy them;' and accordingly, all the hopes and fortunes of the commonwealth were truſted to his management." *Plutarch*, *Pompey*, p. 510. (V.)

A very precarious way of judging, in my opinion, of ſo great and grave a perſon; or rather jeſting in earneſt on ſo important an occaſion!

He that has run out his own patrimony, is, ſurely, a very improper perſon to be relied on for the ſaving or retrieving that of the public. It was ſaid of the emperor *Charles* IV. that "as he ruined his own houſe to obtain

obtain the empire; ſo, in return, he afterwards ruined the empire, to re-eſtabliſh his own houſe." *Moreri, Emp. Cha.* IV.

As he bought it, he thought he had a right to ſell it again; as a certain * member of the houſe of commons ſaid to his conſtituents, who ſent inſtructions to him, to act in conformity to what they thought was for their intereſt: "I bought you, ye ſcoundrels, and, by G—, I'll ſell you."

LXVII.

— *Tace modo.* TER. ADELP. II. 4. 16.

THE next to being wiſe, is to keep our folly a ſecret. He plays a good ſaving game, who has juſt ſenſe enough to keep his nonſenſe to himſelf.

"When I was a boy, the good old † biſhop of *Peterborough*, a particular friend of my father, uſed to ſet me between his

* *Anthony Henley*, eſq; of the *Grange*, father of the late earl of *Northington*.

† Dr. *Cumberland*, who died in 1718, aged 86.

knees,

knees, and tell me ſtories; and, as I grew up a little, made me write them down, as I could, from his dictating, in a paper-book he gave me for that purpoſe, and bade me repeat them the next time I ſaw him; aſking me what I thought of them? and what remarks I had made on them?

"I remember, among others, he bade me always hold my tongue, 'till I had conſidered whether what I had to ſay would do me credit; and told me this ſtory:

"A lady of his acquaintance had the misfortune to have a ſon, who was a natural fool. She was to carry him one day to a relation's, where there was to be a great deal of company, at a particular entertainment. So ſhe bade him be ſure not to talk, but liſten to others, and then perhaps they would not find him out. He did ſo, and paſſed very well; 'till, at laſt, ſomebody who did not know him, obſerving his driveling looks, like *Cymon* in the fable, whiſpered, 'ſurely, is not that young fellow a fool?' 'Mother, mother,' ſaid the ſon,

'may not I talk now? They have found me out."

But men of ſenſe, in other reſpects, will often be the trumpeters of their own folly, either from a blind ſelf-love, or mere gaiety of heart.

Gratian ſays, "that cardinal *Madruccio* did not call him a fool who committed a folly, but him who told of it afterwards; not one who miſcarried of a folly, but who did not ſtrangle it as ſoon as born." *Gratian, Hero*, c. 2. I think, for a very good reaſon; at firſt a perſon may be ſurpriſed into a weakneſs; there are moments when a wiſe man may be off his guard; but, for the other, he had time to think, and recall ſenſe, if there was any. The *Lacedæmonians* did not conſider the theft itſelf as the crime, but the want of addreſs or courage to conceal it.

Yet this ſecond folly of telling a firſt, at the ſame time confeſſing it to be ſuch, and to be ſo underſtood by the company, is very frequently committed voluntarily; and that too, in order to introduce a third, ſtill greater, ſome ſilly prerogative of fortune

tune or quality, which you are to infer from theſe ſilly round-about ways; and which, at the ſame time that they are to appear modeſt and open confeſſions of weakneſſes in themſelves, are really inſults on the perſons preſent, and generally taken as ſuch, (for their ſelf-love is at work as well as your's) being indeed no more nor leſs than ſweetly intimating, that their ſuperior birth or eſtate let them into thoſe *handſome ills*,* and allowable follies, in them, ſo circumſtanced, which would be inexcuſable in the reſt of the company.

——— *Meæ*
Stultitiam patiuntur opes. ———
Hor. Ep. I. 18. 29.

This is like borrowing money at four *per cent.* to pay off a mortgage at three. A trim reckoning this! A man commits a firſt folly, and ſells that into a ſecond, in order to introduce a third.

* *Rocheſter.*

LXVIII.

Manus manum fricat. ERASM. ADAG.

Put water in the pump.

IF you want to gain ſomething of another, firſt of all think of ſomething you can make him want to gain of you; if you would be tickled, tickle firſt.

" By G—, I love you, Mr. *Cock*, (ſaid Sir *Godfrey Kneller* to *Cock* the auctioneer) and I will do you good; but you muſt do ſomething for me too, Mr. *Cock*; one hand can waſh the face, but two hands waſh one another." *Pope.*

" Old *Jacob Tonſon* got a great many fine pictures, and two of himſelf, from Sir *Godfrey Kneller*, by this means. Sir *Godfrey* was very covetous, but then he was very vain, and a great glutton; ſo he played theſe paſſions againſt the other; beſides telling him he was the greateſt maſter that ever was, ſending him, every now and then, a haunch

a haunch of veniſon, and dozens of excellent claret. 'O my G—, man,' ſaid he once to *Vander Gucht*, 'this old *Jacob* loves me; he is a very good man; you ſee he loves me, he ſends me good things; the veniſon was fat." *Ditto.*

" Old *Geekie*, the ſurgeon, got ſeveral fine pictures of him too, and an excellent one of himſelf; but he had them cheaper, for he gave nothing but praiſes; but then, his praiſes were as *fat* as *Jacob*'s veniſon; neither could be too *fat* for Sir *Godfrey**." *Ditto.*

[* One of the ſons of this Mr. *Geekie*, the late amiable Dr. *William Geekie*, (firſt an officer in general *Pepper*'s regiment of dragoons, when fellow of *Queen*'s *College*, *Cambridge*, and afterwards, taking orders, chaplain to archbiſhop *Wake*, and prebendary of *Canterbury*) had ſome ſhare in theſe praiſes, by the following epigram; which, however, far from being fat and fulſome, is equally delicate and juſt:

While meaner artiſts labour hard to trace
The outward lines and features of a face,
Your magic pencil, Kneller, *takes the ſoul,*
And when you paint the man, you paint him whole.

On reading it, " Send the young man to me," ſaid Sir *Godfrey*, " I'll give him his picture." The pictures above-mentioned are now at lady *Head*'s, at *Canterbury*, the doctor's ſiſter.]

LXIX.

Naturam expellis furcâ, tamen uſque recurret.
HOR. EP. I. 10. 24.

"WHEN *Lewis* XIII. was at the eve of his end, and had paſſed through all the ceremonies, and finiſhed his accounts with God and the world, he caſt his eye on the duke of *Beaufort*, whom he had not obſerved before, at the feet of his bed; he knew he ſaw his preſent ſtate with joy, and was impatient till he ſaw him dead; which ſo provoked him, that he forgot all his reſignation and charity, and cried, 'Theſe fellows come to ſee when I ſhall die; ah! if I can but recover, I'll make them pay dear for their longing for my death." *Motteville, Mem. d'Anne d'Autriche, T.* I. *p.* 121.

Which reminds me of what I heard a *French* officer, when I was abroad, tell of a common ſoldier of his regiment, who was mortally wounded, to whom the good capuchin,

puchin, who performed thoſe offices, adminiſtered the ſacrament; but firſt he told him, "he muſt forgive all the world." "Yes," ſays the poor fellow, "I do forgive all the world, but ſuch a raſcal," whom he named. "Ah!" ſays the capuchin, "but you muſt make no exceptions, and the more he hath injured you, the more meritorious it will be, to pardon him." The fellow could not reliſh this doctrine; but, at laſt, being preſſed by the good father, and told he might die before he had made his peace, he ſaid, "*Ha! mon reverend pere, je lui pardonne donc de tout mon cœur, ſi je dois mourir; mais ſi le bon Dieu me fait la grace de revenir, je jure de par tous les ſaints, que je lui couperai la gorge.*"

"*Handel* ſpoke out, when the prince of *Wales* told him 'he muſt inſiſt on his forgiving *Goupée*; he begged his royal highneſs would ſay no more on that ſubject; for that 'he was a raſcal, who had abuſed his friendſhip, and, above all, had endeavoured to give his royal highneſs an ill impreſſion of him; and that he would never forgive him, even on his death-bed.' 'Come, Mr. *Handel*,' ſaid the princeſs, 'I muſt interpoſe;

I aſk it, as a favour, that you would forgive him.' 'Madam,' ſays the honeſt *Saxon*, 'ſince you command it, I will do it, but, by G—, it is impoſſible."

Human nature is always the ſame, and differs not, in eſſentials, between the greateſt and the meaneſt, the learned and the ignorant, the wiſe and fools.

LXX.

Why ſhould Rome *fall an hour before its time?*

ADDISON, CATO.

"ONE of the ancient philoſophers ordered, by his will, that his body ſhould be given to wild beaſts to devour, that he might ſtill be good for ſomething to the beaſts, as he had endeavoured in his life to be to men."

"A biſhop of this age, in a diſeaſe from which he did not expect to recover, at *Padua*, ordered his body to be delivered to the ſurgeons of that famous univerſity, to diſſect, for the ſame reaſon, that he might be good

good for ſomething as long as he could." *St. Real, Critiq. c.* 2. This is ſtill better, but the ancients did not allow of human diſſections.

LXXI.

Doctors differ.

"JOHN V, duke of *Britany*, marrying his ſon to *Iſabella* of *Scotland*, and enquiring concerning her qualities, was aſſured that ſhe did not want for beauty, and was well made, ſo as to be likely to have children, but that ſhe had not much learning, nor even knowledge of the world.—'So much the better,' ſaid the duke, 'I do not deſire more ſenſe in a wife, than juſt to know the difference between her huſband's waiſtcoat and ſhirt." *Bouchet, Annal. d'Aquitaine.*

"The duke of *Newcaſtle*, whoſe wife was that famous learned dutcheſs, was much of the duke of *Britany*'s mind; for when a friend complimented him on the 'great wiſdom of his wife;' 'Sir,' ſaid the duke, 'a very

'a very wiſe woman is a very fooliſh thing." Mr. *Fellows*.

Learning, and parts, and all fine qualities whatſoever, are only inſtruments, and according as they are applied by prudence and the common ſenſe of the poſſeſſor, become uſeful or miſchievous to himſelf or others.

" The marchioneſs of *Sevigné*, writing to the count *de Buſſi Rabutin*, praiſes him for giving his daughters learning, and not educating them in that groſs ignorance to which others are accuſtomed; for, in fine, 'ſay what they will of the great book of the world, we muſt read others, to know how to read that." *Let.* 98.

LXXII.

A word in ſeaſon. ISAI. 50. 4.

Venerunt capiti cornua ſera meo.
OVID. AMOR. III. 11. 6.

"A Gentleman pretty much advanced in years had been in to *Doctors Commons* for a licence, and coming out full of the joys this magical ſcrawl, this philactery, was to procure him; and with "his brains" (as the *Eaſterns* ſay) "embalmed" with the ſoothing idea, an unlucky parrot, that hung out at one of the windows of thoſe chambers, cried, as he paſſed; 'Go, you cuckold!' The omen ſo confounded theſe gay contemplations, and ſo humbled them at once to a calm but duſky thoughtfulneſs, that he determined, in the end, to make no farther uſe of his new acquiſition." Mrs. *Pinfold.*

What indiſcretion! to teach parrots ſuch foul-mouthed language in *Doctors Commons* of all the places in the world!

LXXIII. *Keep*

LXXIII.

Keep them ſecretly in a pavilion from the ſtrife of tongues.
Pſ. 31. 20.

"ONE *Lord*, a farmer of *Bletſo*, had his eldeſt ſon taken violently ill of a fever, which he had got by lying along to weed on the wet ground; unluckily for the poor young fellow, there came, as in rainy weather too, a great number of crows and ravens about their farm-yard, which all the family took for ſo ſure a ſign that he was to die, by their crying, 'pork! pork!' (which theſe country people have a notion is the moſt like human fleſh of any animal's) that they ſaid, 'it was to no manner of purpoſe to ſend for the apothecary (to *Bedford*, ſeven miles off) to a dead man;' and ſo let the poor wretch lie 'till it ſhould pleaſe God to take him,' as they piouſly waited, without any manner of help or aſſiſtance. At laſt a neighbouring clergyman riding by called in: and ſeeing how things were, made them inſtantly ſend away; the apothecary came; 'Good God,' ſaid he, 'the lad is delirious!

delirious! how long has he been taken?'—They very innocently informed him. 'Why,' ſaid he, 'did not you have him bled? he would have done well enough.'—He died. This was talked of; that *Lord* of *Bletſo*'s eldeſt ſon was dead, and that he had had no care taken of him, from ſo abſurd a notion. '*Lord* of *Bletſo*! why that muſt be *Lord St. John* of *Bletſo*; there is no other *Lord* of that title.' So it ran all over the country that Mr. *St. John* was dead, and how.—'Aye,' ſaid one, 'the gentry will believe ſuch fooliſh ſtories often more than the ſcripture.'—The next ſaid, 'What a reprobate *Lord St. John* was, he did not believe in God, and had been ſo barbarous as to let his eldeſt ſon die of a raging fever, for want of help, he that was ſo rich!' And ſo, the beſt father, and the beſt-natured man living, and who never once had the leaſt doubt but that every thing he had ever heard of *Chriſt* and the goſpel was moſt infallible truth, was traduced without his ſo much as ever hearing of it, as a brute of unnatural cruelty, and a hardened atheiſt." Mr. *Walker*, at *Bletſo*, *July* 9, 1752.

The

The moral of this ridiculous (but true) ſtory is, that as abſurd and unjuſt as it appears, it is the very caſe of every ſcandal, that a whole room hears with attention and complacency, and then propagates, propagates irrevocably! the very caſe both as to blunder and malice; all the various kinds and inſtances have their elements; and only differ in the degrees and proportions of theſe precious ingredients, with which this dark ſtiletto (in the hands often of not ill-meaning people, but only unreflecting and thoughtleſs) is poiſoned.

LXXIV.

Decipimur ſpecie. HOR.

"IT is a fact (ſays *St. Real*) well known in hiſtory, that the Grand Signor offered his aſſiſtance to *Henry* IV. of *France*, at the time he was moſt preſſed by the league. Politicians have not been wanting to themſelves, in aſſigning their good reaſons for this voluntary propoſal. Some have attributed it to the ancient alliance of *France* with the *Ottoman* empire; others to the *Turks* reſentment, then freſh againſt the

the *Spaniards*, for their late defeat at *Lepanto*; others, again, that the king being at that time a *Huguenot*, he was an enemy to the Pope as well as they. There was no truth in all this plauſible reaſoning. The miniſter himſelf, who ſent this offer to his court from *Conſtantinople*, declares the motive to have been no other, than 'that prince's particular averſion to the word *league*." *St. Real, Diſc.* 1.

Theſe are the ambaſſador's own words. He had an idea, probably, of a certain kind of combination of the great againſt their prince, which is what the *Turkiſh* government has moſt to fear.

We ſee men act inconſiſtently every day, and even the wiſe and good do a thouſand things from mere idleneſs or caprice; and yet we conſtantly reaſon on their actions, as if we were ſure they always acted conſiſtently.

" I do not know what prince that was, who, ſeeing a prieſt faſt aſleep in a church, through which he was accidentally paſſing, gave him a canonry, which happened to be

be then vacant, one of the moſt conſiderable of that church for dignity and revenue; 'that it may be ſaid,' (ſaid the king) 'that fortune came to him in his ſleep." *St. Real, ib.* It would have been full as well if he had done it, "that he might, for the future, have a warm ſtall to ſleep in." This would alſo have been a joke upon the clergy, which is, *ipſo facto*, wit by preſcription. However, either of theſe was a ſhorter way than examining into merit.

"As a friend of mine who was in *Ruſſia* in the time of czar *Peter the Great*, and who knew him very well, and was, with other *Engliſh* merchants, frequently in his parties of diverſion, was accompanying him through the apartments, after a debauch of drinking, a poor wretch happening to lie aſleep in one of the lobbies, the czar, in gaiety of heart, drew his ſabre, and, cutting off his head, turned to them, and, laughing, ſaid, 'I cannot but think how that fellow will ſtare when he wakes, and finds his head gone."

Merit is a good pretext for approbation and encouragement, but theſe are generally beſtowed on other qualities, that happen to tally

tally with our humours, or intereſt, or ſome preſent accidental view, better. And ſo too, what appears to us to be virtue or vice in another, (nay, and often in ourſelves) and, perhaps, is ſo; it is not in the manner, nor in the degree, that it appears. We are perpetually liable to miſtake in theſe; and what ſeem great virtues, if traced back to their ſources, are often only plauſible; and great vices would admit of ſtrange and very great alleviations, to any that could poſſibly put themſelves in the very ſame ſituation with thoſe who committed them, and be themſelves the criminal *.

" Can any thing be more plauſible than the magnanimity of *Fulvia*, the wife of *Marc Antony*, who, forgetting all her huſband's injuries and inſults with *Cleopatra*, in *Egypt*, eſpouſed his cauſe ſo vigorouſly againſt *Auguſtus?* only that we learn, from ſome other circumſtances, very authentically, and from an undoubted epigram of

* The ſecret hiſtory of *Zoſimus* is a perpetual lampoon on the plauſible appearances of great actions.

Auguſtus himſelf,* which happens unluckily to be preſerved by *Martial*, that the whole of this heroic zeal was not conjugal affection, conſtancy, and duty, but revenge for *Auguſtus*'s having ſlighted her advances ſome time before, and declined paying, with his perſon, in aſſiſting her to revenge thoſe inſults in kind.

[* Inſtead of the *Latin*, take it much more decently expreſſed in *Engliſh*.

While from his conſort falſe Antonius *flies,*
And doats on [a] Glaphyra's *far brighter eyes,*
Fulvia *provok'd her female arts prepares,*
Repriſals ſeeks, and ſpreads for me her ſnares.
"The huſband's falſe!" But why muſt I endure
This nauſeous plague, or her revenge procure?
What tho' ſhe aſk! How happy were my doom,
Should all the diſcontented wives of Rome
Repair to me in crowds, when ſcorn'd at home!
"'Tis war," ſhe ſays, "if I refuſe her charms:"
Let's think—ſhe's ugly—trumpets, ſound to arms.
Hughes.]

[a] The poetical name for *Citheris*, an actreſs, of whom *Antony* was enamoured. *Virgil* conſoles *Gallus* for her infidelity, in the IXth eclogue, under the name of *Lycoris*.

LXXV. — *Fas*

LXXV.

——— *Fas atque nefas exiguo fine libidinum*
Diſcernunt. ———

HOR. ODE I. 18. 10.

THE poor never fairly forgive the rich their conveniences and ſuperiority, but are ſure, on every occaſion where accident, or the preſent want theſe may have of their more important ſervice, gives them an opportunity, to ſeize on the advantage, and exert their own pride and little temporary boaſt of power. 'Lord *Carpenter*, at a *Weſtminſter* election, where both parties puſhed and were puſhed vehemently, could not prevail on four ſturdy butchers to poll as he would have them, but by letting them ride in his coach, and himſelf walk at the horſes heads and lead them.' Our reſentments do not ariſe from the faults themſelves, but from the manner in which they affect us. We conceive the moſt bitter and irreconcileable hatred againſt a man who hath only put a contemptuous ſlight upon us, though attended with no ſort of crime, and yet can ſee a friend, whom we

ſhall at the ſame time call our ſecond-ſelf, abuſed in a moſt eſſential manner by a villain, with great coolneſs and indifference, and perhaps compliment ourſelves over and above with our chriſtian charity and forgiveneſs. There is a vaſt difference between our ſecond-ſelves and our firſt: *Proximus, longo ſed proximus intervallo.*

" I remember going by one evening, as a gentleman was diſputing with a ſaucy fellow of a hackney coachman who demanded evidently more than his fare; people crowded about, and as they were preſently convinced that the gentleman was wronged, called the coachman a raſcal, and bade him ' take what the gentleman offered him.'— ' Look you there,' ſaid the gentleman to the coachman, ' the very mob take my part.' ' Mob!' cried the people, ' d——n you!' and gave him a great blow on the head, and bade the coachman ' not bate him a farthing of his demand, for that it was no more than his due." Mr. *Ralph.*

LXXVII.—*Vitium*

LXXVII.

——— *Vitium cauſa decoris erat.*

OVID. AMOR. III. 1. 10.

AS ſome people have the happy art of repairing a fault, ſo as to be more beloved than if they had never committed it; ſo others have as ungracious a manner even of conferring or receiving civilities.

" King *Charles* I.'s queen had a great fancy for a fine diamond, but too much money being aſked, ſhe refuſed it. The king, ſome time after, hearing of her liking it, bought it, and coming into her dreſſing-room, with the fondneſs of a good-natured huſband, put it down her boſom: it felt cold, which made her ſhrink; on which it fell down lower, and ſo hurt her; the king ſeeing her out of humour, told her what it was. ' You have done it like a fool,' ſaid ſhe, ' as you do every thing elſe." *Rev.* Mr. *Maunder.*

LXXVIII.

Proprio quodam intelligendi, ut mea fert opinio, ambitu.
QUINT. XII. 10.

"INſtead of inveſtigating the poet's own reflections (ſays *Hurd* on *Horace*'s *Art of Poetry*) the method which common ſenſe and common criticiſm would preſcribe, the world hath been naufeated with inſipid lectures on *Ariſtotle* and *Phalareus*, whoſe ſolid ſenſe hath (in their remarks on *Horace*) been ſo attenuated and ſubtiliſed by the delicate operation of *French critique*, as hath even gone ſome way towards bringing the art itſelf into diſrepute."—*Hurd, introd. Ep. ad Piſones.*

This is the very thing which *Warburton*, and this imitator of him, are doing. They have introduced a new kind of criticiſm, in which they diſcover views and purpoſes the authors never had, and they themſelves never believed they had, nay that they do not deſire you ſhould believe they had; but conſider them as the refinements of their own

own delicate conceptions; only taking hints from theſe authors, to ſhew how much higher they themſelves would have carried the ſame ideas, which thoſe had ſtruck out indeed, but did not know how to make the moſt uſe of.

Bentley began this in *Milton*, and, like what is ſaid of ſome of the great writers among the ancients, both began and perfected the art. *Warburton*'s diſcovering "the regularity" of *Pope*'s *Eſſay on Criticiſm*, and "the whole ſcheme" of his *Eſſay on Man*, I happen to *know* to be mere abſurd refinement in creating conformities, and that, from *Pope* himſelf, though he thought fit to adopt them afterwards.

By this method of overlooking the plain and ſimple meaning, which preſents itſelf at firſt ſight (as that of good authors always does, and is the end of writing, and of words themſelves, only that there is no credit to be gained in diſcovering what any one elſe could diſcover) with proper talents, a good deal of imagination, and more vanity, it might clearly be ſhewn that *Pope*'s *Art of Criticiſm* is, indeed, an *Eſſay on Man*,

and his *Eſſay on Man* was, really, deſigned, by the deep author, for an *Art of Criticiſm*. I *know* that theſe would not be more falſe than the aſſertion and ſophiſtry in proving "the regularity" of his *Art of Criticiſm*, ſince he, when often ſpeaking of it, (before he ſo much as knew *Warburton*) ſpoke of it always, as an "irregular collection of thoughts, thrown together as they offered themſelves, as *Horace*'s *Art of Poetry* was," he ſaid, "and written in imitation of that irregularity," which he even admired, and ſaid was beautiful.

As for his *Eſſay on Man*, as I was witneſs to the whole conduct of it in writing, and actually have his original MSS. for it, from the firſt ſcratches of the four books, to the ſeveral finiſhed copies, (of his own neat and elegant writing theſe laſt) all which, with the MS. of his *Eſſay on Criticiſm*, and ſeveral of his other works, he gave me himſelf, for the pains I took in collating the whole with the printed editions, at his requeſt, on my having propoſed to him the "making an edition of his works in the manner of *Boileau*'s;" as to this nobleſt of his works, I *know* that he never dreamed

of

of the ſcheme he afterwards adopted, perhaps for good reaſons, for he had taken terror about the clergy, and *Warburton* himſelf, at the general alarm of its fataliſm, and deiſtical tendency, of which however we talked with him (my father and I) frequently at *Twickenham*, without his appearing to underſtand it otherwiſe, or ever thinking to alter thoſe paſſages, which we ſuggeſted as what might ſeem the moſt exceptionable.

Hurd's introducing his conjecture, (farfetched ſurely, and without all grounds) on the opening of the *Third Georgic*, and the *Temple of the Muſes*, which he tranſports from *Greece* to *Mantua*, and his criticiſm of the three verſes, are a mere mimickry of *Warburton* and *Bentley*.

What muſt theſe great writers have been in point of clearneſs, the firſt virtue of writing, and its only end! if they have not been underſtood, with the attention of all the men of taſte and learning, for ſeventeen hundred years!

Yet theſe new critics only do by prophane authors, what the *Romiſh* clergy began to do

do very early by the ſacred; introducing forced and far-fetched interpretations to ſerve their ſchemes of bigotry and power, and eſtabliſh an hierarchy, gradually founded on theſe doctrines that they afterwards did not ſo much as pretend were there, but boldly aſſerted the church's own authority and arbitrary right to impoſe, 'till it hath at length grafted, or rather entirely new-founded, the moſt ambitious and perſecuting ſyſtem of public worſhip that ever exiſted, on the moſt ſimple and humane of all religions, whoſe corner-ſtones are humility and charity; and that with the text itſelf ſtaring them in the face!

LXXIX. *Fair*

LXXIX.

Fair Decency, *celeſtial maid,*
Deſcend from heav'n to beauty's aid;
Tho' beauty may beget deſire,
'Tis thou muſt fan the lover's fire;
For beauty, like ſupreme dominion,
Is beſt ſupported by opinion;
If Decency *brings no ſupplies,*
Opinion fails, and beauty dies.

SWIFT, Strephon and Chloe.

DECENCY ſhould ever attend on all our other qualities, however excellent, to make them amiable and reſpected, as the decent Graces always waited on *Venus*. *Hor. O.* I. 4. 6.

There is in every thing (or ought to be, for every thing is capable of it) a certain elegance, a delicacy, a neatneſs, a poliſh, that can alone make it agreeable; and cannot ſubſiſt, or be preſerved, without a certain degree of attention; which, far from a conſtraint, for this would defeat its own purpoſe, to thoſe whoſe lucky form of mind and

and perſon is meant by nature to engage, will be unſought and eaſy.

The ſame is above all in love, and moſt in decent married love, in friendſhip, in relations, from maſter to ſervant, in all connections between man and man.

But we are liable, from the very lazineſs and indolence of our nature, to fall into a certain careleſſneſs, and habitual inattention, which, by degrees, degenerates into a familiarity, and treating thoſe we are perpetually with as ourſelves, which never fails of producing a diſregard that borders very nearly on contempt; not that we deſpiſe ourſelves for what we are ſo over-well acquainted with, but we ſhall infallibly loſe our reſpect for others for the ſame, and ſhall as ſurely loſe that of others for us.

Do not we ſee, that a muzzy fellow, who has nothing in him, ſhall conſtantly gain a ſort of reſpect, and an opinion of wiſdom, only from his miſtaking himſelf firſt to be wiſe; and then, in conſequence of that opinion of his, by affecting a grave and ſolemn deportment

deportment and mien, (which is the more impoſing, as it comes from the heart, and is the effect of his own conviction firſt) ſeduce others to ſuppoſe there is ſomething more than they ſee, and, in time, begin to ſee ſomething more than there is, that warrants his own, and the opinion he hath, by this ſlow and ſure method, cajoled others into.

" Juſt ſuch a one was *Hugh Howard*, who, by means of his name, and affecting to be of the *Norfolk* family, a ſmall eſtate of a gentleman, a ſolemn air, and ſlow diſcourſe, with a very moderate ſmattering of polite knowledge, covered ſo well an extreme ignorance and illiteracy, that he eaſily paſſed for a leading virtuoſo with the nobility, and was even enough conſidered as a ſcholar by *Bentley* himſelf, to make uſe of his negociation with *Tonſon*, which produced that precious edition of his of *Milton*."

" But was not *Bentley* himſelf a glaring inſtance of the effect of a ſteady ſupercilious air of learning, that, aſſuming all to itſelf, received all from others? which could never

ver have been effectually brought about, but from being firſt himſelf perſuaded of what he would perſuade them; and would have carried it all his life, if he had kept to his *Greek* and *Latin*; but, unhappily, his emptineſs, wantonly becoming familiar, in *Engliſh*, courted the contempt it met with; and even though many of thoſe who had been ſo long ſeduced, ſheltered themſelves under the ſtill-impoſing maſk of learned dulneſs, and grave foppery, the moſt nauſeous of all foppery! as Dr. *M.* told me, 'he muſt needs confeſs, his old friend had failed in *Milton*, but was an excellent critic in the learned languages. 'Such,' ſaid I, 'doctor, as I always told you I thought him *there*, and you now find him *here*; and, depend upon it, doctor, a man that is a fool in *Engliſh*, will never be a wit in *Greek* and *Latin*." But

Dulneſs is ſacred in a grave divine——

Pope.

and, in proportion, in all other grave characers. To gain reſpect, be grave. A merry fellow, let him have what qualities he will, may be loved, but never reſpected; whereas a grave fellow, without one valuable quality, and

and who even poſſeſſes the leaſt what he moſt pretends to, provided he is in earneſt himſelf, (for

Si vis me flere, dolendum eſt
Primum ipſi tibi—— *Hor.)*

will certainly pick up fools enough that will reſpect him, and his good ſober empty ſenſe; and thoſe who ſee through him will be borne down by numbers, and their proteſt appear envy. Be grave, if your point be reſpect. Do not we ſee, that even the men of the greateſt real abilities, and employed in the moſt important affairs, nay, and who are the moſt ſtraitened for time, are yet obliged to the farce of gravity, and to be conveyed to *Weſtminſter* as ſlowly as their horſes can drag them? Conſider how few people dare truſt themſelves, or are capable of thinking for themſelves; and, of thoſe few, how very few have reſolution to oppoſe or contradict the torrent of opinion, or are not really lulled by that moſt epidemical diſtemper, even to human nature itſelf, *lazineſs*.

Appearance bribes the imagination, which hath a ſtrange influence on, and violently prepoſ-

prepoſſeſſes the judgment. Gravity is wiſdom's appearance, and very ſtage-dreſs; and if it has juſt ſenſe enough to keep its own counſel, and not become wanton with ſucceſs, will maintain its firſt hold a long time; and, without much merit, will muſter with what it repreſents; whereas the moſt learned and upright judge would obtain no reſpect to his perſon and qualities, if he was to ſit on the bench in his waiſtcoat and night-cap. But if gravity alone, which is a baſtard decency, can acquire, and for ſome time ſupport, reſpect, what will the *true*, when the genuine effect of ſenſe and virtue!

And if this is found in the perſon and real and unblemiſhed worth of a ſincere chriſtian, on principle and ſelf-eſtabliſhed conviction, void of ſuperſtition; with the *mitis ſapientia* of that charming character; ſuch is the height of what human nature can at preſent attain; and ſuch can no more fail of reſpect, nay, a ſhadow of the only authentic reſpect we feel for God himſelf, than the real body can do of its ſhadow; as ſuch would be a godlike man.

LXXX. *De-*

LXXX.

Detrahere & pellem, nitidus qua quiſque per ora
Cederet.———

HOR. SAT. II. 1. 64.

GREAT atchievements and rich robes cover the man, but do not loſe him, either to himſelf, or his own natural qualities.

They are not always the moſt important, and the moſt uſeful ſervices, that are the moſt acceptable, and the beſt rewarded; thoſe which humour the little but intimate paſſions, which are indeed the man, are more grateful often than thoſe which honour and aggrandiſe the king; for let a king be as much king as he will, he is ſtill more a man. Beſides that theſe are accompanied with, and are encumbered by, no jealouſies, either in point of glory or ſafety. Thoſe great and conſpicuous actions ſhew fair and glaring on the great ſtage, the leſſer commonly move the ſtrings behind the ſcenes.

In like manner, we are not to judge of the man by the moſt conſiderable actions*; in theſe he is in his ſtage-dreſs, and conſiders the world as obſerving every word and geſture; but they are thoſe words and actions he thinks none ſee or hear, and when he is gone behind the ſcene; and for the ſame reaſon they are no more the moſt important people who are the judges of the man, but his ſervants, and thoſe who note him when he ſuppoſes none obſerve, and therefore is quite off his guard;

Who ſee, when he is ſeen leaſt wiſe.
Milton, P. L. VIII. 578.

Theſe, if they have ſkill and obſervation, ſee the greateſt perſonages, and thoſe whom the world moſt conſiders, undreſſed and 'making ducks and drakes.' *Hor. S.* II. 1. 71. *Rochefaucault* ſays, ſomewhere, that a 'great man has nobody to fear ſo much, for his character, as his valet-de-chambre.' The more he winds himſelf up and ſtrains the chords for the public, the more he lets himſelf down; as I have been aſſured that "*Prior*, after

* *Unthought of frailties cheat us in the wiſe.*
Pope, Ep. to lord Cobham, 128.

having

having ſpent the evening with *Oxford*, *Bolingbroke*, *Pope*, and *Swift*, would go and ſmoke a pipe, and drink a bottle of ale, with a common ſoldier and his wife in *Long-Acre*, before he went to bed;" not from any remains of the lowneſs of his original, as one ſaid; but, I ſuppoſe, that his faculties

> ———*Strain'd to the height*
> *In that celeſtial colloquy ſublime,*
> *Dazzled and ſpent, ſunk down and ſought repair,*
> *Milton, P. L.* VIII. 454.

for men cannot hold always on the ſtretch; and I have heard that "*Turenne*, after his great fatigues and hurry of ſpirits in thoſe vaſt affairs he had the conduct of, would ſettle himſelf to reſt by the interpoſition of the trifling and empty amuſement of a ſilly novel before he got into bed, or elſe he could not ſleep."

"I have often heard my father *Scævola* tell, (ſays the orator *Craſſus* in *Cicero*) that his father-in-law *Lælius* uſed commonly to go into the country with *Scipio*; and that there theſe great men would become as it were children again, in thoſe receſſes to which they had made their eſcape from the

city as from a priſon. I dare not ſay it of ſuch men, but yet *Scævola* affirmed, that they would ramble on the *Baian* ſhore, and gathering ſlates and oyſter-ſhells, would unbend in plays that credulity itſelf would hardly believe." *Cicero de Oratore*, II.

" I have heard the like of *Oliver Cromwell*, who, when protector of the commonwealth of *England*, would play at romps with his gueſts, and, that in the ſallies of their bodily wit, they would fling cuſhions and carpets at one another." *Sir Thomas Frankland, and Mrs. Bendyſh*, his grand-daughter *.

Men love to be idle, or to have it in their power to be ſo when they will, without reproaching themſelves, or being reproached by others. Idleneſs is a firſt principle in our very nature; we never quit it but by ſome force or other, and are contented to ſubmit to ſome uneaſineſs to avoid a greater. Theſe great characters, and thoſe people whom we honour, and are even obliged to, are a ſort of buſineſs to us, and the heavier, as they degrade us with ourſelves. We ne-

[* See her character, by Mr. *Say*, in *Hughes*'s *Correſpondence*, vol. II.]

ver

ver can quite like thoſe who do ſo, though we are aſhamed to own it, often even to ourſelves, becauſe this ſtill degrades us more in our own opinion, which ſelf-love will either keep up, or be out of humour with that merit which will not ſuffer it. Whatever we may think ourſelves, we never ſincerely forgive others their ſuperiority over us, in any kind; and occaſion will always ſhew it to thoſe who can ſee.

Other people's virtues or accompliſhments may make us admire and even eſteem and honour them; but our good will and affection will be more likely obtained by ſome weak action or misfortune of ſuch.—We are charmed with thoſe little involuntary compliments our friends make our vanity or envy; for we have great reſolution in bearing our friends follies and ſufferings, and we are not ſorry to ſee thoſe we moſt value come down to us a little now and then. The general opinion of *Ariſtides*'s probity hurt thoſe very people who moſt admired it, and moſt enjoyed the good effects of it. Whatever other conveniences, the pride, which we never deſert, or its rights, ſuffered more in proportion.

When a great man, who hath been long envied, and thence hated, though admired, happens to ſuffer ſome ſevere affliction, it at once reconciles his very enemies, by moving their compaſſion, which is a ſort of reſpectful contempt. "*Pericles*, whoſe greatneſs the *Athenians* hated, only becauſe it put in evidence the littleneſs of every one of them, though it was all applied to their benefit, became their darling on the death of his laſt ſon; at whoſe funeral he loſt all his former ſuperiority of ſoul, and appeared to them with the ſame weakneſs and paſſions as themſelves." *Plutarch*, *Pericles*.

Our mutual wants and misfortunes, to which all conditions are liable, keep us in humour pretty tolerably with one another.

Niſi mutuo eſſemus miſeri, olim aliis alii potuiſſemus eſſe faſtidio. Q. *Curt.* V. 5. 12.

LXXXI.—*Vix*

LXXXI.

—— Vix credere poſſis
Quam, ſibi non ſit amicus.——

HOR. S. I. 2. 29.

HENRY *de la Tour d'Oliergues*, viſcount *Turenne*, marſhal of *France*, married, by *Henry* IV.'s procurement, *Charlotte de la Mark*, dutcheſs of *Bouillon*, and ſovereign princeſs of *Sedan*, in whoſe right theſe titles and ſovereignties entered into his family, though he had no children by her; and, indeed, he ſeems, by the ſtory, to have been more concerned for glory than poſterity, ſince he choſe to celebrate his wedding-night, by taking the fortreſs of *Stenai* by ſtorm, having before made his diſpoſitions, and prepared every thing for this purpoſe, he privily, quitted the bride and all the company, who, with great anxiety, waited his return, aſtoniſhed at ſo ſtrange an accident, and abſolutely at a loſs to know what was become of him; 'till they were informed, by the ſucceſs of a moſt furious aſſault and fire,

that he had been where they would leaſt have thought to have looked for him."—*Voltaire, not. Henriad. cant.* VIII. *v.* 99.

Heroes act in a ſuperior ſphere to the reſt of the world; their reaſon is not like the reaſon of others, and their conceptions are above the flight of ordinary men. Such alſo was that of the *Brandenburg* worthy, recorded by the king of *Pruſſia*, in his "Memoirs of his own family;" who, being famous for his military atchievements, ſcorned the ſoft and over-effeminate cuſtom of the generality of mankind, who are wont to plod on in the common track, and do juſt as their fathers had done; but he, having married the moſt beautiful princeſs of the age, went to bed to her, on his wedding-night, armed completely in ſteel. *Memoirs of Brandenburg.*

Sir *Thomas Hanmer*'s wearing a pair of white gloves, on the like occaſion, was but a faint copy of this heroic politeneſs. See "*Hervey*'s *Letter.*"

LXXXII.—*For*

LXXXII.

——— For who would loſe,
Though full of pain, this intellectual being,
Thoſe thoughts that wander through eternity,
To periſh rather, ſwallow'd up and loſt
In the wide womb of uncreated night,
Devoid of ſenſe and motion?

MILT. P. L. II. 146.

SElf-love, and idle fondneſs of life, (with whoſe enjoyments, however, we are perpetually quarrelling, and all along hurrying away, and ſhuffling off, as faſt as poſſible, and by all the means we can invent, in order to get at the next impatient moment) has not only ſuggeſted a future ſtate, in thoſe whoſe darkneſs, for want of revelation, made it not only entirely precarious, but abſolutely void of all proof; but has accordingly put thoſe of them, who had power, upon ſchemes of lengthening out their date of tyranny, and ſeizing upon goods and ſervants for this pretended poſthumous world, and making proviſion, in their own manner, for a life of their own creating.

As

As they took it for granted that they ſhould have the ſame paſſions and enjoyments in this new world to which they had been uſed in the old, they took care betimes to prepare wherewithall not only to ſatisfy theſe; and at their burial had all ſorts of proviſions and houſhold furniture, that they had been the moſt fond of, flung into their grave, or on their funeral pile, after them; but even their wives, ſervants, and friends. *Virg. Æn.* VI. 653.

Julius Cæſar ſays, "The *Gauls*, their kings and chiefs, had a choſen number of thoſe whom they, from the occaſion, called their *devoted friends*, to whom they communicated all their own advantages and ſuperiority in life, ſo as that they enjoyed all in common with themſelves, on the condition of defending them from all misfortunes, or ſuffering them together; and at their deaths to accompany them on the ſame terms into the other world." *Cæſar, B. Gal.* III. 22.

Val. Maximus ſays the ſame of the *Celtiberians*, and *Plutarch* of "the *Spaniards*, among whom this poſthumous fidelity was called 'making themſelves a libation,' which they

they thus poured on the ſacrifice, of which their royal friend was the victim." *Plutarch, Sertorius*, (V.) p. 208.

" *Sextus Pacuvius* devoted himſelf, in this manner, to *Auguſtus* in full ſenate, and called upon all the reſt to do the ſame; which piece of ſervile flattery actually took with ſo great a man as *Auguſtus*." *Dion. L.* LIII. This cuſtom is practiſed at this day in many parts of the *Eaſt* and *Weſt Indies*.

" St. *Paul*, by a fine alluſion, calls himſelf ſuch, in regard of his great maſter, when he zealouſly exhorts *Timothy*, and the reſt of the teachers, to purſue what he had hitherto ſo ardently perſiſted in: 'For my part,' ſays the apoſtle, 'I am become a libation, and am actually pouring out on the ſacrifice, of which my maſter was the victim.' Ἐγὼ γὰρ ἤδη σπένδομαι, that is to ſay, his miniſtry was drawing near an end with his life." II *Tim.* 4. 6. This is the beautiful meaning of that fine text of which the ſupreme eleganceand juſtneſs are utterly loſt to thoſe who cannot ſee the image and beautiful alluſion, for want of knowing this ancient cuſtom, which, at the time St. *Paul* wrote, was familiar to every one.

LXXXIII. *Dulcis*

LXXXIII.

Dulcis inexpertis cultura potentis amici ;
Expertus metuit.——————

HOR. EP. I. 18. 86.

"LYSIMACHUS being in high good humour with the comedian *Philippides*, aſked him, 'What preſent he ſhould make him? What, of all that was in his power, he ſhould beſtow on him?' 'Any thing your majeſty pleaſes,' ſaid *Philippides*, 'but your ſecret." *Plut. Apoth.*

It is a dreadful thing for a little man to have a great one in his power, becauſe it is a dreadful thing for a great man to be in the power of a little one. "Cardinal *Richelieu* having remarked, after *Boiſrobert* (a gentleman of wit, who uſed to divert him after his fatigues) was gone from his cabinet, that there had lain open on the table a certain treaty of great importance, ſent immediately after him, had him arreſted, and clapped up in the *Baſtile* for ſeveral months, without ſeeing a human creature,

ture, 'till this affair was concluded, and then ſent for him, and made him his excuſes: *Boiſrobert* proteſted 'he had never ſeen the paper.' 'I believed ſo,' ſaid the miniſter, 'and was even pretty ſure of it, but I was not quite ſure." *My father.*

" *Hiero*, king of *Syracuſe*, ſaid, 'It was doing a friend an injury, to reveal his ſecret to him, for he put him in great danger of being, ſome time or other, either hated, or feared, or both, for it." *Plut. Apoth.* A perſon lets himſelf into this ſecret, who officiouſly acquaints us of a calumny he has heard of us. We naturally diſlike thoſe who tell us bad news, but beſides we conſider ſuch for the future as conſcious of this reproach, and perhaps believing and ſo ſpreading it, eſpecially if we do not take care to keep well with them.

LXXXIV.

LXXXIV.

Quiſque ſibi.

"THEODORIC, king of the *Oſtrogoths*, in *Italy*, cut off a poor fellow's head, for coming over to his own perſuaſion, which was *Arian*; 'for,' ſaid he, 'if you do not keep your faith with God, how can I expect you ſhould keep it with me?' Perhaps he was only *Arian* as king, as *Henry* IV. of *France* was a papiſt, who, when one of his party turned papiſt too, aſked him, 'what made him turn?' 'I could not follow a better example,' ſaid the courtier, 'than your majeſty.' 'Fool!' ſaid the king, 'have you a crown for it?'" *Moreri.*

William Rufus forced ſome *Jews*, who had been converted, to turn *Jews* again; but he did this to keep his word, like an honeſt man, with the reſt of the *Jews*, whom he had promiſed to make their brethren return to them, for a ſum of money." *Rapin, from Eadmer, a contemporary author.*

By

By the way, *Henry* reaſoned well enough for a king, perhaps, in what he ſaid to his lord; but, in effect, this lord might have as ample a reward for his converſion as his king, in proportion to his ſphere; and ſo too of thoſe in whatever rank, who venture their lives in the quarrels of kings; in reality, they no more ſacrifice themſelves to the ambition of theſe, than the kings ſacrifice themſelves to the liberties, or glory, of their ſubjects. Both alike ſerve themſelves; they equally and mutually ſtand in need of the other's aſſiſtance; they each find their own account, and have no other view.

LXXXV.

Τὸν κατὰ σαυτὸν ἔλα.

CALLIMACH, Epig. I.

Diſputing with greatly inferiors is like ſuing a beggar.

"THE great earl of *Peterborough*, who had much ſenſe, much wit, and much whim, leaped out of his chariot one day, on ſeeing a dancing-maſter, with pearl-coloured ſilk ſtockings, lightly ſtepping

ping over the broad ſtones, and picking his way in extreme dirty weather, and ran after him, (who ſoon took to his heels) with his drawn ſword, in order to drive him into the mud; but into which he, of courſe, followed him himſelf." The dancing-maſter (whoſe ſtage-dreſs was this ſpruceneſs) had, indeed, ſhewn as much good judgment in his ſtation, in avoiding the mud, as my lord did a bad one in his, in running into it. On the contrary, diſputing with a vaſtly ſuperior, is as imprudent in another light; as "he well ſaw, who gave up his *rightneſs* in the argument to *Auguſtus*'s *wrongneſs*, 'becauſe,' ſays he, 'I will not contend with a man who can call forty legions to prove him in the right."

LXXXVI.

One would not, ſure, be frightful when one's dead.
POPE.

"A Lady's beauty is dear to her in whatever ſituation,' ſays *St. Evremond*, 'even in ſickneſs; and if her ſickneſs is ſuch as to occaſion her death, her laſt groan

groan will not be ſo much for the loſing her life as her beauty."

" Mrs. *Burnet*, daughter of dean *Stanhope*,* was a lovely woman: when ſhe died, worn out with a long and painful ſickneſs, in her laſt faintings, as they rubbed her temples with *Hungary water*, ſhe begged them not, for 'that it would make her hair grey." *Lady Lucy.*

* Miſs *Stanhope*, equally diſtinguiſhed for her beauty, wit, good-humour, ſinging, &c. uſed to be frequently at lady *Lucy*'s, when my father ſupped, for many years, every *Friday* with Sir *Berkeley*, at which time he paid her a tranſitory poetical compliment, entitled *By a married man*. She afterwards married biſhop *Burnet*'s eldeſt ſon, who fell in love with her. It was a very advantageous match for her, and he a moſt agreeable and worthy man; but ſhe, having a prior attachment, which could by no means take place, pined in thought, and died.

LXXXVII.

If the Lord were pleaſed to kill us, he would not have received a burnt offering and a meat-offering at our hands. JUDGES, 13. 23.

AS did that fooliſh tyrant, *James* II, who had the unfeeling cruelty to receive his nephew, the poor duke of *Monmouth*, at his feet, when condemned to death; and then, after hearing his ſubmiſſion and ſupplications, to ſend him away to be beheaded: which barbarous abſurdity, perhaps, coſt him his crown; for if *Monmouth* had been living, there would have been a party, which could never have been ſtrong enough to have hurt *James*, but would have ſo divided the intereſt of *William*, that he could not have made any conſiderable figure, nor would probably have attempted an invaſion.

LXXXVIII.

LXXXVIII.

—— Proh ſævior enſe
Parcendi rabies!——

CLAUD. *in* RUFIN. I. 236.

"WHEN felons, in queen *Anne's* war, were pardoned for tranſportation, and ſent to *Flanders* for recruits, the duke of *Marlborough* uſed to ſay, 'Why did they not hang them at home? They only give me the trouble to do it here."

I do not know whether lord chief juſtice *Raymond*'s maxim (and he was a very good-natured man) was not the beſt, 'Never to pardon a firſt offence at all,' for rogues certainly never correct themſelves; partly becauſe it is their natural bent; and becauſe indeed when they are once in this courſe, they cannot get out, as having now no other employment, nor being able to get into any, as they have loſt their character, and what is, if poſſible, ſtill more irrecoverable, being

ing out of the train of induſtry, and the ſet of people who could bring them into it again. But then mercy, as it is called, hath this cruel effect, that the almoſt certain hope of being pardoned the firſt crime, draws in numbers of the unwary to commit ſuch, as promiſing themſelves ſecurity for that; whereas, without this decoy they might have been terrified from the approach to a wretched crooked-lane, a *cul de ſac*, that has a tempting entrance, but no exit at all.

Perhaps this moſt plauſible quality, that we call mercy, might, upon a ſtrict and accurate ſcrutiny, come out a ſplendid vice; and would be found to be only the turning looſe a parcel of raſcals to prey a little longer on the innocent and induſtrious.—All that can be indeed reaſonable in this dazzling notion of mercy, which is the pardoning a criminal, and giving him an opportunity to repent and become an uſeful member of the ſociety, inſtead of cutting him off at once, is, and can be, only built on ſome favourable circumſtances that make ſuch his future conduct likely; but this is not mercy, it is juſtice, it is what he has a right to; if there are no ſuch, what we

are

are pleaſed to give out for mercy, is a mere ungrounded and arbitrary partiality, and an unwarrantable indulgence of our own childiſh compaſſion; or elſe of our vanity, to obtain a character of good-nature and humanity, at the expence of the public, whom we expoſe to a ſort of decimation, and to take their chance wherever the criminal's next malignity or want may happen to light; ſuch mercy is on the ſame footing and principle as the ſparing a mad dog, which it is the intereſt, and right, of a whole village or town to have knocked on the head.

" King *Charles* II. pardoned a man of quality, who had killed his antagoniſt in a duel, baſely; this was the action of a mild and merciful prince, and he was praiſed accordingly for this ' moſt ſhining jewel in his crown.' Some time after, this ſame perſon having murdered another, lord *Rocheſter* ſaid to him; ' It was not my lord —, but your majeſty, that killed this man." *My father.*

LXXXIX.

——— *Vitæ me redde priori.*

HOR. EP. I. 7. 95.

"MR. *Tempeſt* paſſing by one day, a porter reſting himſelf, with his load by him, groaned aloud, and 'wiſhed he had five hundred pounds.' 'Why,' ſays *Tempeſt*, 'I will give you five hundred pounds, and now what will you do with it?' 'Oh,' ſays the porter, 'I will ſoon tell you what I will do with it: Firſt, I will have a pint of ale, and a toaſt and nutmeg, every morning for my breakfaſt.' 'Well, and what time will you get up?' 'Oh, I have been uſed to be up at five or ſix o'clock, ſo I will do that now.' 'Well, what will you do after breakfaſt?' 'Why, I will fetch a walk till dinner.' 'And what will you have for dinner?' 'Why, I will have a good dinner; I will have good roaſt and boiled beef, and ſome carrots and greens—and I will have a full pot every day—and then I will ſmoke a pipe.' 'Well, and then, perhaps you will take a nap.' 'May be I may

may—no, I will not take a nap; I will fetch another walk 'till ſupper.' 'Well, and what will you have for ſupper?' 'Why, I do not know—I will have more beef, if I am a hungry; or elſe I will have a *Welſh* rabbit, and another full pot of beer.'—'Well, and then?' 'Why then I will go to bed, to be ſure.' 'Well, but will not you have a wife too?' 'Oh, d——n it, maſter, I have got one.' 'Pray how much now may you earn a week by your buſineſs?' 'Why, maſter, I can make you eighteen ſhillings a week.'—'Why, will not you be tired now, do you think, after a little while, in doing nothing every day?' 'Why, I do not know, maſter, I have been thinking ſo.' 'Well then, let me propoſe a ſcheme to you.' 'With all my heart, maſter.'—'Why, you can do all this every day, as you are, and employ your time into the bargain. 'Why, really ſo I can, maſter, I think, and ſo take your 500l. again, and thank you."

This honeſt fellow (who was much wiſer than *Pyrrhus* on a like occaſion) determined, as I believe would for the moſt part be done, if people were carefully and unbi-

aſſed to weigh on both ſides. They would find that providence was their beſt friend, in not curſing their ſhort-ſighted ſchemes with compliance; as *Jupiter*, in that fine fable, did *Semele*, who ſaw her wiſh in one view only, but did not conſider that the 'bright inflamed embrace' which was only the 'glow of divine paſſion' for a goddeſs, (which her fond lover tempered as much as poſſible to her bearing) would ſcorch up a mortal to a cinder. *Ovid. Met.*

XC.

Quid de quoque viro, et cui dicas, ſæpe videto.
HOR. EP. I. 18. 68.

SOLOMON adviſes us, 'Not to curſe the king in the hearing of the fowls of the air;' (*Eccleſ.* X. 20.) and *Marcus Antoninus* ſays, 'We ſhould not blame the actions of the great, even in our own hearing.' (*Reflect.* VIII.) Theſe to be ſure; but it is ridiculous to make an enemy, at any rate, wantonly, and in gaiety of heart, becauſe there is no man ſo inſignificant at preſent, but may come, by the frequent rotation,

tion, and toſs of things, to be a moſt uſeful friend, or pernicious enemy; none ever repented the not having made a ſevere joke on another, but thouſands and thouſands have, and bitterly, the having made ſuch, where they little dreamed, at the time, of ever hearing of it again. They often happen unluckily too in a private party, as one may call it, of raillery; for want of knowing the whole of the company, eſpecially if a large one, and what connections may happen to be among them.

" When the famous *Grotius* was ambaſſador in *France*, from *Chriſtina* queen of *Sweden*, his lady, who was a woman of infinite merit,* happening to be very large of perſon, a young fellow of quality ſeeing her in the circle, and not knowing her, turned to another young gentleman who ſtood next him, and aſked him, 'If he knew who that great *Flanders* mare was?' 'Yes, Sir,' ſaid he, 'it is madame the ambaſſadreſs of *Sweden*, and my mother." *My father.*——The ſtory of Sir *Samuel Garth*'s blunder upon blunder of this kind is well known.

* See p. 155.

" A

" A famous *Spaniſh* preacher, making the elogy of *St. Roch* on his feſtival, at this ſaint's great church at *Cadiz*, in preſence of a great number of *French* officers, as well as the conſul and merchants of that nation, after having laid himſelf out in the moſt extravagant and romantic praiſes of his ſubject, to a crowded audience of the firſt diſtinction, as well natives as foreigners, and quite exhauſted all his eloquence, cloſed the whole with this apoſtrophe to his hearers; 'Yes, gentlemen, all that I have been ſaying to you in honour of this great ſaint, and whatever I could ſtill add, is ſo infinitely beneath his merits, that I could not heſitate a moment to place him at the left hand (the place of honour in *Spain*) of the incomparable St. *Jago*, our glorious apoſtle and patron (that is to ſay, above all the other ſaints in paradiſe) but that, by a misfortune that is altogether irreparable, he was born a *gavacho** (that is, a ſcoundrel) of a *Frenchman*. Let us humbly thank God, that he hath vouchſafed us the honour to be born *Spaniards*." *L'Abbat. Voy. T.* I. *p.* 378.

* Of the contemptuous import of this word, ſee *Stevens*'s *Spaniſh Dictionary*, and *L'Abbat. Voy. T.* I. *p.* 283.

St. Roch

St. Roch was only ſon of the lord of *Montpellier* and many other ample ſovereignties, all which, on his father's death, he ſold, and gave to the poor.

This learned orator was of the opinion of "a great lady, who told the biſhop of *Oxford (Secker)* in a viſit he made her as his pariſhioner, how much ſhe had been ſcandaliſed at an expreſſion in his laſt ſermon, by which he ſeemed to intimate, as if 'the pooreſt wretches would be admitted to as high and exalted a place in paradiſe as people of quality; nay, and even on certain conditions, might rank above them;' which he inſiſting ſtill upon, her grace told him, 'he might e'en keep his places to himſelf and his friends, for her."

By the way, this "*St. Roch* was born by a particular grace and favour of heaven; for his noble parents, not having been ſo happy as to obtain an heir, after many prayers and pilgrimages; his good mother came one day to his father, who, it ſeems, had given over all thoughts of this kind, though ſhe had not, (as men are often over-impatient if things do not anſwer juſt to their

their mind, and as ſoon as they expect) and told him 'She had herde the vois of an angell, ſayeng, O *Libera* (that was her name) God hath herde thy prayers, and thou ſhalt receive of him grace of thy petytion; and anone ſhe went to her huſbande, and told him as ſhe had herde of the angell, and thene they hereof joyfully accomplyſhid th' act of matrymony, and ſhe conceyvid." *Saints Lives, Caxton, folio,* 135.

XCI.

Doctors differ.

TWO great critics, *Plutarch* and *Cicero*, differ diametrically in their judgments of that celebrated thought of *Hegeſias* according to one, and *Timæus* according to the other, on the accident of *Diana*'s famous temple at *Epheſus* being burnt the ſame night in which *Alexander* was born; "that it was no wonder, ſince this Goddeſs was abſent from home at the labour of *Olympias*." *Cicero* ſays, that "this thought is extremely genteel and delicate," and *Plutarch*, that "it is cold enough to have extinguiſhed

tinguiſhed the fire; *Alex.* p. 6. (VI.) which reflection of *Plutarch* himſelf is, in my opinion, as cold as the other could poſſibly be. However, men of ſenſe do not ſo much differ from one another often, as they at firſt ſeem to do, and rather take their view of the ſame object from a different ſtand. The thought is pretty, and rather quaint, as *Cicero* ſays, *Concinnè, ut multa, Timæus, qui cum in hiſtoriâ dixiſſet*, &c. and would have been very agreeable and proper, if ſaid off-hand in company, and ſo made no more of.

Sed nunc non erat his locus.
Hor. A. P. 19.

It was certainly altogether out of its place, and, as *Plutarch*, I ſuppoſe, meant, very judiciouſly, unworthy of a writer of hiſtory; ſurely he betrayed and degraded the grave and ſevere majeſty of his ſubject. "*Scipio* and *Lælius*, making ducks and drakes alone in the country, once in their lives, was delightful; it would have been ridiculous and odious in the ſenate-houſe." *Cic. de Orat.* II.

XCII.

XCII.

'AN engaging appearance is a letter of recommendation,' ſaid queen *Iſabella*. We muſt have an indifferent opinion of the friends we do not know of that man, whoſe friends we do know we have a bad opinion of. We ſhall certainly form our judgment of a man, and his company too, by that part of it that we know.

" Cardinal *Beſſarion*, aſſiſting at ſome canonizations at *Rome* of ſome perſons, whoſe lives and characters he had been acquainted with, and knew that they were altogether unworthy of the high honour of this ſpiritual knighthood; and, if they had had their deſerts, would have been ſent to another place, cried out, 'that theſe new ſaints made him doubt of the old ones.' '*Aſſé che queſti ſanti moderni mi fanno aſſai dubitar delli paſſati.*" *Bodin Meth. Hiſt.* c. 4. Applicable to thoſe, I think, very indiſcreet divines, if ſincere, who are ſo angry at *Middleton*'s *Letter from Rome*, and other works, in which he endeavours to pare away ſome of the

the new grafts and ſuckers that weaken the genuine tree, and might, in time, go a great way towards withering it. Such are not very bad papiſts, but very good proteſtants on their principles.

Is there not reaſon to believe, that theſe ſcrupulous people are in the ſituation of their predeceſſors, who "reproached *Tillotſon*, for *whipping the proteſtants on the papiſts backs?* 'What had they to do there?' ſaid the divine prelate."

XCIII.

——*Sacro digna ſilentio.*

HOR. ODE II. 13. 29.

THERE is nothing more ill-bred, not to ſay barbarous and brutiſh, than thoſe unneceſſary noiſes of all kinds in public audiences, that diſſipate the general attention, and obſtruct the ſpeaker; which nuiſance is above all remarkable in churches, chiefly during ſermon, and moſtly by far in the city, where it never fails to tear the thread of reaſoning in the moſt ſerious and important enquiries.

——*Fit*

——Fit audience find, though few,
But drive far off the barbarous diſſonance.
Milton P. L. VII. 13.

Strabo ſays, that " the ancient *Brachmans* demanded ſo ſevere an attention of their diſciples, that if any one not only ſpoke, but even hawked, nay but ſpate, he was obliged to retire from the aſſembly for that day, as a looſe and intemperate perſon."

" *St. Martin* ſaying maſs, as he was turning himſelf toward the people to pronounce the *Dominus vobiſcum*, burſt out a laughing; the congregation were all aſtoniſhed at ſo ſtrange an indecency in ſo holy a perſon; and crowded about the ſaint, that he might ſatisfy them, who anſwered them in this manner: ' As I was intent, ſaid the good man, on the ſacrifice, my eyes were forcibly called off for ſome time by obſerving the devil writing down the tittle tattle of the women during the ſervice on a large ſkin of parchment, and how, when he had filled it all, and came to the bottom, he took it between his teeth and ſtretched it out; but the women ſtill going on, he could not make room enough, and ſo pulling with all his ſtrength, the parchment

tore

tore in half, and he knocked his head againſt the pillar he leaned on;' and when he ſaw this he could not forbear burſting out into a loud laugh." *Du Chat.* note on *Rabelais, Gargant.* I. 6.

This is one of thoſe pious frauds that were very much in faſhion in the early church, and ſhows withal the taſte of thoſe dark ages. "Much more bold was that of *St. Jerome*, who writes a long letter to a certain *Euſtochium*, a lady of quality, whom he had long endeavoured, by all the arguments he could think of, to deter from reading the prophane authors, and apply herſelf wholly to that of the ſcripture, and the writings of the chriſtian biſhops; that he himſelf had been greatly in that taſte, and had read with infinite pleaſure the noble poets, hiſtorians, and orators of antiquity; but that he had received divers warnings in his ſleep againſt this practice ſo unworthy of a chriſtian man, without having given due attention to theſe heavenly impulſes, 'till at length he dreamed that an angel threatened him, with a terrible look and angry voice, if he ſtill perſiſted in his diſobedience, and that

even now he gave him a moſt ſevere ſcourging, and that he had but too ſenſible proofs that this was not a mere illuſion of his fancy, ſince when he awaked in the morning he was all over full of ſtripes, and the bed ſwam with blood.' This he calls God to witneſs the ſtrict truth of, as he ſhall anſwer any the leaſt prevarication on ſo ſolemn an appeal, when he ſhall ſtand before him at the day of judgment." A copy of this letter he ſends to another friend, and deſires him to read it attentively, as one of the fineſt inſtances of ſtyle and oratory that he had produced, and which had its deſired effect upon the perſon for whom it was compoſed. Theſe letters are both publiſhed at length in *Dailes*'s *Uſe of the Fathers*, and which I only quote by memory after more than twenty years. I remember Dr. *Fleetwood*, biſhop of *Ely*, ſeeing this book at our houſe told my father, 'He thought the author had pretty ſufficiently proved they were of *no uſe* at all.'

XCIV. *Sibi*

XCIV.

Sibi ergo habeat ſuos mores, maximè cum bonus dux ſit, et ſeverus, et fortis, et reipublicæ neceſſarius.

M. Aurel. ap. Vulcat. Gallican. vit. Avid. Caſſ. c. 2.

"THE great prince of *Condé* had a fellow brought before him and accuſed of having been taken in the fact of criminal converſation with a he-goat. The prince, in the firſt tranſport of indignation, ordered him immediately away to the gibbet; but, as he was carrying off, bethought himſelf to enquire into his character as a ſoldier which every one extolled as being very regular and ſtrict in point of diſcipline, and having behaved well, and even gallantly, on ſeveral occaſions; ſo the prince put his hand up to his forehead, and rubbing his temples for ſome time in a ſort of muſe, then ſuddenly ſtarted, and ſtroking his whiſkers, ſaid: 'If this fellow is a good ſoldier, and performs the duties of his profeſſion, and ſerves us well, I do not ſee

what we have to do with his amours,' and ſent to ſtop the execution." *My father.*

" There was a ſoldier of this ſort in *Alexander*'s army, who got himſelf put into the muſter of old men and invalids that were ſent home; but as he was a very uſeful fellow, and well known in the army, *Alexander* was ſoon informed of the trick, and that it was only to follow a girl of whom he was fond, who was alſo returning with others on this occaſion; ſo *Alexander*, enquiring firſt, what this young woman was, whom he found to be a courteſan, but no ſlave; ſent for the man, and told him, 'Honeſt friend, I ſhall be very glad to ſerve you in this amour, if we can but be put into any way, either by intreaties or preſents, to hinder her from leaving us; for, as ſhe is a free-woman, I cannot force her to ſtay; ſo bethink yourſelf, and let me know, that we may conſult together." *Plutarch, Alexander, p.* 98. (VI.)

Alexander, with that good-nature which is natural to a noble open mind, never thought of the deceit and deſertion, but of the merit and uſefulneſs, of the man only; whereas there

there is a certain malignity in little minds, that will condemn a leſs fault, and perhaps merely private, and overlook more eſſential and univerſal qualities.

The generous ſpirit of *Alexander* reminds me of a like one, " of another ſoldier, and a brave one too, and an honeſt man; he ſhewed me a fine picture that he had bought, he ſaid, in the ſouth of *France*, out of a convent; and when I admired it, as I thought it deſerved, 'How much do you think I gave for it, Mr. *Richardſon?* 'Nay,' ſaid I, 'general, I do not know, but, to be ſure, a good handſome price.' 'By G—,' ſaid he, 'no more than a bottle of champaigne, and a whore for the father-guardian.' 'You condeſcended, then, general, at leaſt to pimp for his reverence.' 'Oy, for the church, Mr. *Richardſon*—If I can be of ſervice to any friend of yours who has that honour, I deſire you would recommend me." *General Guiſe.*

XCV.

Elle avoit une fierté d'amour propre, qui ne lui permettoit pas de s'abbaiſſer,
Says MARIVAUX of his MARIANNE.

"CATO the cenſor ſaid, he ſhould prefer a wife of a noble family to a rich one; becauſe, though they would both be proud and haughty, yet, the generous pride of the noble would, more probably, be a guarantée of her good and worthy conduct, from a decent and all-virtuous ſhame of condeſcending to any behaviour that was unworthy of her nobleneſs of birth and education; whereas the wealth of the other would rather be an incitement to a vile conduct, as it would be a means to brave it out." *Plut. Cato Cenſ.* (III.) p. 456.

I had much rather have to do with a man's pride than his avarice; one will induce him to do a thouſand diſhoneſt or mean actions; the other will keep him from doing any. I like what was ſaid of a very con-

conſiderable man in his way, and a very friendly one, *Nourſe*, the ſurgeon, that " he was ſo proud a fellow, that he would ſee his patients d—— before he would keep them in hand, or do any little dirty tricks in his profeſſion." One, perhaps, may provoke my vanity, but the other will pick my pocket.

XCVI.

Si mihi pergit quæ volt dicere, ea quæ non volt audiet.
——Non tu tuum malum æquo animo feres?
TER. AND. V. 4. 17.

THOSE who can give a jeſt cannot always take one; and indeed the very expertneſs at this weapon is a ſort of conſequence of the nice feeling of its ſharpneſs. No one was ever more tender and ſore to raillery than *Pope*, who was ſo great a maſter of it, nor conſequently more reſentful; too ſtrong a proof of this was his long affair with *Colley Cibber*, whom he could never forgive his treatment of himſelf and friends on occaſion of their *Three Hours after Marriage*, and which at laſt (as his rul-

ing paſſion grew proportionably ſtronger, as moſt of the others which had ſhared with it dropped off one by one, and his conſtitution was impaired) drew him into great and even fatal indiſcretions, which affected not only his bodily health, but the reputation of perhaps, his moſt excellent work, by the abſurd alteration of the *Hero*, and rendering it by that means no more of a piece.

" The great *Condé* made it one of his principal diverſions to diſcover, and play off, other people's ridicule with his two *beaux eſprits*, the count *de Mioſſens* and *St. Evremond*. This laſt happening one day to aſk the firſt, in the gaiety of his heart, after parting from the prince, 'Whether he did not believe that his highneſs, who was ſo clear-ſighted in diſcovering the ridicule of others, had himſelf his ridicule?' and diverting themſelves and their friends with this tickliſh ſubject; the prince hearing of it (as theſe things generally come round) would never forgive either of them, but diſtanced the count, and took away the other's captainſhip of his guards."—*Des Maizeaux, vie de St. Evremond, p.* 16.

Probably

Probably the prince did not ſuppoſe, from this reſentment, that he could not take a jeſt as well as any other man, but he ſaw no joke in it. The ſame thing has a very different appearance in two ſeveral perſons, when I myſelf am one of them. Self-love is an excellent chymiſt in extracting and evaporating all the ridicule here. Somebody ſaid, 'the eye was made to look forward, not backward.'

" Father *Petre* undertook to convert the duke of *Buckingham* to popery; and among other arguments, that he was prepared with, ſet out with this, which theſe caſuiſts commonly urge, and which, attacking the imagination in its weakeſt part, fear, draws in many ſilly people; 'we,' ſaid the good *Jeſuit*, 'deny that any one can poſſibly be ſaved, out of our church, your grace allows that our people may be ſaved.' 'No, curſe ye,' ſaid the duke, 'I make no doubt but you will be all damned to a man.' The reverend father ſtarted, and ſaid gravely, 'Sir, I cannot argue with a perſon ſo void of all charity.' 'I did not expect, my reverend father,' ſaid the duke calmly, 'ſuch a reproach from you, whoſe whole reaſoning with

with me was founded on the very ſame inſtance of want of charity in yourſelf.' A man muſt be unreaſonable indeed, who refuſes to take his own money back again in exchange.

XCVII.

——— *Ad extremum ſimilis ſibi.* ———

HOR. A. P. 254.

"A friend of mine (Mr. *Richard Graham**) as we were at table (at the *Mitre* with the *Royal Society*) had ſome conceit come into his head on the ſubject they were upon, and his face beginning to ſimmer with it, the perſon he was going to diſcharge it upon (Mr. archdeacon *Squire* †) obſerved it, and was before-hand with him, and ſaid the ſame thing. 'Plague on you,' ſaid *Graham*, 'you have ſmuggled my joke."

"This word was uſed in a like happy manner by the count *de Grammont*, who had

* Surveyor of *Weſtminſter-bridge*.

† Afterwards biſhop of St. *David*'s.

been

been a great libertine, and being now on his death-bed, as all thought, the king ſent the marquis *Dangeau*, a famous devotee of thoſe times, to talk with him of God. The counteſs *de Grammont* was ſitting on the bed-ſide, alſo a profeſſed devotee, and who had before been perpetually teaſing her huſband with repentance. So, after the king's devoté had been haranguing him for ſome time, he turned to his wife, and ſaid, 'Counteſs, if you don't look about you, *Dangeau* will ſmuggle my converſion*.'" *St. Evremond*, T. V. p. 196. The ruling paſſion keeps on to the laſt moment.

St. Evremond (who was a wit by profeſſion) would have been 'glad to be dead,' he ſays, 'to have gone off with that *bon mot*.' It is a ſign he had lived a great while in *England*, 'where,' he ſays, 'they excell all the world in dying.†

* *Conteſſe, ſi vous n'y prenez garde, Dangeau vous eſcamotera ma converſion.*

† *Les* Anglois *ſurpaſſent toutes les nations à mourir. Ils ont une grande vivacité à mourir*, ſays ſomebody.—"No people in the world have ſuch a vivacity in dying as the *Engliſh*."

XCVIII.

Turpe eſt doctori cum culpa redarguit ipſum.

"DR. *Radcliffe* told Dr. *Mead*, 'Mead, I love you, and now I will tell you a ſure ſecret to make your fortune; uſe all mankind ill.' And it certainly was his own practice. He owned he was avaricious even to ſpunging, whenever he any way could, at a tavern-reckoning a ſix-pence or ſhilling, among the reſt of the company, under pretence of 'hating (as he ever did) to change a guinea, becauſe, (ſaid he) it ſlips away ſo faſt.' He could never be brought to pay bills without much following and importunity; nor then, if there appeared any chance of wearying them out.—A paviour, after long and fruitleſs attempts, caught him juſt getting out of his chariot at his own door, in *Bloomſbury-ſquare*, and ſet upon him. 'Why you raſcal,' ſaid the doctor, 'do you pretend to be paid for ſuch a piece of work; why you have ſpoiled my pavement, and then covered it over with

earth to hide your bad work.' 'Doctor,' ſaid the paviour; 'mine is not the only bad work that the earth hides.' 'You dog you,' ſaid the doctor, 'are you a wit? You muſt be poor, come in;' and paid him." *Doctor Mead.*

As for his maxim of 'uſing mankind ill,' he was right. The generality are bullies, and if you do not bully them, they will bully you; and the boldeſt bullyer hath the faireſt chance of carrying it.

Yet, no body ever practiſed this rule leſs than doctor *Mead* (who told me himſelf the ſtory) and who, as I have been informed by great phyſicians, got as much again by his practice as doctor *Radcliffe* did.

But, it is alſo true, that his uſing them ſo well, cauſed him to be infamouſly ill uſed, by ſome who had had the greateſt obligations to him.

XCIX.

XCIX.

———*Placitone etiam pugnabis amori?*

VIRG. ÆN. IV. 38.

WE are very ſevere upon thoſe vices, that we have no taſte for, or are not our favourites, and this helps to pay for thoſe that are. We make a merit of abſtaining from thoſe diſhes we do not like, or have been ſurfeited with, but are very gluttons on what particularly hits our palate. Self-love is never at a loſs. "A poor tame fellow of a *German* pietiſt who was my firſt ſchool-maſter, and got drunk every night, was perpetually preaching to us the efficacy of grace. 'Do you think,' ſaid he once, 'if it was not for grace, that I would not go to bawdy-houſes, and raviſh my neighbours daughters?' There were two very pretty girls at the next door, whom, it ſhould ſeem by this little opening, that the poor man had had a muzzy conceit about, in his cups perhaps. 'No,' ſaid I, 'I believe you would not, whether you had grace

or

or no, Sir.' I remember even now how I looked over his inſipid perſon. So, in a rage, he took up the poor little boy, and whipped him, 'becauſe,' he ſaid, 'he ſaw the ſeeds of atheiſm in him."

"*Alexander the Great* (for, if he pleaſes, I will join him with honeſt Mr. *Wegers*, they are much upon a footing now) ordered two of his *Macedonians*, who had raviſhed ſome ſoldiers wives of his allies, to be executed with the utmoſt ſeverity, 'as wild beaſts,' ſaid he, 'and born for the deſtruction of men; for, as for me', he went on, 'I would not ſo much as ſee the wife of *Darius*, nor even ſuffered any body to talk of her beauty in my preſence." This noble caſuiſt could ſee the crime of thoſe paſſions from which he himſelf was exempt, but made no reflection upon his own eradicating a portion of mankind, and murdering friend and foe, for ambition and drunkenneſs.

C.

Chi dura vince.

NOTHING is like perſiſting, let your cauſe be what it will. "I remember *Pitt*, the journaliſt, being one evening engaged in a metaphyſical diſpute of two or three on a ſide, one of his antagoniſts ſaid, in the courſe of his argument, to one of thoſe of his party, 'God is omnipotent and omniſcient.' *Pitt* turned, in the warmth of diſpute, to his friend, and, holding up his hand before him, cried, 'Don't allow it, don't allow it;' when every body burſt out into a laughter, and put an end to the queſtion, by waking all the diſputants to common ſenſe."

"*Archidamas*, king of *Sparta*, once aſked *Thucydides*, the *Mileſian*, who had been formerly for many years the great concurrent of *Pericles*, who then governed *Athens*, heading the oppoſite faction, 'which of them two was, in his honeſt opinion, the better wreſtler?' He only gave him this anſwer, 'when

when I have given him the faireſt fall in the world, he maintains it to all the by-ſtanders that he is not under me, and inſiſts upon it, 'till he has brought them all over to his opinion, though they ſee me uppermoſt." *Plut. Pericles*, (II.) p. 109.

Therefore, becauſe he would be uppermoſt, he was uppermoſt; out-convicting conviction itſelf by perſeverance. *Crede quod habes, & habes*; or if you can, make others believe. A hardy and inflexible perſeverance aſtoniſhes and diſconcerts your prey, as the rattle-ſnake, that keeps ſtaring with his eyes ſtedfaſtly fixed on the bird in the tree, with an impudent rattling of his tail, 'till it begins to faulter, then tremble, and at laſt drops into his mouth.

CI.

Ibant obſcuri ſolâ ſub nocte per umbram.
VIRG. ÆN. VI. 268.

"IT is better to be in an error, after ſerious enquiry, than to be right by chance," ſaid Dr. *Herring*, afterwards arch-

biſhop of *Canterbury*, in a ſermon at *St. James*'s chapel, that the Rev. Dr. *Allen* heard, and was particularly ſtruck with this candid ſentiment and expreſſion.

Nothing is more common, than for people to ſuppoſe they believe what they actually do not; becauſe, whatever is properly belief is "an aſſent given to a propoſition, of which we either at once ſee, or think we ſee, the truth; or, after having carefully examined into, find various degrees of reaſon to give our aſſent to, according as the arguments for it appear to us." But what is commonly called, and only ſuppoſed to be, belief, is nothing more than an indolent or timorous acquieſcence in what we have been told is truth from our infancy, or otherwiſe; which falſe and fraudful ſenſe of belief is merely local and accidental; and the ſame who is a *Chriſtian* here, would have been a *Mahometan*, born at *Conſtantinople*. Such do, indeed, like the ſuperſtitious *Athenians*, ſacrifice to 'an unknown God,' and, ſtill worſe, one whom they do not deſire to know; but rather abuſe, vilify, and dread thoſe who have themſelves taken ſincere and righteous pains, (as ſuch is, above all things,

things, their duty) to know, and would, to their power, declare to them 'him whom they ignorantly adore and worſhip.'

CII.

Uti excellentium hominum virtutem imitatione dignam, non invidiâ putarent.

CIC. PHILIPPIC. XIV. 6.

NO man envies another what he is not himſelf conſcious of wanting; nor he neither, if he have the ſpirit, inſtead of bemoaning himſelf, to put his utmoſt powers in action to ſupply ſuch want.

"Others expected of thoſe who profeſſed themſelves their friends, that they ſhould have no commerce of friendſhip with them whom they took to be their enemies, only *Julius Cæſar* gave all his their free liberty." *Cic. Ep. Fam.* XI. 28. I ſuppoſe, his vaſt and ſuperior maſter-genius did not deign to envy, or be jealous of any one; therefore no man had ſuch warm and conſtant friends, as *de nullo minus principe queruntur homines, quam de quo maxime licet. Plin. Paneg. Trajan.*

" That was exquiſite of *Apelles*, who, ſeeing the fine works of *Protogenes* at *Rhodes*, and finding that (according to cuſtom) he was not eſteemed in his own country, in any proportion to his merit, deſired to know of him what he would aſk for a picture to which he pointed, which he had juſt finiſhed? And on modeſt *Protogenes*'s telling him an inconſiderable ſum *, he immediately purchaſed it himſelf, and gave him fifty talents; and withal took care to have it induſtriouſly given out, that 'he had bought it, in order to ſell again, when he came home, as one of his own painting." *Plin.* XXXV. 10.

That was a truly brave and independent genius, above envy and jealouſy; which qualities are always accuſing themſelves, and betraying the littleneſs of mind to which they are owing, that *ipſo facto* defeats its own purpoſe; as it praiſes and compliments that very merit it apprehends and fears, and degrades its own, in the very inſtance, while it is impotently ſtriving to

* See a fine ſtory of *Michael Angelo* and *Raphael*, of my father's telling, in my account of the pictures, &c. in *Italy*, p. 105, and *French* edit. V. II. p. 154.

exalt,

exalt, or at leaſt defend its preſent place. But the allowing and honouring another's merit makes the world more careleſs of it, and rather excites its malignity and ſcandal; this is the true way to heap coals of fire upon his head; whereas, when we refuſe others that honour which is plainly their due, and depreciate them, we only do by them, as by books that are ordered to be burned by the hands of the common hangman, (the poſt we give ourſelves on this occaſion!) which only makes them ten times more bought up and read; and all this too with a marvellous prejudice in their favour, as having been treated unjuſtly; and undeſerved ſuffering does itſelf confer a dignity on the perſon, beſides the natural love we have to contradict and oppoſe reſtraint of all kinds, (for all perſecution is ſure to rouſe the dormant ſpirit of zeal and oppoſition) and the juſtice with which we compliment our own ſelf-love, in becoming the defenders of oppreſſed innocence and worth.

"The duke of *Marlborough*, at his death, left prince *Eugene* his ſword; the late lord *Orford*, the miniſter's ſon, was with the

prince, when this mark of his great rival's final eſteem was brought, and preſented to him. He immediately drew it, and, making a flouriſh with it, ſaid, '*Voilà l'epée que j'ai ſuivie par toute cette longue guerre.*" *Sir William Brown.*

CIII.

Tak awaw yon deel, Iſe not care a bawbee for God.
SCOTCH PROV. DR. M.

"SOME officers drinking, in one of their tents, with the chaplain of the regiment, the chaplain gave them for a toaſt 'the king of *France*.' 'What do you mean, doctor,' they all cried, 'our capital enemy!' 'No matter for that,' ſaid the chaplain, 'you live by him.' After ſome little time, one of the officers drank to the chaplain, 'Come, doctor, here's your old friend, the devil.' 'Dear colonel,' ſaid the doctor,' in ſome flutter, 'do you mean to affront me?' 'No matter for that, my dear doctor, ſaid the colonel, 'you live by him.'" *Dr. Sandylands.*

CIV. "GE-

CIV.

"GENERAL *Guiſe* was invited to dinner at *Paris*, among other perſons of rank, by cardinal *Polignac*; who, in diſcourſe, often mentioned his holineſs with great encomiums. The honeſt refugee general could hold out no longer, and told his eminence, that 'the pope was a *bougre*.' The cardinal, as it was at his own table, only roſe and retired; but another of the gueſts followed him, and ſaid, 'his eminence need take no notice, for that the general was a very well-meaning man, but a little odd;' upon which the cardinal returned to table, and, bowing to him, ſaid, '*Monſieur a permiſſion de dire tout ce qu'il veut.*" *Dr. Sandylands.*

"The *Athenians* once coming in a riotous manner into an aſſembly at *Sparta*, the Ephori ordered the heralds to proclaim, in the theatre itſelf, that 'the *Athenians*, in regard to the virtues of their anceſtors, had the privilege to come into all their aſſemblies drunk." *Plut.*

CV.

"GENERAL *Guiſe*, going over one campaign to *Flanders*, obſerved a young raw officer who was in the ſame veſſel, and, with his uſual humanity, told him 'he would take care of him, and conduct him to *Antwerp*,' where they were both going; which he accordingly did, and then took leave of him. The young fellow was ſoon told, by other arch rogues that he happened to fall in with, that 'he muſt ſignaliſe himſelf by fighting ſome man of known courage, or elſe he would be ſoon deſpiſed in the regiment.' The young gentleman ſaid, 'he knew nobody but colonel *Guiſe*, and he had received great obligations from him.' 'It is all one for that,' they ſaid, 'in theſe caſes, the colonel was the fitteſt man in the world, every body knew his bravery.' Up comes the captain to him, as he was ſtalking about in the coffee-houſe, and began, in an heſitating ſtyle, to tell him 'how much he had been obliged to him, and how ſenſible'——'Sir, I have done

done my duty, and no more.' 'But, colonel, ſaid he, faultering, 'I am told I muſt fight ſome gentleman of known reſolution, and who has killed ſeveral perſons, and that nobody'——'Oh, Sir,' ſaid the colonel, interrupting him, 'your friends do me too much honour; but there is one' (pointing to a huge fierce-looking black fellow, that was ſitting at one of the tables) 'who has killed half the regiment; he is your man.' So, up he goes to him, and tells him, 'he is well informed of his bravery, but, by G—, he muſt fight him.' 'Who I, Sir! I am *Peal*, the apothecary.'" *Dr. Sandylands.*

CVI.

Once a rogue and always a rogue.

AUGUSTUS CÆSAR, who had obtained the empire by all the ways he could; who had ſcrupled no rapine that could farther his ambition, nor any cruelty that might tend to the ſecurity of his perſon from the moſt diſtant poſſibility of danger; nor even what may be called a ſort of poſt-

posthumous cruelty, of revenge for past dangers; when at length he found himself in actual possession of every thing, with the utmost security, endeavoured to make mankind some amends, at least to obtain himself a new character, now that he could do it without any possibility of hurting himself, by justice and mercy.

But, 'lead us not into temptation!' an unlucky opportunity (opportunity, the devil's old instrument, and that will never wear out!) sent him back to his original nature, like 'Æsop's cat, who forgot she was a lady, and leaped at a mouse.' *Æsop's Fables.*

" *Licinius*, a freed-man of *Julius Cæsar*, to whom *Augustus* had given the government of *Gaul*, being convicted of having pillaged the province, with the most insatiable avarice, and unfeeling oppression, and perceiving, from his master's new character, that he would infallibly be condemned, besought him, by friends, to come to his house; where, shewing the emperor his immense treasures, he said to him, 'My lord, I have collected all this with great assiduity

and

and zeal for you, and the common-wealth; which are the ſame; leſt ſuch great riches might have tempted the barbarians to an inſurrection." *Dion.* LIV. p. 201.——The mild prince took the money, and forgave him the injuries he had done to the *Gauls*.

Which reminds me of a ſtory *Ficaroni* told me at *Rome*, of himſelf and Sir *Andrew Fountaine*.

" A rich old abbot had a noble collection of medals, that had been tranſmitted to him from his anceſtors; which, as he underſtood nothing of them, and was come to that time of life when, having no farther occaſion for money, we love nothing elſe, he wanted to part with. *Ficaroni*, as being the pope's antiquary, was employed to get him a purchaſer; and he brought him Sir *Andrew Fountaine*, who, he had before acquainted him, was a young *Engliſh* cavallero on his travels, who knew nothing of medals himſelf, but had a mind to ſhew away, like other raw young fellows of birth and fortune, when he came home, with a little bad *vertù*. This did very well; but *Ficaroni* and Sir *Andrew* (who was one of the

the keeneſt *virtuoſi* in *Europe*, and out-*Italianed* the *Italians* themſelves) had agreed, before they went, on certain terms between them two, to pick out all the rare and valuable ones, which the abbot was to let him have for low prices, as being in a manner traſh, for ſo *Ficaroni* was to wink at him; by which means they plundered the poor eccleſiaſtic, while he was hugging himſelf on his, and his friend's, duping the young *Engliſh* cully. When they were come down, and got out of the convent, Sir *Andrew* embraced *Ficaroni*, and ſaid to him, as *Auguſtus* and *Licinius* might have done; "*Noi ſiamo due becchi ſfuti*, We are a couple of precious dogs."

CVII.

Heu primæ ſcelerum cauſæ mortalibus ægris,
Naturam neſcire Deûm; juſta ite precari,
Thure pio, cædumque feros avertite ritus.
Mite & cognatum eſt homini Deus.

SIL. ITAL. IV. 794.

"ARISTOTLE's phyſician preſcribing to him, in a diſorder he had, the philoſopher deſired, he would not treat him like

like a hedger or a hog-driver, but tell him what he would have him ſwallow, and why; that his reaſon being convinced, he might take the potion with the leſs reluctance, and it might operate with the greater energy."

This was like a man who was not uſed to take things on truſt, and implicitly; for, in all arts and ſciences, the genuine truth is open and apparent; where that ends, and myſtery begins, all the reſt is trade; and it was a fine character of *Garth*, that "No phyſician knew his art more, nor his trade leſs." One of our great divines, a moſt worthy, as well as reverend, biſhop *, told my father, (in my hearing) who was full of doubts and ſcruples then in matters of faith, when I was a boy, that "where myſtery began, religion ended." It makes wild work where reaſon does not govern the raptures which religious enthuſiaſm inſpires.

"The ſame excellent and honeſt divine adviſed my father, at that time, as he was depreſſed with doubts, to 'make a truce

* *Fleetwood.*

with

with texts and fathers, and read *Don Quixote*;' telling him, withal, that, 'in his preſent ſituation of mind, and weakneſs of ſpirits, he was not capable of doing them juſtice, nor was equal to ſuch high points of ſpeculation.' 'Ah, doctor,' ſaid my father, 'but if I ſhould be miſtaken, and put up with an erroneous faith?' 'Well,' ſaid the good divine, and conſtant friend *, (for he loved my father, for his ſincere and warm deſire to know his duty, and how he might beſt pleaſe his Maker; and, I am morally ſure, that he never, in one ſingle inſtance in his whole long life, did or ſaid any one thing that he thought would diſpleaſe him,) 'well, and if you ſhould?' 'If

[* As ſuch, among the pictures of his particular friends, painted by himſelf, Mr. *Richardſon* had an admirable one of this amiable prelate, of which archbiſhop *Herring*, (who juſtly venerated the character of his firſt patron) makes the following mention, in a letter to Mr. *Duncombe*, dated "*Aug.* 5, 1750." "I was the other day at your friend Mr. *Richardſon*'s to ſee a head of biſhop *Fleetwood*, of his father's painting. He was very polite; and, on my aſking 'whether he would part with it,' he conſented, and we ſoon agreed upon the terms."

This head, whi'e the archbiſhop lived, graced *Lambeth* gallery, and, by his laſt will, he bequeathed it to the (late) earl of *Hardwicke*, his "ever honoured friend."]

I ſhould,'

I ſhould? 'ſaid my father, in ſurpriſe; 'if I ſhould be miſtaken, after the utmoſt diligent enquiry I can make, I am ſure to make my God my enemy.' 'Are you? ſaid *Fleetwood*, warmly, 'then he is no God for me:' which expreſſion (for they were his very words, as I have often heard my dear father relate them) he proceeded to explain, and ſoften, by giving him a juſt and reaſonable idea of the common father of mankind."

Indeed, as God hath made man after his own image, man may be ſaid, in one ſenſe, to make every one his particular God, after his own image; for ſurely this great univerſal idea is eſſentially different in every individual, according to his own make (as it may be ſaid) of mind, and powers and manner of reception; in extremes it muſt ſeem evident to all. How different a being is the God of *Locke*, or *Newton*, or *Ariſtotle*, from that of his hedger or hog-driver! Yet all paſs in groſs, and among the groſs, for the ſame unanimous reception of the moſt ſublime idea the human mind can receive, ſo infinitely ſhort as it can be received, even by the moſt exalted.

AD-

ADDITIONAL NOTES.

Page 204. Sir *Godfrey Kneller*, " being at firſt deſigned for a military life, was ſent to *Leyden*, where he applied to mathematics and fortification."
Walpole's *Anecdotes of Painting*, III. 109.

This will, in ſome degree, account for his military taſte, which is alſo very conſpicuous in his picture (by himſelf) in the gallery of painters, at *Florence*. " Sir *Godfrey Kneller* (ſays lord *Corke*) is placed on high. He looks fierce, and, by his dreſs and poſture, ſeems fitter to hold a truncheon than a pencil."
Letters from Italy, p. 84.

Page 269. " *Hugh Howard*, (ſays Mr. *Walpole*) better known by *Prior*'s beautiful verſes to him, than by his own works, was ſon of *Ralph Howard*, M. D. and was born in *Dublin*, *Feb.* 7, 1675. The greateſt and latter part of his life he ſpent in *England*, practiſing painting, at leaſt, with applauſe; but, having ingratiated himſelf, by his fame and knowledge of hands, with men of the firſt rank, particularly the duke of *Devonſhire* and lord *Pembroke*, and, by a parſimonious management of his good fortune, he was enabled to quit the practical part of his profeſſion for the laſt twenty years of his life, the latter peer having obtained for him the poſts of keeper of the ſtate papers, and pay-maſter of his majeſty's palaces. He died *March* 17, 1737."

INDEX.

INDEX.

N. refers to the notes, and the pages marked thus * are repeated by mistake.

A.

Page

Abdalmaleck (Soliman ben) caliph, his gluttony - 181
Acindynus, a strange story of, told by St. Austin - 153
Æschines, what he said of Demosthenes's eloquence - - 78
Agesilaus, what he said to a magnanimous malefactor - 68
Alexander the Great, what was said to him by the Scythian ambassadors —— —— —— 40
—— how encouraged by his friends - 81
—— a fine compliment to by an Indian archer 85
—— his just reproof of Parmenio - 102
—— of Anaxarchus - 103
—— addressed the Gods only when he wanted them —— —— —— 114
—— wept for another world instead of enjoying this —— —— —— 227
—— instance of his clemency and good sense 308
Ali, caliph, his severe repartee to his turbulent officers - 159
Annese (Jennaro) how rewarded by the Spaniards for his treachery —— — — — — 52
Antigonus, his command of temper —— 143
Apelles, his freedom with Alexander —— 107
—— his noble behaviour to Protogenes — — 324
Arem (kings of) the great business of their lives —— 175
Argos (women of) wore men's cloaths once a year — 163
—— and a beard on the wedding night - —— —— —— 164
—— one of them so painted ib.
Aristotle approved the exposing of children —— 31

INDEX.

Page

Ariſtotle deſired to know what he ſwallowed — 332
Armada (Spaniſh) its ill ſucceſs how accounted for — *142
Athenodorus (the philoſopher) his warm zeal for Auguſtus 106
Aubigné (Theodore Agrippa d') his account of the panic of ſome dragoons — — 118
Auguſtus Cæſar, his cruelty to the Perugians — 13
— — ſnuffed up the incenſe of Virgil — 41
— — his moderation in pardoning Timagenes *130
— — his fine reflection on Alexander — 227
— — epigram by, on Fulvia, tranſlated - n. 258
— — naturally rapacious and cruel — 329
— — reſumed, on occaſion, his original nature 330

B.

Bargus hated and deſpiſed by him whom he had ſerved — 56
Bateman (Sir William) avaricious to the laſt — 92
Battori (Stephen) king of Poland, his policy — 47
Bentley (Dr.) introduced a new kind of criticiſm — 263
— — gravely foppiſh and learnedly dull — 270
Beſſarion (cardinal) his mean opinion of ſome new ſaints 302
Bible (Latin) epigram on — — 199
— (French) two interpolations of — — 223
Biron (marſhal) his policy — — 121
Biſhop, an Italian, left his body to the ſurgeons for diſſection 248
Bletſo (lord St. John of) a ſtrange miſtake concerning - 252
Boiſrobert (M.) cheated the ears of his friends — 82
— impriſoned by cardinal Richelieu - - 284
Bomilcar, his policy — — 120
Booth (Mr.) how diſconcerted by Betterton in Hamlet - 78
Borgia family of, their unhappy ſucceſs — — 233
Borret (captain) his inſenſibility of a wound — 138
Bouillon (marſhal) ſtormed a fort on his wedding night - 279
Brandenburgh (an elector of) went to bed to his bride in armour — — 280
Britany (John V. duke of) deſired no ſenſe in a wife - 249
Browne (Mr. Hawkins) how ſtruck by Sheridan's reading Milton — — 77
Buchanan very eaſy as to his burial — — 137

Page
Buckingham (duke of) wiſhed, when dying, for a prieſt that could eat the devil —— —— 167
—— his retort on father Petre - - 313
Bull and Cow, ſplendid marriage of, - - 7
Bures (count de) would die armed and accoutred - - *135
Burgundy (duke of) the dupe of his own cunning - 54
Burnet (Mrs.) her dying vanity - - - - 289
Buſbequius, how received by the Turks at Buda - 66

C.

Caciques (Indian) eat their captives - - - - 8
—— ſtrange ſtory of this by an eye-witneſs 9
Cæſar (Julius) introduced gladiators at his daughter's funeral 15
—— —— wept over the head of Pompey —— 47
—— was ſuperior to envy - - 323
Calavreſe (Signora) a victim to conjugal chaſtity 170
—— much ſuperior to Lucretia - - 171
Caligula (emperor) his forbearance with an abuſive taylor 143
Carpenter (lord) his condeſcenſion at a Weſtminſter election 259
Carthaginians ſacrificed their children to Moloch - - 34
—— ſeized with a barbarous pang of ſuperſtition 114
—— their timorous and ungrateful policy - 119
Catherine (of Medicis) her cool reply to the inſults of ſome ſoldiers - - - - - - - 144
Cato (the cenſor) his noble condeſcenſion - - 133
—— his reaſon for preferring a noble wife to a rich one - - - - - 310
Cato (of Utica) inferior to his ſon Portius - - 135
—— his weak argument for making Pompey general 239
Cavades, king of Perſia, heroic adultery of his wife - 151
Cerda (La) his preſence of mind - - - *139
Charles I. a letter of, which finiſhed his ruin - - *132
—— his ungraciouſneſs in conferring a favour - 262
—— II. his pertinent reply to Dr. Stillingfleet - 90
—— why called Rowley - - - ib.
—— how he rewarded a ſteeple-flyer - - 99
—— his ridicule of Sir Chriſtopher Wren's low ſtature 103
—— alarmed by his officious barber —— 106
—— made a confident by a pick-pocket - - 187

Page
Charles IV. (emperor) a saying of - - - 239
——— V. ——— was said to have lived only two years 138
——————— repented of his abdication the very day 139
——————— his reply to a Pascal king - ib.
——————— an equivoque of - - 149
Chesterfield (lord) reflection on a supposed *bon mot* of - 217
——————— his reason for refusing parson Ford his chaplainship - - - - - 225
Chilo (the philosopher) his strange advice to Hippocrates 32
Chiomara (queen) her conjugal virtue - - 172
Christianity, its wonderful rise and progress - - 233
Cicero, his dread in speaking - - - ‡84
Cimon, how he put in for a little more praise - - 203
——— his prevailing argument in favour of Sparta - 206
Claudius (emperor) his exposure of his daughter - 31
Clazomenians, an idle frolic of, - - - 162
——————— allowed by the Spartans to play the fool - ib.
Collet (Mr.) his account of an Indian wife's burning - 73
Colonel (a) shoots himself in a panic - - 117
Commodus (emperor) his ill-omened savageness - - 21
Condé (prince of) could not bear to die in his bed - *134
——————— his consideration of the essential quality of a soldier - - - - - 307
——————— never forgave the jests of two *beaux esprits* 312
Content, Holbein's idea of - - - - - 127
Cosimo I. killed his son Garcia - - - - 60
Crassus (L.) his terror at the bar - - - ‡84
Craven (lord) a constant man at a fire - - 140
——————— what was said to Charles II. on that occasion ib.
Cromwell (Oliver) an instance of his superior temper - *129
——————— would romp with his guests ——— 276
Cumberland (bishop) a story told by - - - 241

D.

David (king) his policy - - - - - 51
Dejanira, an excellent scene of, in Sophocles - - *140
Demosthenes, what he thought the first quality of an orator 80
——————— pleased with the notice of an old woman 201
——————— blamed for it by Cicero - - 202

‡ *Misprinted* 83.

INDEX.

Page

Diocleſian ſick of retirement, but declined reſuming his power 128
——— his buſy leiſure, and glorious retreat - 134
Diogenes, his repartee on the manner of his burial - 137
——— what he ſaid to Demoſthenes coming out of a tavern *131
——— to two trifling diſputants - 166
Dionyſius crucified his barber for a jeſt - - n. 107
Dorſet (lord) his raillery on Charles II. to himſelf - 158

E.

Edward (the confeſſor) his humane apology for a thief 185
Elephant, ſagacity of, - - - - 235
Elizabeth (queen) how ſhe rewarded and reproached the traitor Graveſton - - - - 52
——— what ſhe ſaid of a fine dancer - 136
Epaminondas granted to a courtezan what he refuſed to a friend - - - - - 102
Epictetus, an inſtance of his good-nature and humanity 31
Eugene (prince) his fine teſtimony to the merit of the duke of Marlborough - - - - 325

F.

Fellows (Mr.) his conciſe epitaph - - - 139
Fenwick (Sir John) how prevented from ſqueaking - 180
Ferdinand (of Arragon) why, perhaps, called John Gipon 91
Flaminius (T. Q.) how he influenced his Grecian allies 123
Fleetwood (biſhop) what he ſaid of Dailes's *Uſe of the Fathers* 306
——— what he ſaid of myſtery and of *his* God 333
Florio, his profane adulation of James I.'s queen - 42
Fountaine (Sir Andrew) an inſtance of his out-Italianing an Italian abbot - - - - 331
Francis I. his bad opinion of kings in general - 174
Fright, effect of, on a Swediſh gentleman - - 105
Fulvia, her pleaſant reaſon for making war on Auguſtus 258

INDEX.

G.

Page

Gabinius, his policy - - - - 122
Garcias III. (king of Navarre) why ſurnamed the Trembler 116
Garth (Dr.) altered his Diſpenſary for the better - 195
——— fine character of - - - 333
Gauls had their devoted friends - - - 282
Geekie (Dr.) epigram by, on Sir Godfrey Kneller - n. 245
Gentoos, their ſpirit of toleration - - - 36
George I. his fine reply to judge Dormer - - 188
Gibſon (biſhop) a ſtrange offer made to, by an old lady 222
Gladiators, combats of, at burials and banquets - 15
——— their manners and laws - - - 19
——— aboliſhed by Chriſtianity - - 22
Grammont (count de) his joke on his death-bed - 315
Grotius ſaved by the virtue of his wife - - 155
——— his wife's perſon unluckily ridiculed to their ſon 297
Guiſe (general) pimped, by confeſſion, for a fine picture 309
——— abuſed the pope at cardinal Polignac's table 327
——— challenged by a young raw officer - 328
Gyges, how the oracle humbled his vanity - - 127

H.

Halley (Dr.) a ſtory told by - - - 168
Handel (Mr.) would never forgive Goupée - - 247
——— what he ſaid on that occaſion to the prince and princeſs of Wales - - - - ib.
Hanmer (Sir Thomas) a faint copier of ſome heroic bridegrooms - - - - - 280
Hannibal ſaved his ſon from Moloch - - 95
——— reaſon of his not going directly to Rome from Cannæ - - - - - 120
——— how he parried a rebuke of Scipio - - 235
Harvey (Dr.) would not ſurvive the loſs of ſight - *137
Henley (Anthony) his blunt anſwer to his conſtituents 240
Henry IV. (emperor) his generoſity to the remains of his enemy - - - - 46

INDEX.

Page

Henry IV. (of France) terrified by an aſtrologer - *136
——— a papiſt only as king - - 286
Herring (archbiſhop) a fine proteſtant ſentiment of - 321
Hooke (Mr.) his bewitching manner of reading - 76
Hortenſius (the orator) rather ſeen than heard - - 82
Hottentots, their anſwer for, and ſolution of all - 110
Howard (Hugh) his character - - - 269
——— Mr. Walpole's account of - - n. 336
Huns, a ſtrange cuſtom of their people of quality - 176
Hurd (Dr.) his reflection on affected criticiſm - - 262
——— a reflection on him on this occaſion - ib.

J and I.

James II. ruined probably by his unfeeling cruelty - 290
Jerome (St.) a pious fraud of - - - - 305
Jeſuits in France lurched at their own game - - 148
John (Don) of Auſtria, his reaſon for concealing an amour 225
Iriſh rebel petitioned to be hanged in a wythe - - 109
Juſia, wife of Pompey, died of apprehenſion for his danger 150

K.

Kings, in Don Quevedo, all in hell - - - 178
Kneller (Sir Godfrey) fitted Dick Eſtcourt's cap to his own head - - - - - - 110
——— what he ſaid, when dying, to Pope *134
——— his military vanity - 204 n. 336
——— what he ſaid to Cock the auctioneer 244
——— how flattered and cajoled by Meſſrs. Tonſon and Geekie - - - 245

L.

Lælius and Scipio, their relaxation at Baiæ - - 275
Lentulus (Cn.) an odd inſtance of his vanity - - 131
Lewis XI. the dupe of his own cunning - - 54
——— his pleaſant propoſal to the Virgin Mary - 57

Page
Lewis XI. overheard and discovered by his fool — 58
——— XIII. his impatience when dying - - 246
Lorrain (duke of) his generosity to the remains of Charles the Bold - - - - - 46
Lover's Rock, in Granada, why so called - - 174
Lucretia sacrificed her chastity to her fame - - 171
——— a polluted victim to calumny - - - ib.
Lysias, what he said to a criminal - - - 82

M.

Madruccio (cardinal) his definition of a fool - 242
Mæcenas, how he checked Augustus's cruelty - - 106
Magas, king of Cyrene, his lenity to the poet Philemon 105
Mahomet, his regard for his cat - - - 65
——— his sense and policy - - - ib.
Man defined as the only proud animal - - - 37
Marlborough (duke of) his reason for risking the battle of Hochstedt - - - - 123
——— an instance of his command of temper 142
——— what he said on felons being sent him for recruits - - - 291
——— bequeathed his sword to prince Eugene 325
Martin (St.) a pious fraud of - - 304
Matthias (Corvinus) king of Hungary, how he punished his barber - - - - 104
Maximinus (emperor) his ostentatious gluttony - 181
Mazarine (cardinal) what he said to a detected thief - 186
Mead (Dr.) the reverse of Dr. Radcliffe - - 317
Misaubin (Dr.) how played upon by two great men - 160
Mob, their resentment of being so called - - 260
Mondonnedo (bishop of) a fine saying of - - 59
Monmouth (duke of) succeeded at Maestricht by his rashness *144
Montagu (lady M. W.) her reason for not suffering Pope to correct her verses - - - 112
——— (duke of) his bodily wit - - 160
Montaigne, his account of some surprising feats in horsemanship - - - - 97
Muscovite butchers, their absurdity - - - 108

N.

Page

Nemeſis envious of our happineſs - - 17
——— appeaſed by blood - - - 18
Nepomucene (St. John) a martyr for female ſecrets - 219
——————— his ſtatue at Prague, inſcription on 220
Newcaſtle (duke of) thought his wife's wiſdom folly 249
Newry fort taken by ſucceſsful raſhneſs - - 145
Nouſchirvan (king of Perſia) his good-natured forgiveneſs of a thief - - - 184
Nourſe (Mr.) ſurgeon, his honeſt pride - - 311

O.

Oldfield (Mrs.) her beſt ſchool was hearing Rowe read 77
——————— her conſolation on her death-bed. - 210
Onſlow (Mr. Speaker) what he ſaid of Mr. Hooke's reading 76
Orange (prince of) killed ſome carrier pigeons out of kindneſs - - - - 219
——————— his noble reply in 1672 - - 229
Orford (lord) never but once gave up his own opinion 237
Orleans (duke of) found out the price of a queen of France 179
———, regent, took ſhame to himſelf - - 236
Otho III. (emperor) gave up his empreſs to an injured woman 156
Oxford (lord treaſurer) what comforted an anceſtor of, on the ſcaffold - - - - 209

P.

Padilla (Mariade) a pleaſant inſtance of her devout ſacrilege 92
——————— ruinous to a poor curate - 94
Parents expoſing their children, manner of - - 25
——————————— ſome inſtances of - 31
——————————— continued by the Romans 33
——————————— aboliſhed by Chriſtianity 34
Parma (duke of) led into an error by counting too much on others prudence - - - - *142

INDEX.

Page

Parrot, an unlucky one, in Doctors Commons - 251
Parſis, or *Ignicolæ*, how they diſpoſe of their old people 3
——— how they diſcover whether thoſe who die young will be ſaved or not - - 4
Paul (St.) a beautiful alluſion of not generally underſtood 283
Pellet (Dr.) his calmneſs in dying - - *137
Pelopidas freed his country by a trivial accident - 149
Perez (Antonio) his baſeneſs and exile - - 48
——— what he ſaid of princes - - 50
Pericles, his noble boaſt on his death-bed - - 202
——— was perſuaded to put on a charm when dying 238
——— reconciled his enemies by his affliction - 278
Perſians (Magiary) their abſurd ordeal - - 6
——— denied publicly the interpoſition of the Gods 112
Peter the Great, an anecdote of his cruelty - - 256
Peterborough (lord) his frolic with a dancing-maſter 287
Phavorinus demeaned himſelf by wrangling with one whom he deſpiſed - - - - 141
Philip (of Macedon) owned he was not a God - 40
——— his reply to a complaint of Laſthenes 53
——— reproved Alexander for his ſkill in muſic 100
Philippides, his reply to Lyſimachus - - 284
Phyſician (a cavalier) ſtrange preſcription of - - 222
Pigeons, ſeven, embalmed and preſerved at Leyden - 219
——— would probably have excuſed this honour - 220
Pinky (a black merchant) his odd rebuke of ſome pert Frenchmen - - - - 234
Piſiſtratus found means to cajole Solon's rigour - 230
——— force of his anſwering an accuſation in the Areopagus - - - - ib.
Pitt (the journaliſt) ſtory of a diſpute with - 320
Plato, his rebuke of a dexterous charioteer - - 96
Pliny, his concern at ſpeaking in public - - 89
Plutarch and Cicero, their different opinions of a certain expreſſion - - - 300
Poitiers (a dean of) lived in one room by choice - 125
Pope, his opinion of Dr. Garth - - *n.* 195
—— had an exquiſite deſcription of an old lady dying 221

Pope,

Page

Pope, anecdotes of his own deſigns in the *Eſſays on Criticiſm* and *Man* - - - - - 264
—— could not take Cibber's jeſt - - - 311
Portia, her death heroic vanity - - - 150
Portius (the ſon of Cato) his generous death - 135
———————— his gallantry - - *n.* ib.
Poſthumius (Albinus) his excuſe for writing in Greek inadmiſſible - - - - - - 98
Preacher (Spaniſh) his abuſe of the French - - 298
Prior, how he unbent his faculties - - 275
Pyrrhus, the reaſon of his grieving for a friend - 63
——— his ſaying of Cyneas - - - 79

Q.

Queen-mother (of China) fine ſaying of - - 191
Queenſbury (duke of) his advice to the duke of Buckingham when dying - - - - 167

R.

Racan (M. de) his arch reply to Mademoiſelle de Gournai 200
Radcliffe (Dr.) his maxim of uſing mankind ill ſucceeded well 316
——— (Mr.) proud of being beheaded - - 181
Raymond (lord chief juſtice) a good maxim of - 291
Reading, a politician of, lived forty years in a garret 126
Richard III. hanged a man for punning - - *131
Richelieu (cardinal) how he uſed an informer - *129
———————— how he availed himſelf of a fellow's impudence - - - - - 146
Roch (St.) his elogy - - - - 298
——— born by a particular favour of heaven - 299
Rochefaucault (duke of) his dread of ſpeaking in public 87
Rocheſter (lord) his juſt reproof of Charles II. - 293
Roper (Mrs.) how affected by her father's death - *139

Page

Rowley, the occaſion of that name to Charles II. - 99
Ruffi (Antony de) an honeſt lawyer - - - 216

S.

St. Evremond, his witty character - - 315
Scipio (Africanus) his condeſcenſion - - 134
——————— his fine rebuke of Hannibal - 235
——— Naſica, his reaſons for ſaving Carthage - 207
Secker (biſhop) how he offended a certain dutcheſs - 299
Seneca, his ſarcaſm on a rich ſluggard - - 131
Seneſino was ſhocked at firſt coming on the ſtage every ſeaſon - - - - - 88
Sertorius, how ſecured from an imminent danger - 11
Sevignè (marchioneſs of) no friend to ignorance in women 250
Shore (Sir Bartholomew) an anecdote of - - 216
Signor (Grand) offered his aſſiſtance to Henry IV. of France 254
——————— true motive of this offer - 255
Similis, his retirement - - - - 138
Siward (earl) his martial natural death - - *135
Slare (Dr.) the author's godfather, an obſervation of 229
Sloane (Sir Hans) his account of two great drinkers 182
Soldier (a French) anecdote of - - - 246
Solon, his noble reaſon for oppoſing Piſiſtratus - 229
——— how appeaſed and cajoled by him - - 230
Solyman (the Magnificent) how he rewarded a traitor 51
Spencer (Jack) ſee Miſaubin (Dr.)
Squire (archdeacon) ſmuggled a joke - - 314
Stair (lord) his ſpirited treatment of Lewis XIV. - 236
Stanhope (lord) what he ſaid of the duke of Marlborough 226
Stilicho, his ſelfiſh policy - - - - 122
Stillingfleet (Dr.) a fine compliment he made Charles II. 89
Strabo, what he relates of the ancient Brachmans - 304
Syria (a queen of) deſired to give birth to Mahomet 221

INDEX.

T.

Page

Tempeſt (Mr.) his dialogue with a porter - 294
Theodoric (king) how he treated one who embraced his Arianiſm - - - - 286
Thucydides (the Mileſian) his anſwer to king Archidamas concerning Pericles - - 320
Tillotſon (archbiſhop) the good uſe he made of his enemies 192
——— his fine anſwer to ſome objectors 303
Titcum (Mr.) what he ſaid, when dying, to Gay - 167
Turenne (marſhal) how he ſettled himſelf to reſt - 275
Turks, their reverence for ſcraps of paper - - 63
——— the reaſon of it - - - 64
Tuſcans introduced into Italy human ſacrifices - - 14
——— had their ſlaves ſcourged and tortured at feaſts 17

V.

Valentinois (dutcheſs of) ſacrificed her chaſtity to ſave her father - - - - 152
Valerius Maximus invokes the divinity of Tiberius - 41
——— his account of the courage and virtue of certain wives - - - 155
Vanbrugh (a famous epigram of) miſunderſtood by Voltaire 199
Victor, (an Olympic) loſt his crown for kicking an aſs 165
Virgil, his enchanting pronunciation - - 76

W.

Walpole* (Sir Robert) what he ſaid of his parliament - 178
Warburton (biſhop) his criticiſm on Pope abſurd refinement 263
Watſon (hon. Mr.) would change his ſhirt when dying, and why - - - 220
Wife (Indian) burns with her huſband - - 71
Wegers (Mr.) the author's ſchoolmaſter, compared with Alexander the Great - - - 319

* *See Orford (lord.)*

INDEX.

	Page
William (Rufus) forced ſome converted Jews to turn Jews again	286
——— III. how he treated a coward	52
Williamſon (Mrs.) her account of the Gentoos	69
Wollaſton (Mr.) what he ſaid to a bigot	36

End of Vol. I.